WHERE THE FISHERS GO

THE STORY OF LABRADOR

REV. P. W. BROWNE

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CARBONEAR, THE AUTHOR'S HOME TOWN. *Photo, Holloway.*

Where the Fishers Go

The Story of Labrador

BY

Rev. P. W. BROWNE

(Member Historical Society, Nova Scotia)

1909

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To

My Father

—A Pioneer of the Northland—

and

My Mother

—My Earliest Teacher—

as

An Expression of Love and Gratitude

for

Their Unfailing Guidance, Sympathy, and Encouragement

FOREWORD.

Labrador—"where the fishers go"—has ever been to me a land of fascination: in early days it was "the Hesperides of my youthful dreams"; and when in springtime I heard the thud of the mallet and caulking-iron, and watched the departure of the fleet which does business in great waters, I longed to sail away to the land of myriad charms. But the fates were unpropitious then; and not till I had served my missionary apprenticeship did I visit the land where

> "There are magic lures in the open air,
> There are wondrous things for the eyes."

In the interim I had seen the white cliffs of "Old England"; I had gazed upon the snow-clad Alpine ranges; I had looked out upon the historic plains of Lombardy; and I had stood in wonderment before "the vast and wondrous Dome, to which Diana's marvel was a cell"; but yet there came, irresistibly, the call of the Northland. I have oft since then visited the fishers' land; and I love this land of grieving winds.

The trip to Labrador is unique: to the denizen of the grimy city, it bespeaks restful days; to the busy man-of-affairs, it discloses possibilities undreamed of; to the invalid, it brings the balmy breeze of health.

The artist is already afield to sketch the iceberg and the beetling crag, as

> "The startled waves leap o'er it; the storm
> Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
> And steadily against its solid form
> Press the giant shoulders of the hurricane."

To all who revel in the sterner aspects of Nature the trip from St. John's—the Capital of the "Ancient Colony"—is delightful: the sea, smiling and dimpling under the summer sun, is bewitching, as it stretches away to embrace the distant horizon. Overhead huge masses of fleecy clouds move in silent majesty across the summer sky, while, hard by, grim, hoary headlands stand like sentinels frowning defiance upon Father Neptune's vast domain.

What manner of land is this place "where the fishers go"? This is the question I shall answer in this volume. I do not claim for it the title of a history: it is merely a little literary fabric woven from facts and experiences, during the leisure moments of a busy ministerial life.

I am indebted to many friends at home and abroad for much that this volume contains, and I wish to express my gratefulness for their help and courtesy.

I wish to thank A. P. Low, Esq., Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, and Captain John Bartlett, the well-known arctic explorer, for the use of maps and photographs and valuable information regarding the geology of the coast; Messrs. Bowers and Carroll of St. John's for interesting literary contributions; the Hon. E. M. Jackman, Minister of Finance and Customs, and H. W. LeMessurier, Esq., Assistant Collector, for statistics regarding Labrador trade; P. K. Devine, Esq., for data regarding early settlers; Messrs. Gauvin, of Halifax, Vey, and Holloway, of St. John's, for their photographic services; Mr. J. P. Gleason for the use of cuts; Dr. Townsend, author of "Along the Labrador Coast," and Dillon Wallace, Esq., author of "The Long Labrador Trail," for similar favors.

To Dr. W. T. Grenfell I am indebted for many signal kindnesses. He has supplied me with many interesting photographs, and also furnished me with certain particulars of his Mission, with which I was unacquainted.

I beg to acknowledge the courtesy of the Dana Estes Publishing Company, Boston, and The Outing Publishing Company, N. Y., in permitting the use of copyright plates; and I feel especially indebted to Mr. T. W. J. Lynch, my cartographer, and Mr. William Hemsworth for their invaluable artistic services.

THE AUTHOR.

Halifax, N. S., March 31st, 1909.

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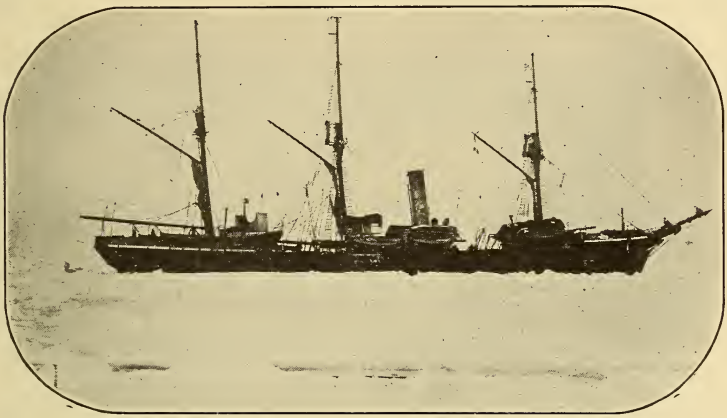
LABRADOR CURRENCY.

INTRODUCTORY.

EN ROUTE TO THE FISHERS' LAND.

"Now, Brothers, for the icebergs of frozen Labrador
Floating spectral in the moonshine, along the low, black shore!
Where in the mist the rock is hiding, and the sharp reef lurks below.
And the white squall smites in summer, and the autumn tempests blow;
Where, through gray and rolling vapor, from evening unto morn,
A thousand boats are hailing, horn answering unto horn."

"The Fishermen," WHITTIER.



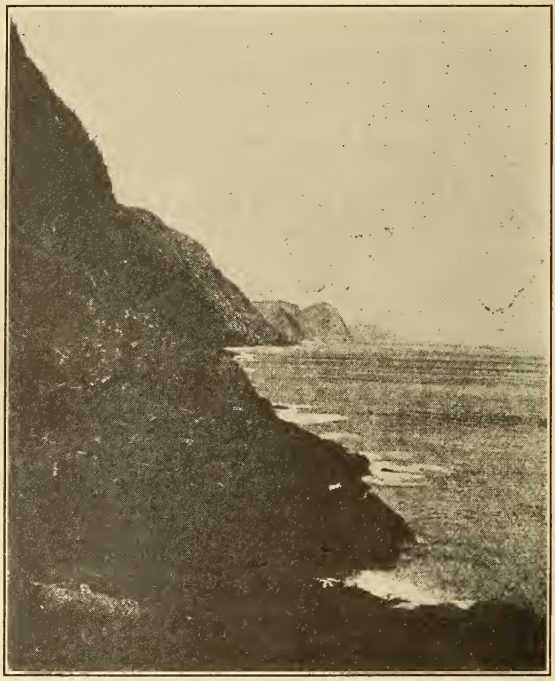
S. S. NEPTUNE. *Photo, Vey.*

My first trip to Labrador, in 1890, was a *voyage de plaisir;* my subsequent voyages were missionary tours among the fishermen and the permanent settlers, with jurisdiction over nearly one thousand miles of coast-line. In the year 1891 I embarked, on my first missionary voyage, in the sealing steamer *Neptune* under the command of my friend Captain Samuel Blandford (now the Hon. Captain Samuel, M.L.C.)—one of the most genial and capable master mariners in Newfoundland. A northeaster chilled the air as we steamed out of the harbor of St. John's on the afternoon of the 25th of May, bound for the Straits of Belle Isle. Passing down the shore, under the shadow of *Cuckold's Head* and the *Sugar-loaf,* there were no scenes of softened beauty, no wave-kissed, pebbly strands; "no upland slopes in emerald clad"; for snow-capped the grim, hoary headlands were silhouetted against a leaden sky. We passed within hailing distance of Cape St. Francis, and heard the dull, deep moan of

the *Brandies,* as if they were chanting a requiem for the souls of their countless victims. We enter *Conception Bay* and the scene changes;—

"The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free
And, like the wings of sea-birds,
Flash the white-caps of the sea."

Soon, away to starboard, we see the gleam of a beacon through the deep purple of the twilight and then the spectral contour of *Western Head* looms up in the distance. "Eight bells!" we are in *Baccalieu*



GRIM, HOARY HEADLANDS. *Photo, Holloway.*

"Tickle." ("Tickle" is a local name for strait.) Baccalieu island is now close aboard; and upon its northeast corner we catch a glimpse of the lighthouse "steadfast, serene, immovable," which "year after year, through all the silent night" sends its lurid gleams to warn the mariner of the dangers of the deep.

"The Tickle" is reminiscent of grim and mournful tragedies; for it was here that the ill-fated S. S. "Lion," having on board one hundred souls, disappeared mysteriously on a December night in 1880. But a more prosperous voyage is ours, for at midnight we were abreast of the "Horsechops," the outpost of the beautiful harbor of *Trinity*—one of the most picturesque ports in the world; it is surpassed only by Melbourne, in size, but excelled by none in its attractiveness. At noon of the following day we steamed out of the Southwest Arm of Trinity; and when "eight bells" sounded again, we had passed the Spillars (*Les Epiliers* of the Breton sailors), and were soon abreast of the land of Cabot—and controversy—*Cape Bonavista.*

Before leaving the bridge I heard our commander give orders to the watch: "North—half-east; and *look out for ice!*"

EXPLOITS, NOTRE DAME BAY.

Next morning dawned bright and clear; and the sea was calm and clear as crystal:

"Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea,
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams come back to me."

At "coffee-time," in the near distance, lay Fogo Island, around which traditions of Pamela have cast the glamour of romance; and away to the west we saw the dim contour of the coast-line of *Notre Dame Bay,* within whose confines are found some of the most enterprising towns in the Ancient Colony—*Twillingate,* whose commercial

importance dates from the beginning of the Eighteenth Century,—*Exploits,* the greatest shipbuilding center,—and *Tilt Cove,* whose supply of copper is seemingly inexhaustible.

During the day we kept the land aboard; and between "dark and duckish" (the fishermen's term for twilight), another light peered out of the gloom; it was *Gull Island, of Cape John.* This "light far out to sea" recalls one of the saddest stories in colonial annals, and as it beams forth the sudden radiance of its light, "with strange, unearthly splendor in its glare," it speaks of a tragedy whose gruesome story is thus recorded:—"On Tuesday morning, the 6th of December, 1867, the "Queen of Swansea," having on board mail and passengers for the mining settlement at *Tilt Cove,* Notre Dame Bay, sailed from St. John's. As night closed in a terrific gale arose, and the brave little vessel, after hours of combat with wind and waves, was driven one hundred and sixty miles to sea. After several days of the most terrible hardship the vessel was cast upon the rocks on *Gull Island.* All the crew and passengers landed safely on the desolate island. Three of the crew and one of the passengers returned to the vessel to procure food; while they were on board, the vessel drifted out to sea, and was never after heard of. After days of untold suffering from hunger, thirst, and cold, the awful alternative was at last resorted to—of drawing lots to see who would be sacrificed as food. The lot fell to one of the unfortunate ladies—there were two among the passengers,—when her brother, who was one of the party, instantly offered himself instead. The note-book of this brave and gallant young man, containing an account of this terrible moment, has unfortunately been lost from among the papers.

Dr. F. Dowsley, who had been appointed to the medical staff of the Tilt Cove Mine, and who was among the passengers, and, consequently perished with the rest, tells in two letters the sufferings endured by him and his unfortunate associates until death mercifully released them. A most singular incident in this tragedy is the means by which the remains were discovered. In April of the following year, while a man and a boy were gunning in the direction of the island, their attention was attracted to the peculiar movements of a bird which kept flying from the island toward them, and then back again to the island. At last, coming within gunshot, the man fired, when the bird flew to the island and fell. On landing to secure it,

what must have been their horror to find beside it the skeletons of two human beings! Near-by, covered by a piece of old canvas, locked in each other's arms, probably for the sake of the temporary warmth thus afforded, were found the frozen bodies of the remainder of the party. On further search the letters of Dr. Dowsley and Capt. Owens were found. These letters are too gruesome to transcribe; but, the following excerpt records the terrible sufferings endured by these unfortunate castaways:—

"I have been out to see if there might be any chance of a rescue; but no such thing. I am almost mad with thirst; I would give all I ever saw for one drink of water, but I shall never get it. We are all wet and frozen. I am now going under the canvas to lie down and die. May God have pity and mercy on my soul." (Harvey, "Newfoundland.")

We passed within short distance of the island, and as it was disappearing from view I retired with visions of wrecks and disaster whirling through my brain. Next morning very early, " 'bout ha'f-pas' two, t'ree, four," I was unceremoniously hurled from my berth by a terrible bump as if the ship had struck a cliff; it was only a "growler"; we were in the ice, in the neighborhood of the *Groais Islands.* Our progress now was slow, but the monotony was somewhat relieved by the novelty of seeing occasional "sculps" and seal carcasses, the remnants of some sealer's "pan" during the "swillin."

During the day we dodged numerous pans, making fair progress, till, toward evening, we "lay to." Night came on;

> "And sinking silently, the little moon
> Dropped down behind the sky."

Next morning through a thick mist the lookout spied land ahead; this was *Belle Isle,* the ancient "Isola di Demoni." It certainly deserved this appellation, as it seemed to me in the gray morning mist a decidedly uncanny place. This Island has an evil reputation; and it is the "graveyard" of many a staunch fishing smack and steamer. Here we landed a "crew" with a "fit out" for the summer fishery. In the meantime the Captain and I climbed up the precipitous cliff, along a sinuous path which leads to the upper lighthouse (there is another at the base of the cliff), where we received a hearty welcome from the worthy keeper, Mr. Colton, and his amiable wife.

Our visit was brief, as the shrill siren of the ship soon announced

that all was ready for our departure; and within an hour we were steaming with the up-tide toward our destination—*Blanc Sablon.* But the best-laid plans of mice and captains oft gang aglee; we soon ran into a fog-bank, ice, and gloom. We reached anchorage,—somewhere near *West St. Modeste,* on the West side of *Pinware Bay.* With the coming dawn we again moved westward, passing *Capstan Island,* the *"Battery,"* and *L'anse à Loup,* and met the full force of the ebb tide from *Forteau Bay,* off the "Shallop." For some hours we made little progress; but ere the sun sank in "a blaze of glorious splendor," we dropped anchor in the little creek which the Breton mariner, Jacques Cartier, in 1534, had named *L'anse à Sablon*—known to-day as *Blanc Sablon.* This is historic ground, for here were laid nearly four centuries ago the foundations of an empire.

"Ultima Thule! Utmost Isle!
Here in thy harbors for a while
We lower our sail; a while we rest."

"Ultima Thule," LONGFELLOW.

A FIELD OF ICE.

WHERE THE FISHERS GO:
THE STORY OF LABORADOR.

LOW.

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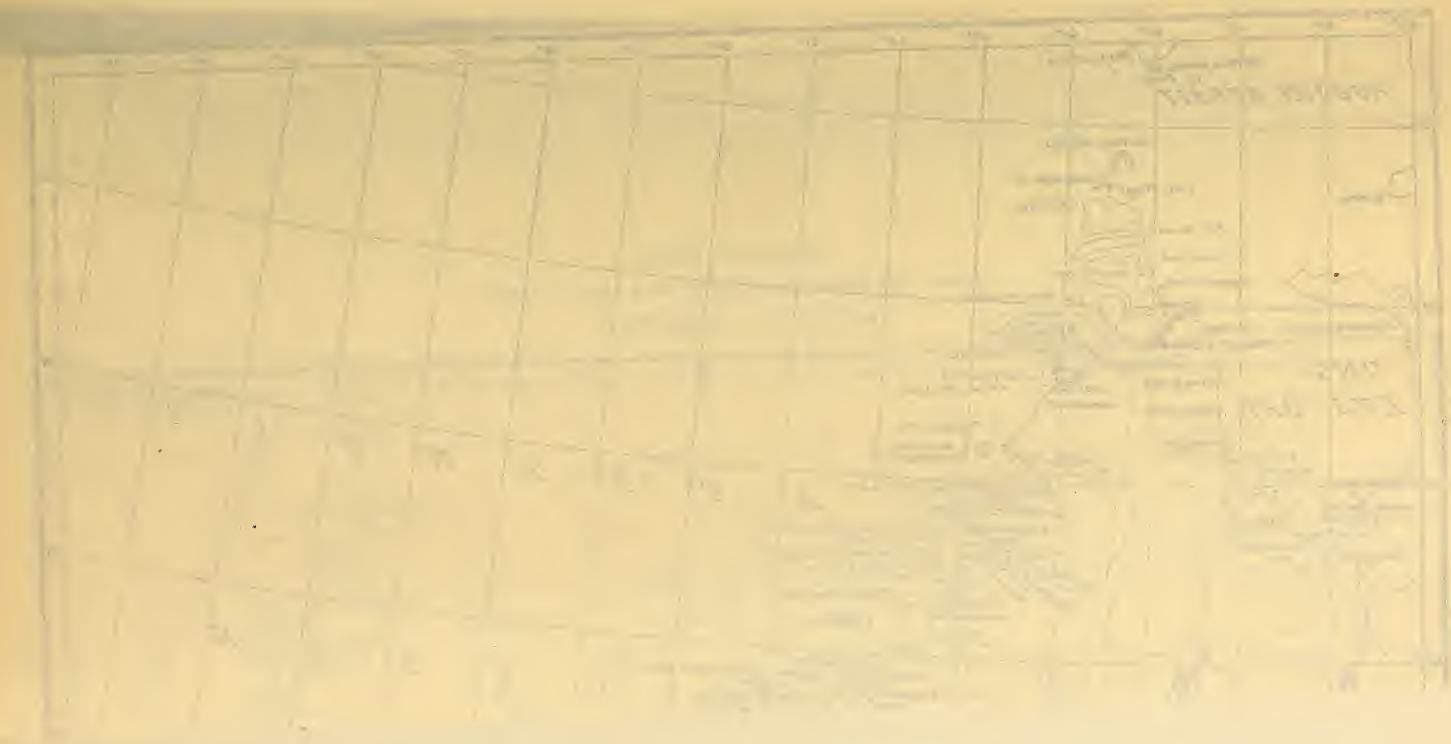
COAST OF LABRADOR

Drawn from Latest Surveys, by T. W. J. Lynch



Where the Fishers Go.

CHAPTER I.

"WHERE THE FISHERS GO."

"Here amid the icebergs, rule I the nations."
"The Saga of King Olaf," LONGFELLOW.

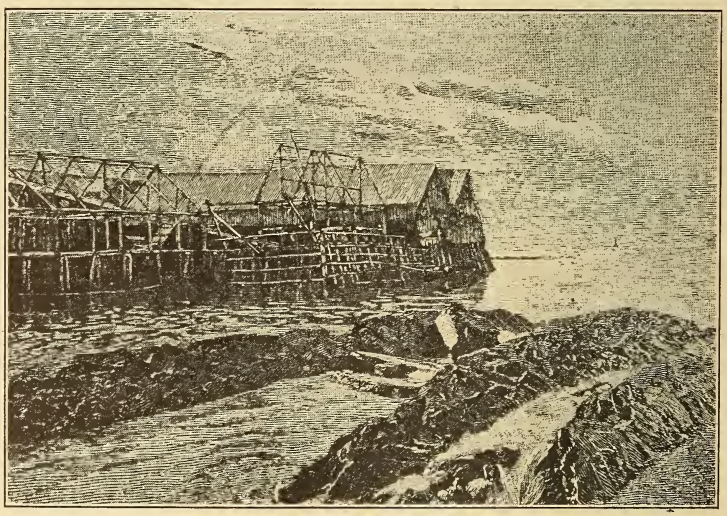
A BIT OF THE COAST.

LABRADOR is that immense peninsula lying east of the Dominion of Canada, whose boundaries are:—on the *North,*—Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait;—on the *East,* the Atlantic Ocean;—on the *South,* the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Straits of Belle Isle. It extends from 49° N. Latitude to 63°, and lies between the 55th and 79th meridians. Its dimensions are vast, and it has a coast-line of nearly 1100 miles.

AREA. The greatest breadth of the Peninsula of Labrador is 600 miles, and its area is equal to the areas of the British Isles, France, and Austria combined. Only the eastern portion belongs to the jurisdiction of Newfoundland; the remainder now forms a part of the Province of Quebec. The Ungava section was attached to the Province of Quebec during the last session of the Federal Parliament. The boundaries between Newfoundland and Canada are thus defined in the "Letters Patent con-

stituting the Office of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Newfoundland";—

"We have thought fit to constitute and order and declare that there shall be a Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over our Island of Newfoundland, and the islands adjacent, and all the coast of Labrador, from the entrance of Hudson's Straits to a line to be drawn due north and south from Anse Sablon on the said coast, to the fifty-second degree of north Latitude, and all the islands adjacent to that part of the said coast of Labrador, as also of all forts and garrisons erected and established, or which shall be erected and established, within or on the islands and coasts aforesaid, and that the person who shall fill the said office of Governor shall be from



AN OLD FRENCH ROOM. FROM PROWSE'S HISTORY.

time to time appointed by commission under our sign-manual and signet." The Western limit of the Government of Newfoundland is 51° 25′, N. Lat., Long. 65° W.—the meridian passing through *"Lazy Point,"* a little distance west of *Blanc Sablon* and *Isle au Bois*. The Northern boundary is in the vicinity of Cape Chidley. Some years ago a settlement was made by a Newfoundland firm at *Port Burwell* (Killinek), but the settlers were obliged to pay duties to the Canadian Government, in 1894. The line of demarcation is not yet

accurately defined. Difficulties have also arisen in connection with duties levied on a lumber Company doing business in Hamilton Inlet. This portion of Labrador was not always attached to Newfoundland. The first annexation took place after the *Treaty of Paris* (1763).

While the flag of France waved over Canada the French carried on extensive fisheries in Labrador, near the Straits of Belle Isle, to which they attached the greatest importance. After the conquest of Canada, a company of Quebec merchants obtained a monopoly of these fisheries, and part of the territory was claimed *en seigneurie* by the Sieur Gardeur de Courtemanche. This was abolished in 1820.

JURISDICTION.

Until 1763, the fishing settlements on Labrador were under the jurisdiction of the Government of Quebec. After the cession of Canada to Britain, Labrador was annexed to the Government of Newfoundland; but ten years later (1783), owing to difficulties arising out of the supposed vested rights of the Sieur de Courtemanche and the Quebec Trading Company, the western portion of Labrador was restored to Canada. In 1809 it was again transferred to the jurisdiction of Newfoundland, under which it has since remained. (Harvey; "Newfoundland.")

FIORDS AND BANKS.

The Atlantic coast is exceedingly irregular, being deeply cut by many long, narrow fiords, so that the coast-line exceeds many times the distance from *Belle Isle* to *Cape Chidley*. *Hamilton Inlet* (Groswater Bay) is the largest and longest of these inlets, extending inland for one hundred and fifty miles. Among others, *Sandwich, Kaipokok, Saeglek,* and *Nachvak* bays are from thirty to fifty miles deep. These narrow fiords are surrounded by rocky hills that rise abruptly from the water to heights ranging fom 1,000 to 4,000 feet. The water of the inlets is generally deep, and varies from ten to one hundred fathoms. A fringe of small, rocky islands extends almost continuously along the coast, with a breadth of from five to twenty-five miles. Outside these islands, the inner banks extend seaward for an average distance of about fifteen miles, and on them the water is rarely over forty fathoms deep.

From this it will be seen that the fiords have greater depths than the banks outside the island fringe. To account for this apparent anomaly it is necessary to consider the formation of the fiords and

banks. The fiords appear to be valleys of denudation of very ancient origin, eroded, at least in part, when the elevation of the peninsula was considerably greater than at present. Their remote antiquity is established by the deposition in their lower levels of undisturbed sandstone of Cambrian age. The banks are likely of comparatively recent formation and appear to be made from material carried off the higher lands by glaciers and deposited by them as a terminal *moraine* among and outside the fringe of islands, to be subsequently flattened out by floating ice and currents, thus filling up the deep channels at the mouths of the fiords. *(Canadian Geological Survey.)*

LAKE MICHIKIMAU. Copyright, Outing Pub. Co.

INTERIOR. The peninsula of Labrador is a high, rolling plateau, which rises, somewhat abruptly, within a few miles of the coast-line, to heights between 1500 and 2500 feet, the latter elevation being somewhat greater than the water-shed of the interior. The interior country is undulating, and is traversed by ridges of low rounded hills, that seldom rise more than 500 feet above the general surrounding level, which is approximately 1700 feet.

Along the Atlantic coast, the land rises abruptly inland, almost everywhere, to altitudes varying from 1000 to 1500 feet, from

the Straits of Belle Isle to the vicinity of Nain. To the northward of Nain the coast range is much higher, and, in the neighborhood of *Nachvak Bay,* ranges of sharp, unglaciated mountains rise abruptly from the sea to heights varying from 2500 feet; while farther north they are reported to culminate in peaks of 6000 feet, a few miles inland.

———

LAKES. Like the other portions of Northern Canada underlain by glaciated Archean rocks, the interior of the Labrador peninsula is covered with myriads of lakes, that occupy at least one-fourth of the total area. In size they vary from small tarns to lakes with surfaces hundreds of square miles in extent. *Great Mistassini* and *Mickikamau* lakes have areas exceeding 500 square miles. Dillon Wallace describes the latter very graphically in *"The Long Labrador Trail."*

He tells us that it is between eighty and ninety miles long, and from eight to twenty-five miles in breadth. "It is surrounded by rugged hills which reach an elevation of about five hundred feet above the lake. The shores are rocky, sometimes formed of massive bed-rock in which is found the beautifully colored Labradorite; sometimes strewn with boulders. "No artist's brush," continues our author, "ever pictured such gorgeous sunsets and sunrises as nature painted for us here on the 'Great Lake' of the Indians. Every night the sun went down in a blaze of glory and left behind it all the colors of the spectrum. The dark hills across the lake in the west were silhouetted against a sky of brilliant red which shaded off into banks or orange and amber that reached the azure of the zenith.

"The waters of the lake took the reflection of the red at the horizon and became a flood of restless blood. The sky colorings during the few days (at Lake Michikamau) were the finest that I ever saw in Labrador, not only in the evening, but in the morning also."

———

LANDSCAPE. Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard has this, presumably written as characteristic of the same section of the interior:—"The air was clear as crystal, and the water, and the greenwood, the hills and mountains with lines and patches of white upon them, the sky with its big, soft clouds, made such a combination as I had never seen except in Labrador." *(A Woman's Way through Unknown Labrador.)*

The Table-land is preeminently sterile, and where the country is not burned, caribou moss covers the rocks, with stunted spruce, birch, and aspen in the hollows and deep ravines. The whole of the land is strewn with boulders, sometimes three and four deep; these singular erractics are perched on the summit of every mountain and hill, often on the edges of cliffs, and they vary in size from one to twenty feet in diameter. Language fails to depict the awful desolation of the interior of the peninsula. (Hind, Explorations.)

CLIMATE. The climate of Labrador ranges from cold temperate, on the southern coasts, to arctic on Hudson Strait and the high lands of the north, and is generally so rigorous that it is doubtful if the country will ever be fit for agriculture, north of 51°, except on the low grounds near the Coast.

A MINIATURE GLACIER NEAR HOPEDALE.

The high lands of the interior have only two seasons, summer and winter, and the transition from winter to summer occurs, as a rule, during the first two weeks of June.

With the disappearance of snow and ice the temperature during the day rapidly increases, and the leaves are almost immediately put

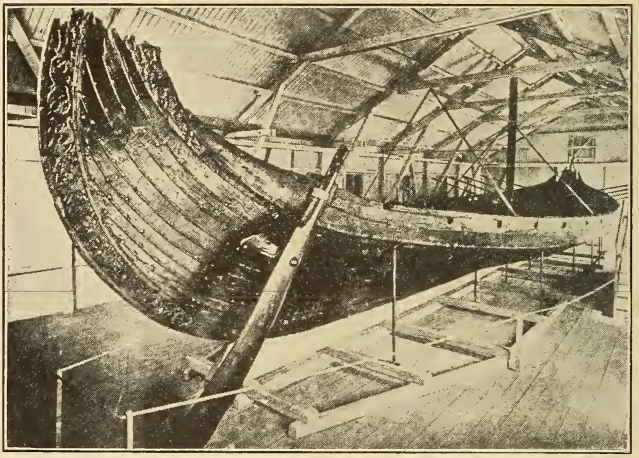
forth by trees and bushes. Summer is of three months' duration; from early in October snow remains permanently, and all the small lakes are frozen over solidly. The coldest months are December, January, and February. On the Atlantic coast the season is somewhat longer; but even here it is only possible to raise the hardier vegetables. *(Geological Survey of Canada.)*

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST EXPLORERS OF THE NORTHLAND.

"There is, said he, a wondrous book
Of legends in the old Norse tongue,
Of the dead Kings of Norroway,—
Legends which once were told or sung
In many a smoky fireside nook
Of Iceland, in the ancient day,
By wandering saga-man or scald;
'Heimskringla' is the volume called;
And he who looks may find therein
The story that I now begin."

"Saga of King Olaf," LONGFELLOW.



VIKING SHIP.

ICELANDIC "SAGAS."

There are many traditions of early discoveries of the Northland; but only the bold voyages of the fearless Vikings of the North are historically certain, and the Icelandic "Sagas" give us the first authentic pages of North American History. There are three "Sagas" which are recognized as authentic history:—"The Karlsefini," "King Olaf's," and the "Saga of Eric the Red" (Raud).

For the oldest written evidence of Norse discoveries we are indebted to *Adam,* canon of the Church of Bremen—"the Rome of the North" (*cir.* 1067). The second authority is *Ari Thorgilsson* (d. 1148). These records all agree in attributing the discovery of the lands of *Helluland, Markland* (Woodland) and *Vinland* "the Good," to Lief the "Lucky," son of Eric the Red.

Lief, in the year 1000, returning from Norway to Greenland, where he was to introduce Christianity, discovered a land to which he gave the name of "Helluland" (Icelandic, *hellu,* a stone). His "land-fall" was most probably at *Domino,* on the middle Labrador coast, where existing conditions tally exactly with his descriptions of the land. He speaks of the place as—"land without grass; snow and ice covered it, and from the shore to the mountain it was flat, covered with stones." That this was at *Domino* is, I think, almost bordering on absolute fact. Its Geographical position and its physical features are seemingly incontrovertible evidence. A glance at the map of Labrador shows *Domino* as being the point whence the Labrador peninsula trends to the westward; and the course thence to Markland and Vinland is almost due South (compass course; the variation in this vicinity is 37′ W.).

The Geological aspect is even more convincing. The formation here is the *Gneiss of Lieber,* the base of which is a white, granular, vitreous quartz, with speckles of black horneblende, with a few particles of a lilac-colored mica. It forms at this locality a *broad, low, flat* plain about ten miles broad and fifteen to twenty miles long. Its surface is but a few feet above sea level, and to one coming from the high coast to the southward, this broad, naked flat, almost wholly destitute of vegetation, with no valleys to shelter even a growth of spruce trees, with patches of white rock glistening in the sun, presents a strange and foreign feature, *startling from its very tameness.* Behind this low, white plain the country rises into high hills and mountains, terminating in the "Mealy Mountains," in Sandwich Bay (Packard, Geology of Domino Run). The "Markland" of Eric and Lief was, if the Domino "land-fall" be accepted, not Nova Scotia, but Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, called "Green Bay" by Newfoundlanders, for a reason similar to that which suggested the name to the Norsemen; it is richly wooded. Furthermore, it is distant about one hundred and seventy miles to the South of *Helluland;*

this would be about "two days' sail of twelve hours each," allowing an average eight-knot speed. Then, it is most probable that the "Vinland" of the Norsemen was *Nova Scotia,* not *Rhode Island.* The claims of *Rhode Island* to the land-fall are not genuine, evidently, as the supposed Scandinavian remains at *Newport, R. I.,* are the "ruin of a Windmill built by Governor Arnold (cir. 1670); and the *runic* inscriptions on *Dighton Rock* are merely Indian picture writing such as is found far to the South." (Cath. Ency., Vol. 1, p. 419.)

ICELANDIC MAP OF THE NORTHLAND. *From Prowse's History.*

ST. BRENDAN.

After these early Norse voyages came the explorer Karlsfeni, the famous Icelandic merchant, who endeavored to colonize the lands discovered by former navigators; but he was unsuccessful, owing to the warlike attitude of the natives of the coasts, a "bloody, fierce people." These were presumably *Esquimaux.* Karlsefeni was accompanied by his wife *Gudrid;* and their son, *Snorri,* was the first child of European parents born on the mainlaind of America.

There is a tradition exploited by recent writers on early American settlements to the effect that St. Brendan, or Brandon, visited these

Northern regions in the 5th Century. It is to this that Matthew Arnold alludes in the following poem:

"Saint Brandon sails the Northern Main;
The Brotherhood of saints are glad.
He greets them once, he sails again;
So late! Such storms!—the saint is mad.
But north, still north, Saint Brandon steered:
And now no bells, no convent more;
The hurtling Polar lights are near'd;
The sea without a human shore."

This tradition has apparently no *historical* foundation; even the Bollandists do not recognize the pilgrimage of St. Brendan; and Geographers, such as Von Humboldt, Ruge, and others, place the

CORTEREAL'S MAP. *From Howley's Ecclesiastical History.*

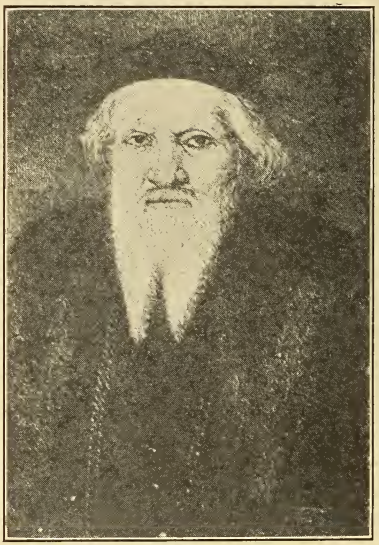
story amongst *"Geographical legends,"* which are of interest for the history of civilization, but which can lay no claim to serious consideration from the point of view of Geography." The earliest account of this legend is in Latin: *"Navigatio Sancti Brendani,"* and belongs to the 10th or 11th century; the first French translation dates from 1125. Since the 12th century the legend has appeared in the literature of the Netherlands, Germany and England.

The "Records of Zeno" are likewise relegated to the domain of geographical dreams.

It is also claimed that a Polish Explorer, *Szkolensky,* made a voyage to the coast of Labrador in 1476; but this also is, seemingly, only conjectural, though Humboldt admits its probability. (Examen Critique II, p. 152.)

LATER DISCOVERIES.

The modern discoverer of Labrador was John Cabot, who discovered Newfoundland in 1497. It is even claimed that the "landfall" of this brave sailor explorer was Labra-



CABOT. FROM AN OLD PRINT.

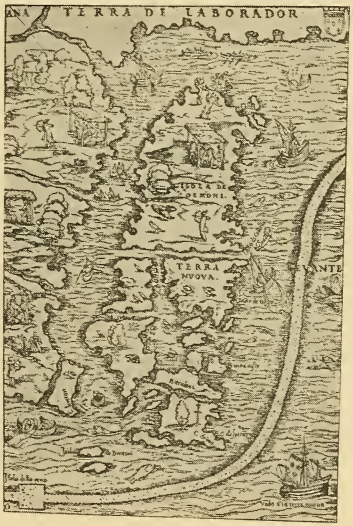
dor, not Newfoundland; but this question has, I think, been satisfactorily settled; and Cape Bonavista is regarded as being the first land seen by this "Herald of Empire."

CABOT.

John Cabot discovered Labrador in the same year in which he discovered Newfoundland, 1497. He seems to have made a second voyage in the following year. But to his son, Sebastian, must be accredited the exploration of the

coast of Labrador from the *Straits of Belle Isle* to *Davis Strait;* and his vessel was the forerunner of the large fleet of English, Portuguese, Basques, French and Spanish fishermen who visited these shores during the next two centuries, opening to the world a source of revenue more available than the wealth of "far Cathay."

It was then English seamen, in the service of Henry VII, who first revealed to a world, which had forgotten the daring deeds of the Northmen, the northeastern shores of the continent of America, and brought to Europe the tidings of the harvest of the sea "richer than the mines of Golconda or Peru."



CASTALDI'S MAP.

The next explorer who visited the Northland, and the one to whom it doubtless owes its name, was *Cortereal,* who, in 1500, took possession of several areas in Newfoundland and Labrador in the name of the King of Portugal.

The word *Labrador* is the Portuguese and Spanish term for "laborer"; and it is said to have been applied by King Emmanuel, under whose auspices Cortereal made his voyages, to characterize the natives whom Cortereal had brought from the western land. These were doubtless Montagnais Indians, not Esquimaux, as is

generally supposed. If not actually of the Montagnais tribe, they certainly belonged to some branch of the great Algonquin Nation. King Emmanuel, having heard of the high trees growing in the northern countries, and having seen the aborigines, brought home by Cortereal, who appeared specially qualified for labor, thought he had found a new slave coast, such as he had in Africa; and dreamed of the tall masts he would cut, and the men-of-war he would build with the laborers ("Labradores")—from the land of Cortereal—"Terra di Cortereale." (Galenza, "Pearl of the Antilles," p. 100.)

Following in the wake of Cortereal, the Portuguese throughout the sixteenth century prosecuted the fisheries along the coasts and banks of the newly discovered lands, and doubtless became familiar with Labrador. In a map painted by Varrese upon the walls of *The Loggia of Raphaele* in the Vatican Palace, Rome, about 1556, the southern part of Labrador is called *Terra de Corte Real;* and Newfoundland is set down as "Terra di Baccalao" (*Baccalao* is the Portuguese word for *codfish*). (From Howley's Ecclesiastical History.)

CHAPTER III.

L'ANCIEN REGIME.

"En étudiant l'histoire moderne, nos regards s'arretent naturellement sur la patrie de nos ancêtres, sur la belle France, qui apparait au premier rang des nations." (*Avant-Propos: Histoire du Canada.)*

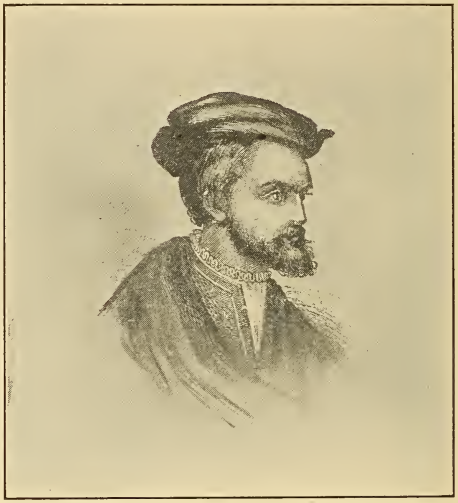
PISTOLET'S MAP.

THE DIEPPOIS.

In a work entitled "Us et Coutumes de la mer" occurs this statement: "One hundred years before the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, the large and small banks of Newfoundland, Cape Breton and Baccalaos (Labrador) were regularly visited by Breton Fishermen; and one of these Dieppois, Vincent Pinçon by name, retired to Palos, and later took service with the Genoese navigator, Columbus, in the capacity of pilot." It is also stated that Captain Coussin, another Dieppois, made a landing on the American

Continent in 1488. His discovery was kept a national secret; but Pinçon divulged the story of the discovery, and placed at the disposal of Columbus the maps and charts which had been made. (*Histoire de Dieppe,* Vol. I.)

In 1504, according to Lescarbot *(Histoire de la Nouvelle France),* Bretons frequented the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts. In this year Jean Denys, of Honfleur, published a map of *Newfoundland* (*Terre Neuve*). Two years later Aubert, of Dieppe, is said



JACQUES CARTIER. FROM AN OLD PRINT.

to have founded the settlement of Brest. These expeditions were made under the auspices of Dieppe Merchants; but subsequently the expeditions of the Breton mariners were made under the patronage of the King. These were troublous times in Europe; but after the "Peace of Cambray (called the *"Ladies Peace,"* as it was concluded by Louise of Savoy, mother of Francis I., and Margaret of Austria, aunt of Charles V., in the name of these monarchs), his Most Christian Majesty, at the instance of Philip Charbot, Admiral of France, fitted out an expedition under the command of a Breton sailor, *Jacques Cartier,* who laid the foundations of the French Regime in the western lands. The Emperor of Spain, Charles V., and the King of Portugal, Joam, having already begun the coloniza-

tion of America, protested against the action of the King of France. To their protests Francis is said to have replied: "I should like to see the clause in our Father Adam's will which bequeaths to my royal brothers alone so vast a heritage."

CARTIER.

Sailing from St. Malo, a port on the coast of Brittany, on the 20th of April, 1534, Cartier sighted *Cape Bonavista,* twenty days later, and arrived the same day at *Catalina,* a well-protected port, in Trinity Bay, which he named *St. Catherine's Haven* (changed later into *Catalina*). Several names in this vicinity are reminiscent of Breton explorations: *Trinity Bay, The Spillars* (Les Epiliers), *Isle aux Oiseaux* (Bird Island Cove, recently changed by Newfoundland nomenclature faddists into "Elliston").

THE FUNKS.

After a sojourn of ten days at *St. Catherine's Haven,* Cartier started northward, and on the 22d sighted a cluster of Islands which he named "Isles aux Margaulx"—known to-day as *"The Funks."* The voyage to this point is thus described by Cartier, (translated by Hakluyt from "The first Relation of Jacques Cartier of St. Malo, of the new land called New France, newly discovered in the yere of our Lord, 1534").

"Upon the 21 of May the winde being in the West, we hoised saile, and sailed toward North and East from the Cape of Buona Vista until we came to the island of Birds, which was environed about with a bank of ice but broken and cract; notwithstanding the sayde bank, our boats went thither to take some birds, whereof there is such plenty, that unlesse a man did see them, he would think it an incredible thinge; for albeit the Island be so full of them that they seem to have been brought thither, and sowed for the nonce, yet there are an hundred folde as many hovering about within; some of which are as big as jays, blacke and white, with beaks like unto crowes: they lie always upon the sea; they cannot fly very high, because their wings are so little, and no biggere than one's hand, yet do they flie as quickly as any birds of the air levell to the water; they also are exceeding fat; we named them Aporath. In less than half an hour we filled two boats, as if they had been with stones; so that

besides them which we did eat fresh, every ship did powder and salt five or sixe barrels full of them. Besides there is another kind of birds which hover in the aire, and over the sea, lesser than the others; and these do all gather themselves together in the Island, and put themselves under the wing of other birds that are greater; these are named Godetz. There are also birds of another sort but bigger and which bite even as dogs; these we named Margaulx." These were evidently Puffins and Guillemots; locally known as 'Murrs and Turrs.'

ARCH ROCK, CATALINA. *Photo, Holloway.*

GREAT AUK.

Cartier must also have seen the "Great Auk"—the bird of ornithological controversy—for he says further: "Our men found there a bird as greate as any cow, and as white as any swan, who in their presence leaped into the sea; and upon Whitsun-munday (following our voyage to the land) we met her by the way, swimming toward land as quickly as we could saile. So soone as we saw her we pursued her with our boats, and by maine strength took her, whose flesh was as good to be eaten as the flesh of a calfe two years old." (Hakluyt.)

CHATEAU. He then sailed northward, and sighted the island which former navigators had named "Isola di Demoni," on account of its grim, forbidding aspect and the terrible storms met with in the vicinity. Pursuing his course northward, he entered a large inlet to which he gave the name of "Golfe des Chateaux," on account of the peculiarly shaped island which forms its southeastern point.

This Island is a most remarkable pile of basaltic rocks rising in vertical columns from an insulated bed of granite. Its height from the sea level is upward of two hundred feet; it is composed of regular five-sided prisms, and on all sides the ground is strewn with single blocks and clusters that have become detached and fallen from their places. It seems like some grim fortress of the feudal ages, from whose embrasures big-mouthed cannon were ready to belch forth flame and smoke.

BLANC SABLON. Cartier then sailed west, anchoring at a creek which he named *l'Anse à Sablon* (*Blanc Sablon*)—an open, unprotected roadsteed, opening to the southeast where the anchorage was insecure. He then moved farther westward; and on June 11th made a landing at Illetes, where, on the feast of St. Barnabas, his chaplains, presumably Franciscans (Recollets), offered the Holy Sacrifice. This is the first recorded ecclesiastical function in the great Northland, which, in later days, was crimsoned with the blood of martyrs.

The coast appeared to Cartier so uninviting that he exclaimed: "It must be the country which God gave to Cain! There one sees men of immense size and height, but untamed and savage. They wear their hair coiled on the top of the head like a bundle of straw, putting a skewer through it, the whole surmounted with a bundle of bird's feathers. They are clad in skins, both men and women. . . . They paint themselves in red colors. They use birch-bark boats, in which they catch large quantities of seals." These were probably not Esquimaux, but a branch of the great Algonquin family.

Cartier went as far west as Checatica, and later explored the west coast of Newfoundland and the Magdalen Islands (Ferland; *Histoire du Canada*).

CHAPTER IV.

THE ESQUIMAUX.

"The Esquimaux from ice and snow now free,
In shallops and in whaleboats go to sea;
In peace they rove along this pleasant shore,
In plenty live; nor do they wish for more."

(Cartwright's "Journal.")

ESQUIMAUX TEPIK. *Photo, Vay.*

When the European explorers set foot on the coast of Labrador it was in possession of a fierce, belligerent people—the Esquimaux.

According to well-established ethnological facts, they are of Mongolian origin, and it is an accepted opinion that they crossed to the American continent from the extreme northeastern point of Kamschatka. At what time this migration took place is conjectural. They were presumably forced by the imperative demands of sustenance to seek food and clothing in the Northern section of the continent, owing to the hostility of other Indian tribes, the *Algonquins* (originally "Algoumekins") and their allies the *Kilistinenous* (now called "Crees"), who are still found in the region of Hudson Bay.

The Esquimaux (called "Huskies" by Newfoundland fishermen) call themselves "Innuits" ("the men"). The name Esquimaux is derived from the *Abnenaqi* term "eskimantsik," meaning "to eat raw." In the Cree dialect the word is "Ashkimai" (Esquimaux is the French equivalent). The Esquimaux are a homogeneous race, and are perhaps the most widely spread people in the world. They are, however, unknown in Europe, as the migrations have always been eastward; but they are found along the Arctic shores of Northern America, Asia and in Greenland. This fact seems to establish

KENAMOU ESQUIMAUX WOMAN. (*Copyright, A. P. Low.*)

the theory that Greenland was colonized from Labrador. Turner (Annual Report, U. S. Bureau of Ethnology, 1889-90) divides the Esquimaux inhabiting the Labrador peninsula into three or four subdivisions, on account of sub-tribal distinctions maintained among themselves. The names given to them by Turner are those used by the Esquimaux of *Ungava Bay*.

1. The first division includes all those dwelling along the Atlantic Coast and along the south shore of Hudsons Strait, to the mouth

of the *Leaf River.* These people call themselves *Suhinimyut* ("those who dwell at, or in, the sun," or "dwellers in the east").

2. The second division embraces the Esquimaux along the south shore of Hudson Strait, between the *Leaf River* and *Cape Westenholme,* at the entrance to Hudson Bay. These are called *Tahagmut* ("dwellers in the shade," or the "western people"). By the Hudson Bay Company they are known as "Northerns."

3. The third division includes those living along the east coast of Hudson Bay, and they are designated the *Itivimyut* ("the dwellers on the other side").

4. A fourth division may be made of the Esquimaux of the outer islands of Hudson Bay, who, according to the traders and missionaries, differ from their neighbors along the coast, both in customs and language.

They are known as the *Kigiktagmyut* (or "Island people"). Along the Atlantic coast, as far north as Hopedale, few or none of the Esquimaux are full-blooded. To the northward, the Moravian missionaries keep the natives from contact with the whites, and in consequence there are very few of mixed blood. In Ungava Bay and on Hudson Bay there are, around the Hudson Bay posts, many half breeds, the result of marriage between the employees and Esquimaux women.

When the European explorers first visited these northern regions, the Esquimaux covered the entire seaboard of the Labrador coast as far west as Mingan; and it is claimed that they visited Newfoundland, and even went as far south as Nova Scotia. This is the opinion of the learned historian of New France—the Jesuit Father—Charlevoix (*Histoire Generale de la Nouvelle France,* p. 100).

The same writer says that they were in constant feud with their rivals—the Montagnais.

They were gradually pushed northward; but, as late as 1765, Esquimaux were found in considerable numbers as far south as Chateau Bay; to-day few, if any, are found south of Long Tickle. Several bloody battles occurred between the Montagnais and the Esquimaux; and traces of these bloody encounters are found at the mouth of the Esquimaux River, at Forteau, and it is said that the last encounter took place at *Big Caribou Island,* now known as *Battle Harbor.*

Other reminders of the occupation of the South by Esquimaux are found on *Esquimaux Island*—one of the Mingan group, and in *St. Paul's Bay*. Here large quantities of human bones have been discovered, supposed to be the relics of a great battle fought between the Esquimaux on one side and the French and Montagnais on the other.

On *Caribou Island* there are traces of Esquimaux occupation in the form of circles of stones, doubtless Esquimaux forts. At the present time the Esquimaux on Labrador are found, chiefly at the Moravian settlements between *Maccovick Bay* and *Killinek* (Port

ESQUIMAUX WOMEN AT UNGAVA. *(Copyright, Outing Pub. Co.)*

Burwell), at the entrance to Hudson Bay, though isolated families are found south as far as *Maccovick,* and occasionally at *Long Tickle.* The number at present along the coast is probably 1100, of whom many are pagans. Physically, the Esquimaux are well built, averaging about five feet three in height. They have extraordinary power of endurance; and they can make a journey of several days with little food, tho' when within reach of a carcass of seal or a blubber puncheon, a single Esquimau will stow away more stuff than an ordinary dog team.

They are essentially carnivorous; and the seal supplies the largest part of their food, though they gladly welcome the white man's grub of flour and molasses.

They are chiefly fishers; the special object of their fishing trips is the seal, which not only supplies them with food, but also material for clothing and covering for their *Kayaks* and *Oomiaks,* as well as bridles and whips for their dog teams.

The *Kayak* is a shuttle-shaped boat twelve to fifteen feet long, covered with shaved sealskin, stretched on a frame of whalebone or spruce ribs, with an open space in the upper part for the paddler.

BUILDING THE KAYAK.

The *Oomiak* is a flat-bottomed boat of larger size than the *Kayak.* It is used by the women folk and for the transportation of the family to the outer islands during sealing voyages. The women can handle the paddle as deftly as can the sterner sex. Within recent years the Esquimaux have adopted the ways of the Newfoundland fishermen, and the *Oomiak* and the *Kayak* have yielded place to the "whale boat" and the "jack." Even a small schooner is not now

beyond the aspirations of the dusky denizens of the north. Another article of Esquimaux domestic economy is the *Komatik,* or sled, which consists of two runners, varying from eight to fifteen feet in length, shod with hoop iron or whalebone. To these runners are attached slats or crossbars, about twenty inches in length, lashed to the runners by seal thongs or fishing-line. The "lashing" is preferable to nails, as it permits the *Komatik* to yield in rough places where nails would be snapped off. In the far north the runners are "mudded," in lieu of shoeing. This process consists in allowing a ridge of moistened turf to freeze to the runners.

OOMIAK. *(Copyright, A. P. Low.)*

The *Komatik* is the only means of transportation for the Esquimaux when the bays are frozen over; and they sometimes make extraordinary journeys when in search of food during the winter months.

DOG TEAM.

The *Komatik* is drawn by dogs of which there are sometimes nine in a team. The dogs are "tackled" to the *Komatik* with a bridle made of sealskin, each animal having a separate bridle. They are controlled by the driver, who wields a whip of sealskin thong, thirty to thirty-five feet long.

These dogs are very vicious brutes; and when hunger urges them, they occasionally feast off the unwary driver. They have sometimes attacked children in the settlements, and not long since they nearly devoured the little son of Mr. Swatfield, the H. B. C. Agent at Cartwright, in Sandwich Bay. The Esquimaux dwellings are of three kinds; *Tepik* (skin or canvas tent), which is used when they are away on the hunt for deer, or fishing in spring time; the *Igloowik* (or snow house), found in the far north; and the *Igloo,* or permanent house in the settlements and around the missions. The larger specimens of this type are called *Igloosoaks,* and are built of logs, turf and stones. These huts are much in evidence around

KOMATIK AND DOGS.

Nain, Hopedale and other Moravian settlements. They are entered by a long, low porch; and when entering you must walk very circumspectly, and make your way between the carcass of a seal and a vessel of democratic shape and use, in which the sealskin is soaked before being trimmed by the teeth of the *materfamilias,* who converts it into boots or other articles which constitute Esquimaux apparel. The furniture of the dwelling is decidedly scant; and consists of sundry vessels of stone, a soapstone lamp, a wooden frame, presumably a bedstead, and perhaps a tin kettle or two.

Cleanliness, of course, is not one of the virtues of the Esquimaux;

and if you are not particularly careful you will return from your excursion "a noun of multitude."

Their clothing consists of sealskin, or blanketing, and is of the same form, practically, for men and women. Over pantaloons of spacious width they wear a "Jumper" called—according to the material of which it is composed—*"Adikey"* (if made of blanketing) and *"Netsek"* (if made of sealskin). The female habiliment is of more aristocratic type than that worn by the men. It has long frontal and posterior flaps trimmed with braid of various colors. A hood of large proportions is attached, sufficiently large to carry the Benjamin of the family, known to Newfoundland fishermen as "papoose."

IGLOOWIK.

Their language (which, by the way, has no word for God) is agglutinative and difficult to acquire, as it admits of no inflexions. Words sometimes are practically sentences. As an illustration, the following taken from a pamphlet published by the Moravian Missionaries is submitted at Nain:

Labradormiut akkilejunguarerkartinget, sakkertitsijungualerkartinaget.

The Esquimaux have only ten numerals; and to count any greater number than ten, they must resort to a very circumlocutory process—e. g. to express the number fifty, they will say: "ten times as many fingers as a man has on one hand," or "five times as many toes as a man has."

The Esquimaux occupation of the coast is emphasized in a very definite manner in the nomenclature of the coves, harbors and islands along the coast from *Wcbec* (Cape Harrison) to *Killinek* (Port Burwell) beyond Cape Chidley. The following paragraphs from Kohl's article on this subject describe some social features which I have not witnessed.

"The marriage of the Esquimaux is a simple affair; there is no ceremony, except, of course, among the Christian section. Their

THE PAPOOSE.

marriages are often childless; and the greater number of children die young. Besides this normal diminution, epidemics are introduced through the traffic with the fishing vessels, and an extraordinary large percentage die. They never attain a great age, rarely exceeding sixty years. Formerly, they did not bury their dead, but left the bodies exposed on the rocks clad in their best clothing and with the things they had used in life. Now, since they have come under the influence of the missionary, they encase the bodies in rough wooden boxes."

The yearly life of the Esquimaux is as follows: "During the summer, from May to December, they, with their families, are scattered along the shore at the fishing places. After the men return from the hunting in May, they take their whole family to the offshore islands to hunt seals. The seals follow the edge of the drift ice; and the hunters are often obliged to drive far out on dog sleds to reach the seals' course.

"They wait on the outer islands until the coast ice moves off, generally in June. Then they hasten back in their *Kayaks* to the Station to prepare their large sailboats, which are generally purchased from the Newfoundland fishermen. With these they fetch their families from the islands, and go trout fishing in the inlets or the river courses. Then follows the cod fishery. In the autumn they hunt again, after which comes the fall seal fishery, carried on in *Kayaks,* often with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero. In this temperature the Esquimaux will sit for hours with their sealskin clothing frozen solid as an icicle. About Christmas time they assemble at the Mission: this is the time of schooling for the children, and religious duties for the elders." *(Bremen Geographical Journal for 1884.)*

ESQUIMAUX IN KAYAKS. *Photo, Vey.*

CHAPTER V.

THE MONTAGNAIS INDIANS.

"From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe Chief, the Prophet,
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,
With his guides and his companions."

—*"Hiawatha,"* LONGFELLOW.

LAKE MICKIMAU. (*Copyright, Outing Pub. Co.*)

Two other Indian tribes, or, more accurately, two other divisions of Indians, share with the Esquimaux the title to the "Aboriginal tribes of the Labrador Peninsula"—the *Montagnais* (Coast Indians) and the *Naskopis* (Highland Indians). These are branches of the great Algonquin family, and with the *Huron-Iroquois* are said to have descended from the North at the beginning of the fifteenth century. They received the generic name of *Algonquin* from the French; in their own language they were called *Odisquagme* ("People at the end of the Water"). They are supposed to have been at the head of a Northern Confederacy similar to that of the "Six Nations." In later times they became the allies of the French in their wars against the *Nodonos* and *Iroquois.*

The *Montagnais* occupy the southern section of the Peninsula. The line of demarcation between them and the *Naskopis* is pretty clearly drawn. The line north of *Lake Mickikamau* is the southern boundary, and the George River the eastern limit of the Naskopis; the *Montagnais* boundaries lie to the south and west.

The *Montagnais* number about three thousand, and wander over the territory between *Northwest River* and *Betsiamits*. They come regularly to the southern Hudson Bay Posts and to other settlements along the south coast of Labrador. I have met two encampments at the mouth of Esquimaux River, three miles north of Bonne Esperance.

They are usually men of fine physique, and differ in every respect from the Esquimaux.

Their chief occupation is hunting, though in early summer they catch salmon and trout, which they trade with dealers on the coast. They gather large quantities of furs,—fox, marten, wildcat, and otter being now the most highly valued. Their abode is the wigwam, or cotton tent when on the march. They do not use dogs as the Esquimaux do; but they transport their *lares* and *penates* on toboggans manufactured by themselves with an axe and a knife. They manufacture snowshoes of the finest description. The frames are made by the men from split birch wattles, and the lacing *(babiche)* is cut from deerskin and woven by the women. These snowshoes are of great length, much larger than we usually see at home.

They are comparatively cleanly in their habits; and I have visited their encampments without any disastrous results. The *Montagnais* are strictly honest when left to themselves; and are extremely hospitable: but when they come in contact with Southerners they soon acquire the evil ways of the white man. They are of vivacious temperament, alert and intelligent, practically all of them being able to read, in French, as well as in their native dialect. They are all Catholics, and they make regular visits to the missions for instruction by the Oblate Fathers, who have been laboring amongst them since 1843.

Immorality is rare amongst these children of the wild; and even when away in the bush they are strict observers of the laws of the Church.

They have an excellent knowledge of music, and sing Church

hymns in their native dialect very correctly. To many, the music of the primitive Indian seems weird and uncouth, perhaps; but recent developments of these native themes demonstrate the fact that the genius of a Mozart or Beethoven is found latent in some of the Indian musical airs. Practically all their music is in a minor key; and this is also true of other primitive races. Some years ago, during a missionary trip to the Straits, a Montagnais Choir sang the Gregorian for me one Sunday at *Bonne Esperance.* Besides the regular parts of the Mass, they sang hymns, in French, and in their native dialect; and they sang with great accuracy and precision. A great

MONTAGNAIS INDIANS. *(Copyright, Outing Pub. Co.)*

number of them speak French fluently; all of them intelligibly; and I was thus enabled to elicit a great deal of information regarding their customs and mode of living. When I asked the old chief why they sang these hymns and other *morceaux* in French, he answered: *"me sing, longtemps; le père chant* too; *père Babel sing aussi.*

These Indians had seemingly the greatest veneration for their spiritual guides; and this is not to be wondered at when one realizes that the missionary has been laboring among the *Montagnais* for nearly three centuries.

The Franciscans (Recollets) began work among the Indians in 1615, the first missionary being *Father D'Obleau.* Later, in 1625,

the Jesuits entered the mission field; and with only short interruption have since been identified with Canadian Indian missions. The *Reverend Edmond Massè* began work among the Eastern section of the Algonquins in 1625. This mission owed its inauguration to the benevolence of *Antoinette Du Pont, Marquise de Querchcville.* Father Massè labored among the Montagnais till his death, in 1646. The next Jesuit missionary of whom we hear was *Father Paul le Jeune,* who compiled a "Manual of Prayers," in the native dialect, for the "children of the forest." In the "Journal" of *Father Labrosse,* another Jesuit, who had some thousands of Catechisms and

MONTAGNAIS WOMEN. *(Copyright, Outing Pub. Co.)*

Primers printed in Montagnais, we find this entry: "I taught many savages to read, write, and sing by note, and assist at rites, besides Mass and Evening service." During the first English occupation of Canada, under David Kertk (who by the way was a *Frenchman,* a native of Dieppe), the missions of the Jesuits were discontinued temporarily; and many of the missionaries returned to France; but when Canada was restored to France, by the Treaty of Saint Germaine-en-Laye, in 1632, the missionaries again began active work; and it still continues.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NASKOPIS.

"It is well for us, O brothers!
That you come so far to see us!"
"Hiawatha," LONGFELLOW.

The name *"Naskopis"* has been given to the inland Indains of the Labrador coast stretching from Strait of Belle Isle to Hudson Bay. The word *Naskopi* means "unbeliever," and it was applied to them before they embraced Christianity. But they still, though nearly all converted to the Faith, go under this designation in contradistinction to the *Montagnais,* their neighbors, who used to stick close to the shore. A great deal of unreliable literature has been published concerning this interesting band of Indians; and it has been written by men who evidently deal in "second-hand goods." A recent writer says that the *Naskopis* are all *heathens,* and discusses their social and other characteristics from reports received from traders and others, who have possibly never seen a *Naskopi* camp. I have thumbed every page within reach dealing with the *Naskopis,* but, finding such a divergence of views, I sought information from one of the best authorities on the subject—one who has spent nearly a quarter of a century laboring *amongst this very tribe* —the Rev. Lemoine.

After months of patient waiting, I received a detailed account of the life, manners and customs of this interesting people of which so little accurate information has been given to the public.

My authority is a member of the *Oblate Order* whose missionaries have been laboring among the Eastern and Northwestern Indians since 1843. The late Archbishop Tachè, and the Venerable Father Lacombe, the man who is called "The Father of the Northwest," are names familiar to Canadians; and the Oblate Order numbers these among its members. I met the Father, who has supplied me with this interesting narrative during one of his missionary tours on the Labrador coast nearly twenty years ago; and he has been ever since a valued friend. His account is so extensive that it cannot be repro-

duced within the narrow limits at my disposal now; but, if circumstances permit, I hope at some future date to publish it *in extenso*. I extract the following paragraphs which bear directly on my subject:

"Away in the bush the *Naskopis* managed to escape the missionary's sway for a long time; and it is only fifty years since Fathers Arnauld and Babel came into contact with them, and began their conversion. These Indians first had missions at *Nekupan* and *Petetstakupan,* then at Northwest River, up Hamilton Inlet (H. B. C. Posts); and lastly, and up to now, even, at 'Seven Islands.' What their belief was before they embraced Christianity is not quite clear.

NASKOPI BOY. (*Copyright, Outing Pub. Co.*)

It seems, however, that *conjuring* formed a great part of it, for, even yet, they are caught at it, when meeting in the woods away from the missionary's gaze. They carry on what they call *Kushaptshigan.* They pitch a small tent, and make it fast by stakes driven into the ground. The conjurer alone gets in; the other Indians sit around as spectators. He then exerts himself, gesticulating in the most exciting manner, though without touching the tent. Soon a white partridge is seen hovering on the top, though not placed there by any visible means. Immediately the tent moves up and down, as if

jerked by violence, though not touched, or in contact with any visible object. After this solemn manifestation of his power, the conjurer tells the enthralled people the cause of their evils and failures in the hunt, and predicts the happenings for the coming season.

CONJURER. "But the Indians place little confidence in his prognostications, though they wonder greatly at the 'doings' of this mysterious fellow who carries on the *Kushaptshigan*. They indulge in conjuring through curiosity, but all of them declare they do not place any confidence in the conjurer, and they say "Only God can give us good or evil."

As regards the musical art, the *Naskopis* sing Church hymns and chants taught them by the missionaries—these take the place of canoe and war songs. None of the Indians has ever told me that his ancestors knew anything else in the line of music.

Do not believe all you hear or read concerning the *Montagnais* or the *Naskopis* from travelers *who pretend to lecture or write on Indians*. They will likely tell you that these tribes have a monosyllabic language. This is not the case. This belief arises from the fact that explorers, noticing that they disconnect all the syllables, wrongly conclude that the syllables thus set apart are so many words. We find it very difficult now to make people outside understand what the Indians actually are, and do, owing to the gross misrepresentations of Indian life made by incompetent lecturers and unscrupulous adventurers. The truth is, the *Naskopis'* language, which is also the language of the *Montagnais*, is a set of verbal conjugations, the various parts of which are far from being monosyllabic. Compare the English "we sing their praises" with the *Naskopi "ki nikamoshtatanots,"* which is a common manner of speaking in this dialect. In fact, most words in the *Naskopi* language are longer than either French or English. Many words are made up of ten or more syllables. How to pronounce them? Ah, this is the least difficulty. The trouble is getting into your head more than thirty different conjugations which the verbs require. The whole system is described in my "Dictionary-Français-Montagnais"—published by Cabot, of Boston; it also contains a grammar. Like all Northern Indians, the *Naskopis* hunt for a livelihood, sometimes procuring food and clothing from the captured animals; but more frequently trading the fur

of these animals for the various commodities offered them by traders. Their chief hunt is trapping foxes, martens, minks and other fur-bearing animals. Cleanliness has not, as yet, had much influence on their habits, and they deem it below man's notice to care for the body other than by food.

Among the *Naskopis,* as among other Indians, the women attend to all the household work, including wood chopping and water carrying. Moreover, they hold a secondary place in the household, at all meetings and at banquets, where the mother has to bow even to her son's superiority. Happily, men are beginning to realize the true position of womanhood, and they are beginning to treat women more kindly than formerly. I have just mentioned banquets. Well, they are somewhat different from the powwows of politicians and others amongst civilized people.

TEPIC. (*Copyright, Outing Pub. Co.*)

The banquet with the Indian—which is called *Makushan*—is a very important affair. He goes there to eat, and in this respect really he differs little from his white brother. I have attended a few of these *Makushans* amongst the *Naskopis.* They started eating at 9 a. m., and kept on coming and eating by turns till 7 p. m., when I thought I had better interrupt this somewhat protracted function. All they had to keep them going was a pile of little blocks about two

inches square; these were of gray appearance, as solid as sugar cubes, and were said to be the fat mixed with a little flesh of the Caribou allowed to cool, and then cut up into small squares. These seemed particularly palatable to the Indian; of course, my tastes were not consulted. These *Makushans* are generally held at the time of the Mission or during the meets in the winter. Speeches are delivered at the opening.

Gradually we are weeding out these barbarous customs, and the *Naskopis* now offer little opposition to the advance of Christian teachings."

Dillon Wallace in "The Long Labrador Trail" speaks differently of these Indians; but, as he admits, in a footnote, his knowledge of the habits and manners of the *Naskopis* was gltaned from the officers of trading companies and some natives around the coast of Fort Chimo.

ST. JOHN'S, LOOKING EASTWARD. *Photo, Holloway.*

CHAPTER VII.

THE STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY.

"All are Architects of fate,
Working in the walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme."

"The Builders," LONGFELLOW.

THE FRENCH REGIME.

CARTIER. Cartier laid the foundation of French régime in the western land; and his enterprise added large areas to the already extensive dominions of His Most Christian Majesty. After planting the *fleur-de-lis* on the coast of Labrador, he made a landfall at Gaspé (an Indian term for "Land's End"), and there he erected a cross thirty feet high on which he placed a shield bearing the *fleur-de-lis* and an inscription, emblematical of the sovereignty of France in America. Thus was accomplished a memorable event, and Canada was silently and inconspicuously incorporated into a mighty empire. Thus, too, was completed that three-fold act of discovery in America—Spain in the West Indies, England in Newfoundland and Labrador, and France in Canada—which, as a natural consequence, placed side by side on a vast unknown continent, the symbols of the sovereignty of three of the greatest nations of Europe.

ROBERVAL.

Cartier's second voyage to the West resulted in the founding of the City of Montreal; and his third, in the establishment of French Colonies along the coast of Labrador.

A "fable" is recorded by some historians, who have doubtless borrowed it from Thevet, in connection with Cartier's third voyage, which he made as second in command to the Sieur de la Rocque de Roberval. The latter was a native of Picardy, and held such sway in his Province that Francis I. dubbed him "The little King of Vimeux." The "fable" (for such it evidently is) is this: "Accompanying Roberval on this voyage were a relative, the Lady Marguerite, and a young nobleman whose conduct displeased Roberval. He put them ashore at *Belle Isle*—the 'Isola de Demoni'—of former navigators, where the young nobleman died. Marguerite was left alone on the gloomy island until some fishermen, who were in the neighborhood, rescued her from exile and death. Thevet, with whom this story originated, sometimes locates this incident at Isle Demoiselle, farther up the Straits."

BELLE ISLE.

Belle Isle is represented on old maps as covered with devils rampant, with wings and tails and horns; and the terror-stricken seamen of olden times used to hear in the air, on the tops, and about the masts, a great clamor of men's voices, confused and inarticulate, such as you may hear from a crowded fair or market place; whereupon they knew that the "Isle of Demons" was not far off.

COLONS.

During the years following Cartier's voyages, colonization went on apace along the Eastern sections of the newly acquired territory; and evidence of this occupation is permanently established in the names of the little villages and hamlets situated in the Straits of Belle Isle, Western Labrador and in the St. Lawrence Gulf and River, from Cape St. Francis to Quebec.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century an alliance between the French and the Montagnais Indians on the Labrador coast was effected; the latter soon acquired the language of the French *colons,* and frequent marriages occurred between them. Their descendants

are still, in many localities, found among the fishers and trappers of the Straits of Belle Isle.

PELTERIE.

Two objects engrossed the attention of the French administration—the conversion of the Indian tribes and the extension of the *pelterie* trade. As a means of carrying out these projects, exploration and discovery were dominant features in French colonial life.

TREATY OF PARIS.

By the *Treaty of Paris* (1763), France forfeited all her possessions in North America, with the exception of Louisiana and the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon (off the south coast of Newfoundland), and received back Martinique and Guadeloupe, in the West Indies—England retaining Grenada and the Grenadines—while Spain received Cuba in exchange for Florida. This Treaty was the occasion of momentous scenes in the British Parliament. Lord Chatham denounced it as "an infamous transaction"; and Lord Bute was openly charged with bribery (the very sum was named—*three hundred thousand pounds*—which had been paid him by the French).

CHARGE OF BRIBERY.

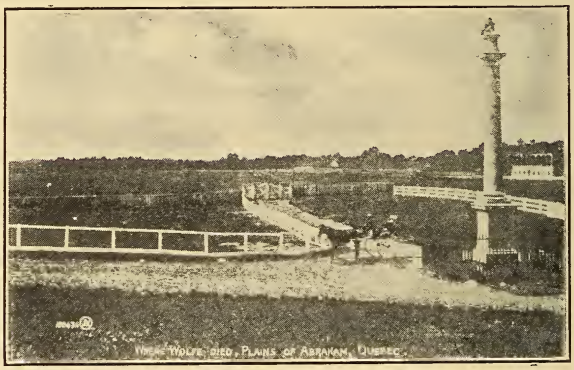
Junius, in one of his celebrated letters, charged one of Bute's colleagues—the Duke of Bedford—with bribery; and he concludes by this caustic assertion: "Belle Isle, Goree, Guadeloupe, S. Lucia, Martinique, the Fishery, and the Havanas, are glorious monuments of your Grace's talents for negotiation. . . . My Lord, we are too well acquainted with your pecuniary character to think it possible that so many public sacrifices should have been made without some private compensation. Your conduct carries with it an internal evidence beyond all legal proofs of a Court of Justice."

STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY.

Under the new *régime* the Government was rather a civil and a social bond than an expression of the embodied will of the Imperial authorities; hence, exploration and discovery within the colony formed but a subordinate part of the objects and pursuits of the English colonists. When, there-

fore, the rival colonists came into contact, it was rather in a struggle for enlarged boundaries for trade than for influence over the Indian tribes. The momentous conflict which led to the separation of Canada from France put an end to the struggles between the French and the English colonists for dominion over the Indian tribes, and for the monopoly of the fur trade.

It also brought to a close a protracted contest for commercial and national supremacy, waged for nearly a century and a half between the two foremost nations of Christendom. That contest, although it was too often selfish in its aims and purposes, nevertheless unconsciously developed in a wonderful degree, even in both colonies, a spirit of enterprise and discovery which has rarely had a parallel in later times, when steam and electricity have added, as it were, wings to man's locomotive and physical powers.



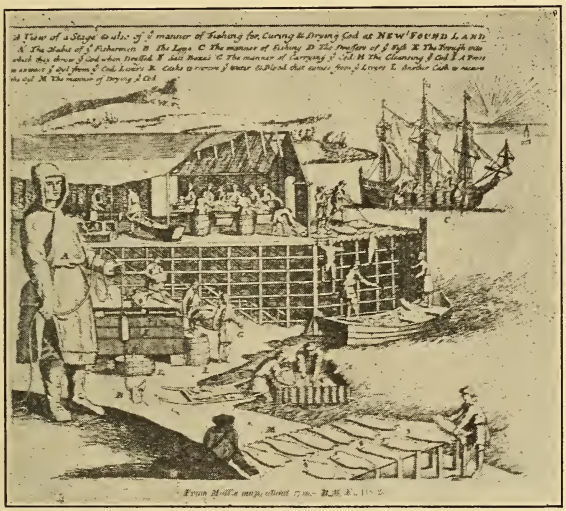
PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC.

LABRADOR UNDER JURISDICTION OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

By a provision of the *Treaty of Paris* (1763), the coast of Labrador received special attention; and in order to establish a free fishery, open to British subjects upon the coast, the whole of that coast, from the *River St. John* to *Hudson Strait,* was placed under the jurisdiction of the Governor of Newfoundland, whose title henceforth was to be : *"Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the Island of Newfoundland, and of the coast of Labrador, from the entrance to Hudson Strait to the River St. John."*

SIR HUGH PALLISER.

During the years immediately following the *Treaty of Paris* considerable development had taken place along the coast of Labrador; a number of Europeans had taken up their abode in a part of the territory, and, by wantonly injuring, had alienated the natives. At the same time much confusion had arisen in the country, due, in a large measure, to Canadians who claimed to have vested rights over certain areas. At this juncture the Governor of Newfoundland—Sir Hugh Palliser, who was a man of great business capacity, devoted himself to an earnest study of the conditions



A FISHING ROOM OF THE ANCIENTS. *From Prowse's History.*

existing upon the coast. He personally surveyed the District, and by certain prudent measures he greatly modified the existing difficulties. He had set his heart on making his newly acquired territory of Labrador, Anticosti and the Magdalen Islands into a great fishery, governed by the Rules of *William's Act*. Palliser's first object was to establish *Fort Pitt*, in Chateau Bay; and he accomplished this with little difficulty. Visiting all the places within his territory, he later encountered serious obstacles from the resident population, and from the French Canadians, but especially from American Whalers. In

FORT PITT.

a letter to the Governor of Massachusetts, August 7, 1776, he says: "The great trouble and difficulty I meet with in keeping good order amongst the fishers in Labrador, is occasioned by disorderly people from your Province. . . . I am well informed that some New England vessels . . . went to the Northward, robbed, plundered and murdered amongst the Esquimaux, some old men, women and children . . . so I expect mischief will happen this year; revenge being their declared principle."

NEW ENGLANDERS.

New Englanders abetted the settlers in their opposition to the Governor's regulations, which demanded the destruction of their posts, under the Fishing-Admiral Rules; and ultimately to avoid further difficulties, the Imperial Government restored Labrador to Canada, and reversed all Palliser's regulations, in 1774, by the Quebec Act, 14 George III., Cap. lxxxiii. Soon there arose a new source of difficulty, entailing serious consequences for the settlers along the coast, in the War of American Independence. The first Congress, in September, 1774, forbade all exports to British possessions; and this blow fell heavily on Newfoundland and Labrador, whose inhabitants had been accustomed to obtain supplies from the New England States. This trade was largely *smuggling*, which enriched the coffers of the settlers and the New England merchants. Privateers harassed the coast, and destroyed much valuable property. In the summer of 1778 the American Privateer *Minerva*, under the captaincy of John Grimes, attacked Cape Charles, one of Cartwright's stations, and carried away booty to the value of *fourteen thousand pounds*. In 1796 a French fleet bombarded the English fort in Chateau Bay, and after a long engagement the English retreated into the back country, after burning the settlement. The remains of this fort are still visible, and *Antelope Tickle*, nearby, is a reminder of the English occupation.

SMUGGLING.

TREATY OF VERSAILLES.

The *Treaty of Versailles* (1783) brought these international hostilities to an end; and by the same Treaty permission was granted American fishermen to fish on

the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, on the same footing as settlers; but they were allowed to come and *"dry,"* only "in the unsettled bays, harbors and creeks of Nova Scotia, the Magdalen Islands, and Labrador."*

Americans have constantly prosecuted the fisheries along the Labrador coast, and several localities, such as *American Harbor, American Tickle* and *American Island,* are witnesses of their presence. Not many years ago there were thirty schooners from Uncle Sam's domain fishing at *American Harbor*, on Southern Labrador.

H. B. C.

A formidable rival to colonial enterprise entered Labrador by the incoming of the *Hudson Bay Company,* which received a charter from the Imperial Government in 1670, and the familiar inscription, "H. B. C.," is seen in several settlements from *Cartwright,* in Sandwich Bay, to *Fort Chimo.*

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*This Treaty has recently been the subject of considerable discussion, owing to the action of the Newfoundland Government in connection with the Herring Fishery at Bay of Islands. The matter has been referred to The Hague Tribunal for final settlement.

ST. JOHN'S HARBOR IN WINTER.

CHAPTER VIII.

SETTLEMENTS.

"Whither, ah, whither? are not these
The tempest-haunted Hebrides,
Where seagulls scream and breakers roar,
And wreck and seaweed line the shore?"

"Ultima Thule," LONGFELLOW

A TRADER.

We have little knowledge of the earliest French settlements of Labrador beyond the vague records found in the History of Canada; and these are neither lengthy nor very definite. In the *"Relations des Jesuites"* and the "Journal" of Father Charlevoix, we have practically all that is extant, of a reliable nature. From the data available we learn that colonization continued under the administrations of the successive French Governors from 1550 to 1627. The *pelterie* trade attracted the attention of the adventurer and the courtier, so that, previous to 1627, several *Associations* had

EARLY TRADERS.

been organized to engage in the development of the eastern section of *New France,* of which Labrador was an important part. The history of these companies is a record of iniquitous transactions; and their greed was such that even missionary enterprise was thwarted by the "Adventurers."

To repress the rapacity of these soulless organizations the *Company of New France,* otherwise known as "The Company of the Hundred Associates," was founded by Cardinal Richelieu, in 1627, who pledged themselves to foster religious development and to deal in a humane spirit with the savages and the colonists; but these pledges were not fulfilled. Canada came into the hands of the English in 1629, through the services of David Kertk (Kirk), a native of Dieppe, who was battling for English interests; and during the period of English Dominion (1629-1632) missionary and other interests were in abeyance. Canada was again ceded to France by the *Treaty of Saint Germaine-en-Laye* (1632), and missionary enterprise received an impetus which has never relaxed. With the missionary came the *colon* and the settler. The only authentic record of the development of Labrador by English settlers is by Major George Cartwright, who has left a monumental work on the subject. It is entitled: *"A Journal of Transactions and Events during a residence of nearly sixteen years on the Coast of Labrador, containing many interesting particulars both of the country and its inhabitants not hitherto known. Illustrated with proper charts."* This is a ponderous diary, in three octavo volumes.

CARTWRIGHT. (See page 85.)

Cartwright was born in England, and after service in the army he came out to Newfoundland, in 1776. After some months of exploration in the interior of the island he returned to England. He came out to Newfoundland again in 1768; and in 1770 he entered into a partnership with Lieutenant Lucas, Perkins, and Coghlan, of Bristol, to carry on business at Labrador under the firm of *Perkins, Coghlan, Cartwright and Lucas.* Cartwright located at Cape Charles, in 1770, removing later to Sandwich Bay, where he founded the settlement of *Cartwright,* now owned by the Hudson Bay Company. "Cartwright was a singular character; frankly im-

moral, he was at the same time most assiduous in his religious devotions, and anxious for the conversion of the savage."

BREST.

The earliest "settlement" on the coast of Labrador was *Brest,* situated at the mouth of *Bras d'or Bay.* Its actual founder is unknown, but it became known to Europe through *Denys of Honfleur* and *Aubert of Dieppe.* It was colonized by Bretons, and evidently occupied, in early colonial days, a position similar to that now held by the French Colony of St. Pierre (off the coast of Newfoundland). The site was admirably chosen, as it afforded easy access to the fishing grounds in the

ST. PIERRE.

Gulf and in the Straits of Belle Isle. Cartier visited it in 1534. It was strongly fortified, and its garrison protected the settlers from the predatory incursions of the Esquimaux. The fort was known as "Fort Pontchartrain." It was the chief town of *New France,* the residence of the Governor, the Almoner, and other public officers; the French drew from there large quantities of *baccalao* (codfish), *whale-fins,* and *train* (oil), together with *castor* (beaver), and other valuable furs.

At the close of the sixteenth century *Brest* was at the height of its prosperity; and it contained two hundred houses, besides stores and fishing rooms, and had a permanent population of one thousand souls, which in summer time was increased to three thousand by the influx of *marins,* from Breton seaports. It began to decline in

the early days of the following century, and its first cause of decay was the grant *en seigneurie* of four leagues of coast, on each side, embracing the town, to the *Sieur de Courtemanche,* whose family held it in possession until France ceded to England its northern possessions, by the *Treaty of Utrecht,* which, says the Abbe Raynal, snatched from the feeble hands of Louis the portals of Canada, Acadie, and Newfoundland.

Soon after the granting of this section of the coast to the *Sieur de Courtemanche,* the whole tribe of Esquimaux, who had given the French so much annoyance, were totally extirpated, or expelled from the gulf shores. This and other causes dispersed the fishermen who had frequented *Brest* to other stations, and the place began to decline, and, indeed, was little more than a private establishment towards the close of the century, and the name was changed to *Bradore* (Englishmen had then begun to invade these haunts of the French). While the French occupied the country, *Brest* was the centre of a large trade. An old Frenchman named Junot says that when he first came to the country he saw one hundred and fifty vessels anchored in *Bradore Bay,* with five ships of war, preparatory to their departure for France.

This was the case every year; Junot spoke of the year 1720. The town of *Brest* remained in the hands of the *Courtemanche* family for three generations, and then came into possession of *M. de Brouages,* one of the "Council of Seven" of Quebec, who was either a nephew or grandson of the last *Sieur de Courtemanche.* He held it until the conquest in 1763. After the conquest *Bradore* and one hundred and fifty miles of the coast westward were monopolized by a company called "The Labrador Company," established in Quebec, which for fifty years carried on the fishery, chiefly for seals, with success, until the last fifteen years, when the fisheries declined, and finally failed, when they were obliged to sell out. This happened in 1820, since which time this part of the coast has been gradually filling in with settlers. (Robertson: *Notes on Labrador.*)

SMUGGLERS' CACHES.

Not far from the site of this once bustling town there is a little inlet known as *L'anse des Dunes (Vulgo-Linsey-Din).* This little creek is one of the most interesting spots

on the coast. It is still reminiscent of the *Ancien Régime;* it possesses a trim little church, built by a French-Canadian missionary more than fifty years ago. It was my privilege to officiate there frequently during my missionary trips to the coast, and the settlement is now regularly visited by the Eudist Fathers, who have established several missions along the lower gulf coast. A few French families still live in the vicinity.

A CANADIAN TRADER.

Near this settlement there are several *caches,* where the smuggler deposited his wares in days of old; but these haunts no longer know the silent tread of the vendor of contraband wares. Some interesting stories are told of "Old Bradore." In early times its people had money in abundance; and some years ago the residence of an old "planter" had the distinction of possessing a stairs *paved with silver dollars,* ingeniously set in the oak planks *to prevent them from wearing!* High "Jinks" and "Jamborees" (they would be called "socials" in this artistic age) whiled away the long winter nights in former times; and cargoes of liquor are said to have been consumed by festive roysterers. On one occasion, I am told, a chariot-race was held on the strand (the horses having been brought especially for

BRADORE.

the event from Quebec). Then came evil days, the wasteful prodigals tasted of the "waters of Mara," and the descendants of the bacchanals of the prosperous age are to-day not infrequently the wards of public charity.

Tempora mutantur! The Brest of the *Ancien Régime* is to-day a rude fishing hamlet, and "fish lakes" cumber the ground where the gallant sons of the empire often trod.

CHATEAU.

Away to the eastward, along the shore of the Straits of Belle Isle, there is another vestige of Old France, *Chateau*. This settlement was established by Cartier, in 1534; but there is no evidence that it ever assumed such importance as Brest.

The Esquimaux then held unrestricted sway in this region, and doubtless were a constant menace to Cartier's foundation. There certainly was an English settlement in this neighborhood previous to 1750.

ACADIANS.

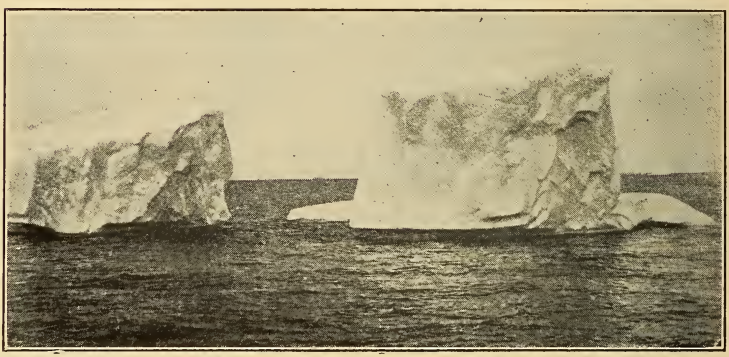
It is claimed that an Acadian colony settled here in the autumn of 1756, the year following the expulsion from the "peaceful village of Grand Pré"; but, notwithstanding researches made in various quarters, I have not been able to verify the statement.

In the year 1763 a British garrison was located in *Chateau* to protect the interests of British fishermen, who, at this date, came in great numbers to the Newfoundland and the Labrador coasts. The remains of the fortifications are still visible in *Chateau Bay*, though they are now almost completely overgrown by thickets.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ADVENTURERS.

"Men from out the Isles of Jersey and Devon." (Chronicle.)



BERGS.

The *pelterie* and the fishing wealth of the coast early attracted the Breton merchants to the French settlements; and, previous to the *Treaty of Paris,* the "Adventurers" of Quebec strove to obtain a monopoly of the Indian traffic; but with the fall of Quebec the *Gentleman-Adventurer* of the French régime disappeared.

JERSEY TRADERS.

But a new phase of commercial activity began with the coming of the West of England and Jersey merchant traders; and before the close of the eighteenth century we find several Jersey and English firms located along the coast. Jersey firms located at *Blanc Sablon, Forteau, Isle au Bois,* and *Bradore,* and they did a lucrative trade with the settlers for upwards of a century. The Jersey houses were established, as far as I can learn, about 1779. *De Quettville* had two fishing establishments, one at *Blanc Sablon,* the other at *Forteau,* in 1774; and *Falle & Cie* had an establishment at Admiral's Point in 1795. *Boutillier Fréres* carried on a

large trade at *Isle aux Bois* about the same time; and later the firm of *Robin,* which had been engaged in business in Cape Breton, established an agency near *Long Point.*

These fishing establishments were practically settlements, and a hamlet arose wherever the "Concern" was located. They had a lengthy list of clerks and helpers, who were paid exceedingly small wages. Usually the chief clerks were shareholders in the business; and later some of them became the proprietors, whilst the understrappers lived in respectable serfdom.

ADVENTURERS.

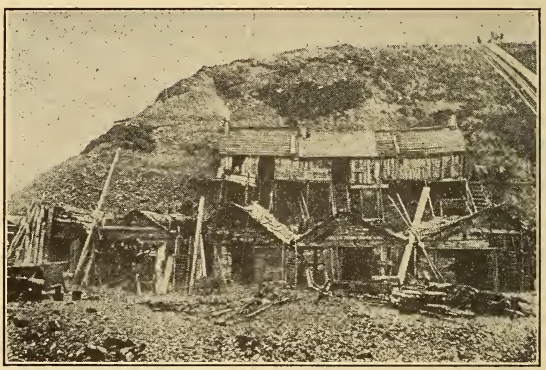
West-of-England adventurers, Americans and Newfoundlanders followed the Jersey merchants; and we find the firms of Nicholas Darby and Cartwright and Lucas in Cape Charles in 1768, and Noble and Pinson in Temple Bay (Chateau) in 1768. An interesting lawsuit, tried before Lord Mansfield in 1780, arose out of the capture of two of Noble and Pinson's vessels, "Hope" and "Anne," on a fishing voyage from Dartmouth and Waterford to Temple Bay. On the thirteenth of August of that year an American privateer captured both vessels, and the firm of owners sued Kennoway, the underwriter, for the insurance. (Prowse.) Cartwright's "venture" at Cape Charles was an extensive one; and from the gallant major's "Journal" we glean some interesting details of how things were done in those days.

Cartwright evidently ruled with an iron hand, and doubtless a similar *modus operandi* obtained in the other "Concerns." He punished refractory servants with the "cat-o'-nine-tails," and his naval training had taught him diverse other barbarous means of administering castigation to his menials. These early establishments were not remarkable for the observance of the Christian virtues, and sobriety was evidently not held in great esteem. We have, in one instance, a "record" in Cartwright's *Journal,* which is devoted to an account of the "White Bear Settlement at Cape Charles":

"December 24, 1774, at night, all hands were drunk and fighting, according to custom." There were strikes on the score of "grub" at repeated intervals and general misconduct.

Following those early settlements we find Slade, established at

St. Francis Harbor, Battle Harbor, and *Venison Tickle;* Hunt and Henly, at *Henly Harbor, Grady* and *Long Island;* Warren at *Indian Tickle,* and Motty at *Murray's Harbor.*



THE OLD REGIME.

CHAPTER X.

THE HARVEST.

"Richer treasures than the mines of Mexico and Peru." (Bacon.)

The "Codlands" of North America had attracted the fishermen of the Western nations of Europe even as early as 1500; and it is recorded that, though the Northland was discovered by Englishmen, other nationalities were the first to reap there "the harvest of the sea." The English, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, prosecuted a fishery in Iceland; but they soon found their way across the Atlantic, and in 1540 vessels from London, Bristol, Biddeford and Barnstaple were engaged in fishing on the Newfoundland Banks, and likely off the coast of Labrador. In 1610 the "Company of Planters," composed of the Earl of Northampton, Lord Bacon and others, was organized to promote the fishing industry which contained "richer treasures than the mines of Mexico and Peru." The aggressive attitude of the French and the bounty system of the French government forced the Newfoundland fishermen off the Eastern coasts of the "Old Colony" at the beginning of the last century, and then began the Labrador fishery of Newfoundlanders, which has been vigorously prosecuted ever since. Whales, seals, cod, salmon, herring and mackerel were found along the coast in abundance, and the Labrador fishery is still a source of wealth seemingly unfailing.

WHALE FISHERY.

The whale fishery has been from earliest times an important industry along the western and southern coasts of Labrador. Basques and Bretons carried on whaling, even before the discovery of Newfoundland, in the North Atlantic; and from 1545 to 1700 prosecuted the whale fishery in the *Grande Baie* (Lower Gulf), and presumably in the Straits of Belle Isle. We have no authentic records of whaling by English or American fishermen previous to 1764. From that date Americans have carried on a successful

fishery, in the earlier times along the south coast of Labrador and more recently in the North. Newburyport and New Bedford, in Massachusetts, were large whaling centres; and the latter is still regarded as the "home of the whaler."

In former times whaling was carried on in "brigs," each of which had several "whaleboats."

The modern method of whaling is entirely different from that in vogue in former times; it is now conducted by steamers, which will be described in a subsequent chapter.

THE SEAL FISHERY.

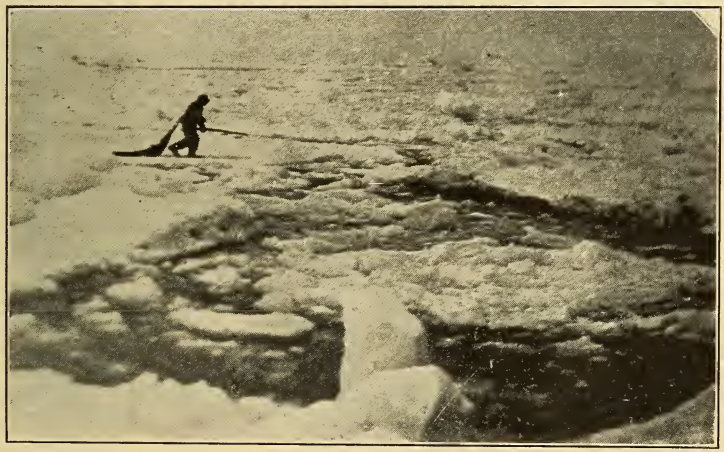
The seal fishery is a very important industry along the coast of Labrador, and it has been prosecuted from time immemorial. It has always been the chief fishery of the Esquimaux, and it is said that the constant feuds between them and the Upper Coast Indians (*Montagnais*) were occasioned by disputes over sealing grounds. Europeans, according to Abbé Raynal, prosecuted this fishery as early as 1763. This industry is prosecuted with great vigor by Newfoundland sealers; but their methods differ entirely from those in vogue on the coast of Labrador. Newfoundlanders carry on their sealing in large steamers, each carrying a crew proportionate to its tonnage. An average sealing crew is two hundred men; and fishery is conducted amongst the ice floes of the North. The Labrador seal fishery is carried on along the coast; it is known as an "inshore" fishery; and is prosecuted by means of nets, or "seal frames." These nets are made from large twine (commonly known as "swile twine"), and they vary from twenty-five to forty fathoms in length, with a mesh of fourteen or sixteen inches.

CATCH.

In former times "hauls" of six or seven hundred seals on the Labrador coast were not unusual; but now the average catch rarely exceeds one-fifth of that number. This fishery is carried on from May to June 10th (spring "run"), and from 20th November to 10th or 15th December (fall "run"). It was formerly the largest item in the settler's fishery, and we find evidence of its importance in the names along the south and west sections of the coast; there are numerous Seal "Islands," Seal "Rocks," and Seal "Bights."

VALUE. The seal is valuable both on account of its "fat" and the "pelt," which in recent years has assumed great commercial importance. It is even asserted that some of our Dongola Sunday shoes are the product of the vulgar "swile"; and, "tell it not in Gath!" it is said that *high-grade* seal oil enters into some of the decoctions sold by cheap grocery stores as "Genuine Lucca."

Be this as it may, a quantity of Newfoundland seal oil finds its way into the Italian market every year.



A "TOW."

The seal of commerce which fetches the greatest price is known as "the Harp"—so called from having a broad, curved line of connected dark spots proceeding from each shoulder and meeting on the back above the tail, and forming something like an ancient harp.

SALMON FISHING. Two species of the "Royal Fish" are found on the coast of Labrador; the *Salmo salar* (Linn), which is the "true salmon," and the *Salmo Immuclatus* (Storer), which is known to fishermen as "salmon trout." (Packard.)

This fishery has been vigorously prosecuted for centuries along

the coast, from Bonne Esperance to Hamilton Inlet. It is carried on at the mouths of the larger rivers and in the inlets; but it seems that it is also doomed to extinction in the near future, owing to the recklessness displayed by fishermen who contravene the fishing regulations.

Notwithstanding the vigilance exercised by the Newfoundland government, the law is often set at defiance, and some fishermen have no scruple in destroying the "breeders." Salmon are a considerable item in the trade of the Moravian Missions and the Hudson Bay posts at *Cartwright* and *Rigolette*. They are exported, usually in tierces of three hundred pounds weight, but sometimes in smaller packages. Several experiments have been made within recent years to send salmon fresh across the ocean; but none, as far as I know, has been a commercial success.

WALRUS AND NARWHAL. The Esquimaux in the far north still hunt the walrus and narwhal, but on Southern Labrador both walrus and narwhal are now practically extinct.

MACKEREL. Mackerel fishing also once formed a considerable item in the fisheries of Labrador; but few of these valuable fish are now seen on the coast of either Labrador or Newfoundland.

THE HERRING FISHERY. The herring fishery in past years was a very valuable industry; but it has so declined in recent times that the genuine Labrador article is now rarely seen. The herring of the Labrador coast are reputed to be the richest and finest as regards quality in the world. They were taken in nets, or seined, during the months of September and October, and packed in barrels of two hundred pounds weight for export. In recent years few herring are seined on the coast. When Labrador herring were exported in large quantities little care was taken of either the cure or packing, and complaints of a serious nature were frequent. In fact, it was almost impossible to find remunerative prices in any large fish-consuming centres, owing to the evil reputation of packers. It

was not unusual in former times to find sundry rejectamenta of the "splitting" table packed amongst the herring. Some years ago part of a cargo was sold in Montreal for *seventy-five cents a barrel*—a net loss to the shipper of at least one thousand dollars on the cargo.

THE COD FISHERY.

The greatest asset of Labrador is its seemingly inexhaustible cod fishery. One rarely hears the word *codfish*—all other members of the finny tribe being qualified by their respective names. The cod fishery has been regularly prosecuted along the coast since 1700. Prior to that date English fishermen visited the coast at intervals, but no regular coast fishery was carried on. The Basques and Bretons had large fishing establishments in the Straits of Belle Isle in 1550. There were no settlers between the Straits of Belle Isle and Hamilton Inlet. Under the régime of Governor Palliser (1764-68) regulations were drawn up whereby "the Labrador fishery should be conducted as a 'Ship Fishery'"; and in order to protect the vessels engaged in it, he established *Fort Pitt,* in Chateau Bay, placing it under the command of Lieutenant Adams, who held the position of civil and military officer. A great impetus was thus given to the cod fishery; and, as we have already seen, several "Rooms" were then established along the south coast which were bases of supplies for the English and Newfoundland fishermen who regularly visited it. After the War of Independence, American fishermen frequented the coast in great numbers, and their catch exceeded the catch of English fishermen by 400,000 quintals annually. This seems an exaggeration, but the accuracy of the figures is vouched for by reliable authority. (Robinson, R. N., quoted by Prowse.)

SETTLEMENTS.

Permanent stations were made towards the northward about 1782. Cartwright established the settlement which bears his name in *Sandwich Bay* in 1788; Hunt and Henly located at *Long Island* in 1800, Warren at *Indian Tickle* in 1830; and a few Newfoundland "planters" went north as far as Domino as early as 1825. Newfoundland fishermen went down to Groswater Bay (Hamilton In-

let) about 1830; and ever since these venturesome "toilers of the sea" have pushed their way north. They have now reached Cape Chidley in quest of the festive cod. Fishing on the south coast of Labrador became uncertain about 1840; and the "planters" were forced to seek locations farther north. One of the first vessels to go north of Cape Harrison belonged to my grandfather. I think her name was the "Traveller." The northern portion of the coast affords the most promising fishing grounds, as it is fringed with a vast multitude of islands forming a continuous archipelago from Cape Ailik to Cape Mugford, and extends seawards possibly thirty miles.

MAMMOTH CODFISH. *Photo, Holloway.*

BANKS.

Outside these islands and about fifteen miles seaward from them are numerous banks and shoals which form the summer feeding grounds of the large cod; and a second range of banks, outside the shoals, which are probably their winter feeding grounds.

This island-studded area is immense; and it is estimated at 7,000 square miles. The Arctic current which washes these shores exerts a most beneficial influence on the fish life of these regions. The icy current flowing from the Arctic seas is in many places a living mass, a vast ocean of slime; and the slime, which accompanies the icebergs and floes, accumulates on the banks of Northern Labrador

and renders possible the existence of all these forms of marine life—from the crustacean to the diatom, together with the molluscous animals and starfish, which contribute to the sustenance of the great schools of cod which also find their home there. (Hind: *Explorations.*)

The approximate value of the Labrador fisheries is $3,000,000 annually. From the "Customs' Returns" for 1905, we find that the total catch of fish (codfish) was seven hundred and thirty thousand quintals, which, if sold at an average price of four dollars per quintal, represents a value of $2,938,448.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FISHERS.

"The sea was rough and stormy
The tempest howled and wailed.
And the sea fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.
* * * * * *
So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me."

"The Discoverer of the North Cape," LONGFELLOW.

FLOATERS AND STATIONERS.

The fishery on the Labrador coast is prosecuted chiefly by men from the northern and eastern bays of Newfoundland, and they are divided into two classes: "Floaters" (or "Green Fish Catchers") and "Stationers" (sometimes called "Squatters," or "Roomers").

The former fish wherever the cod is found, and the latter are located in some harbor, creek or "bight" where they own a "Room."

This "Room"—defined by Simmonds "A fishing station in North America"—is difficult to describe, as it may consist of a substantial dwelling house, commodious stores, substantial wharves and landings; or, as is the case in the recently settled places in the far North, it may consist of an 8x10 shanty, a "bunkhouse" and a "stage" oftentimes roofless, and a "stagehead," or landing place, built of "longers" (poles about three or four inches in diameter), twenty to twenty-five feet long.

Looking through an old diary of one of my mission trips to the coast, I find an entry which will describe accurately, if not gracefully, the "Room" of a Northern "Squatter." I omit the locality for reasons which my fellow countrymen will understand, for the owner of the wretched establishment is a well-known dealer in a certain bay not one hundred miles from St. John's.

"Monday, August 12, ——:

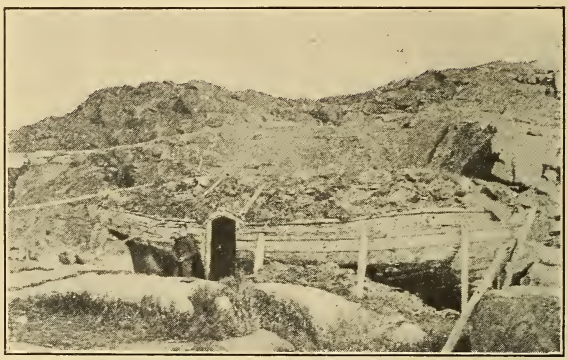
A "ROOM."

"This is a decidedly dreary day. To appreciate this to its fullest extent, imagine a small island with precipitous, syenitic cliffs, inaccessible from any point except where the 'stage' is located. Perched on the south-east corner of this Crusoe's land there is a rude structure of the meanest proportions, roughly boarded on studs which have never been *rinded,* with joints through which a southeaster is whistling furiously; the roof is covered with birch rind and sods, full of holes, through which a drizzle is pouring ungraciously in silver beads upon one's head.

A "ROOM."

"The 'fixings' (furniture) are in keeping with the other features of the establishment; the floor is full of gaping apertures, perfectly bare, and apparently unwashed for weeks. The partition enclosing the sleeping apartment is built of rough lumber, whose edges have never been touched by plane or saw. There is nothing to sit on except a piece of three-inch deal, with four trenails for legs. A table of similar material occupies the end opposite the stove. The 'bunk' is covered with a quilt which no Chinaman would wash *for a dollar;* toilet appliances, nil; a much-battered tin pan and a large chunk of yellow soap being the only ablutionary appurtenances in sight.

"The place is decidedly *airy;* the ventilation is even excessive, as both floor and sides have apertures through which any article of one's apparel might disappear without detection. Without everything is fully as cheerless as within. Close by, the multitudinous rejectamenta of countless repasts are scattered promiscuously for yards. Beyond the radius of this filthy area there is nothing but desolation. A dense fog wraps the island in gloom, and 'solemn stillness reigns supreme,' save when the surf, swishing against the beetling cliffs, dashes its spray upon the southern gable of the hut.



A LABRADOR MANSION.

"The day is too 'coarse' (unfit) for fishing; and the fishermen are gathered in the 'lean-to' which serves as a 'bunkhouse.' Some of them are writing 'home,' their escritoire being the canvassed top of a sea chest. Others are playing a game of 'five and forty' with 'gumbeens' for stakes; all are smoking 'Fisherman's friend' tobacco, which would be dear at twenty-five cents per pound."

What a happy, jovial character is "the toiler of the deep!" There are other entries on this date; but, *satis.*

It must not be concluded that all the Northern fishing "Rooms" are of this class; you find many of them clean, tidy and comfortable. This is especially the case "up the shore," though occasionally one meets with even more unattractive places than the one described. There is one establishment, located on an island south of Cape Harrison, which even an American lady journalist considered "the limit" in the line of squalidity.

The "Stationers" ordinarily are not owners of schooners; they are "freighted down" to the coast every season in a schooner belonging to the "firm" with which they deal, or in a sealing steamer which has been specially chartered by some large "planter." "Freighted down" seems an extraordinary word to apply to human beings; but to understand the precise meaning of this word one must see a freighter discharge its human cargo at some Labrador harbor. The overcrowding on the schooners which formerly carried "freighters" to Labrador may be estimated from the fact that on board a vessel of fifty tons more than one hundred people were "herded" below decks, with hardly space enough to move in. The holds of these vessels were stacked to within four or five feet of the deck with barrels, boxes, fishing gear and the various etcetera which families in transit require for their daily needs.

FREIGHTERS.

"Twine" (nets, seines and traps) was, according to established custom, piled upon the layers of things unbreakable, and the several families of "freighters" spread their bunks upon this, each family being allotted a section where the sanitation was not by any means conducive to health. The women folk were screened from masculine gaze by a partition of sails, and were subject to such discomforts as none but the oldtime fisher folk could endure.

Above deck the conditions were similar to those below, as the decks of the schooners were littered with boats, oars, moorings, domestic animals and sundry other paraphernalia. Cooking was sometimes an impossibility, and at best was of the most primitive kind, as the "galley" was usually inadequate to meet the requirements of the heterogeneous crowd on board.

The larger schooners went by the "outside" run, and usually made quick passages; but the "hookers" kept close to the shore and harbored every evening, if possible. These were often a fortnight, sometimes longer, making the trip. The appearance of one of these on arrival at the Labrador port was by no means attractive. An American author who spent several years on the coast thus describes an arrival: "Among the late arrivals was a Newfoundland fishing smack which had two crews aboard, and with them six women, all unmarried, two of them mere girls, who lived in the same cabin with the men, but stowed away in a corner of the apartment. They

are paid about one dollar a week, and their work was 'to gut' and head, and split and salt the fish. Everything about the interior was forlorn, dirty and greasy, and not a soul aboard had apparently washed for weeks." This was, unfortunately, the normal condition of fishing schooners in former years; but legislation has remedied it to a certain extent. But even yet this "freighting" is a disgraceful proceeding, and drastic legislation is imperatively needed to remove this plague spot from the social fabric of the Ancient Colony.

AN "OLD TIMER."

STATIONERS. The "Stationers" usually leave the home ports about the first week of June, or later, and return towards the end of October. A successful voyage means comfort and good times; but an unfavorable season means debt and hardship. The "Floaters" have no fixed location, but "heave up" in their schooners or boats wherever fish is plentiful. Schooners vary in size from twenty to sixty tons, and boats are rated according to their carrying capacity in quintals. The word quintal in local parlance means 112 pounds.

GREENFISH CATCHERS.

The "Floaters" leave the Newfoundland ports about the 1st of June, and fish in the Straits of Belle Isle, from Mecatina Islands to Greenly; and, if successful, return to the home port with their fares and put out their catch to "dry" (or *make,* as it is termed by the fishermen).

This *making* costs from 20 to 25 cents per quintal. If unsuccessful in the Straits, they go "down the shore," often as far as Cape Chidley. On their return from the north, many "Floaters" *dry* their catch at some point on the upper part of the coast and "ship" it to the supplier, who has a "foreigner" awaiting a cargo at headquarters; others take the fish to the home port, and when it is "made," either ship it at some large centre, such as Twillingate, Fogo, or Bonavista, or take it to St. John's, where usually better prices are obtained than at home.

Formerly the outfit necessary for the fishing trip consisted of "Hook and Line," or "Jiggers"; but in later years traps and cod seines have supplanted those primitive appliances, though one still finds the "hook and line" amongst the class of fishermen who are known as "punt fishermen." These are the class who are unable to purchase a trap or cod seine.

BULTOWS.

These fishermen now use "bultows" or trawls, but recent legislation forbids their use on certain sections of the coast. An old timer remarked to me some years ago: "There's no fishermen goin' these times—the traps is a lazy way of gettin' a voyage, and you can hardly find a man goin' to the fishery now who is able to 'genge a hook.'"

American fishermen introduced seines on the coast of Labrador, and it is said that Captain Norman, of Brigus, introduced the cod trap. This distinction, however, is claimed by others.

TRAPS.

Traps are expensive items in the fishermen's account, as they cost six or seven hundred dollars, according to size. They are simply huge "pounds" into which the cod is inveigled by a wall of twine called a "leader." The size of the mesh is regulated by law; it is supposed to be a three-inch mesh,

but notwithstanding every effort to enforce the law, two-and-a-half-inch mesh is common.

The "haul" of a trap is sometimes one hundred quintals, but this is of rare occurrence.

The race for "trap berths" amongst the fishermen is very keen; and the early starters for Labrador sometimes incur great risk in getting down to the northern harbors. Once the "moorings" are fixed, the "berth" is secure.

HANDLING THE FISH.

Traps are "hauled" sometimes twice every day, and the catch is brought to the "stage" in carteel boats or a trap skiff. It is "pewed" to the "stage head," and then passed on to the "cutthroat," who, with a double-bladed knife, slits the fish; it then passes to the "header," who removes the head and, like an augur of old, tears out the entrails, but without inspecting them. The liver is thrown into a receptacle known as "the liver puncheon." The disembowelled fish is then passed on to the "splitter," known usually by a mittened hand, who removes in a very dexterous manner the backbone and shies it aside. The fish is then slapped into a dredge barrow and borne to the end of the stage to the salt bulk; or, if economy in salt is a desideratum, it is stowed into puncheons, where it remains in pickle several days.

It is then taken out and washed; in this condition it is known as "water horse."

Then comes the "making," or "drying." If the fisherman possesses a "room," the fish is spread on "flakes"—scaffolds made of poles covered with "spruce" or "var" boughs—in the Straits of Belle Isle hand flakes are used. These are made of slats and can be removed when not needed.

Fishermen who do not own a "room" spread the fish on the "bawn"—presumably a Celtic term for beach. The curing of the fish takes several days of good clear weather, and great care must be exercised to prevent it from becoming either "slimy" or sunburnt. Labrador fish is not cured "hard," such as the catch on the Newfoundland coast; hence the great difference in the price received in foreign markets. When the fish is "made" it is shipped on board a "foreigner," or to the collector of the "firm" with which the

fisherman "deals." Cash is rarely paid for fish shipments on the coast by local firms, but the shipper is given a "receipt," which is negotiable only at the merchant's office.

The price is rarely stipulated, but it is understood that the shipper will receive "the current figure"—what that means is not known until later.

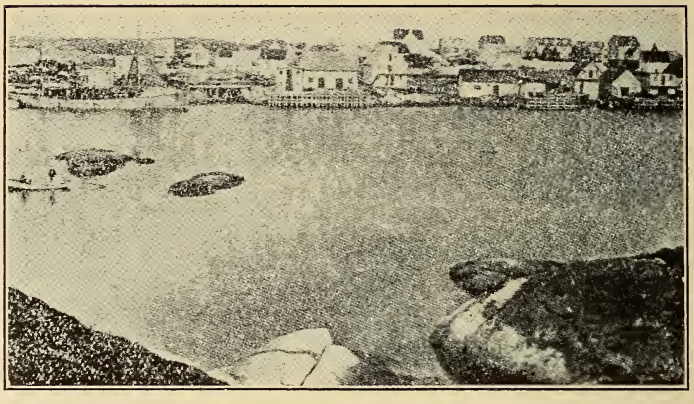
Within recent years foreign buyers have invaded the mercantile preserves of the coast, and they pay *cash* for the catch, to the great chagrin of the local magnate.

"ROOMS." *Copyright, Outing Pub. Co.*

CHAPTER XII.

THE GENUS MERCATOR.

"O fortunati Mercatores." (Horace.)



A NEWFOUNDLAND OUTPORT.

THE MERCHANT. The merchant, in the fisherman's vocabulary, is the outfitter who provides the supplies for the fishing industry. The business house of this worthy is known as "the firm," or "the concern"; and the principal of the "firm" is known as "The Boss," or "The Skipper." He is of varied type and quality. It is difficult to *define* this personage; we only attempt to *describe* him.

OLD MERCHANTS. The merchants of early days came from the British Isles, many of them "out of Poole and the Isles of Jersey." The sole possessions of many on arrival in the Northern lands were unlimited confidence in themselves, a suit of homespun, and such personal belongings as might fit comfortably within the folds of a red bandanna. There were others who had seen service in the merchant

ships of Britain; those brought with them their quarter-deck tyranny and profanity. The precepts of the Decalogue were left behind, and they anticipated Kipling, for they rejoiced that they had found a retreat where "There ain't no ten commandments, and a man can raise a thirst."

Opposed to all progress and development other than their own, often engaged in serious feuds amongst themselves, their sole ambition was centred in the accumulation of wealth—honestly, if convenient, but, if needs be, otherwise. Out of this class arose what was known in Newfoundland in former times, the class known as the "Codfish aristocracy." They became leaders of Colonial society, and after a more or less eventful career they retired to the banks of the Mersey and the Clyde to spend the declining years of a strenuous life "far from the madding crowd."

It is said that on the departure of one of the ancient merchants from the colony, he stood on the bridge of the vessel which bore him away, waved his hand in adieu, and said: "Good-by, poor Newfoundland fools!" He had accumulated a fortune from "cods' tails."

The older merchants were bitterly opposed to every movement inaugurated for the betterment of the condition of colonial fishermen. In the early days they opposed the settlement of fishermen in Newfoundland; they opposed the establishment of courts of justice, and the agitation for local government in 1832 was denounced by these exacting taskmasters as "outrageous." One of these fossils—Peter Ougier—is said to have made this statement as an argument (?) against Colonial government: "They are actually making roads in Newfoundland. Next thing they will have horses and carriages and driving about."

Ougier embodied his ideas in a pamphlet which was published in Poole, in order "to give an *enlarged* view of the fisheries and trade of Newfoundland."

The mercantile clique opposed the establishment of a custom house many years before; and their policy towards Colonial trade development was always one of bitter antagonism.

In 1855 the coterie opposed the movement for Responsible Government, and the records of mercantile despotism are writ large upon the pages of Colonial history.

With the retirement of the older class of merchants there arose

another class, differing little from their progenitors, excepting possibly in their undisguised contempt for the fishermen whose labors they coined into bonds and consols. These worthies did business—when not otherwise engaged—between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m., but they rarely if ever came in contact with the fishing class, except during election time, when they deigned to proffer a gloved hand to an outport planter. They had a staff of clerks sufficiently large to conduct a chartered bank, with salaries ranging from two hundred to six hundred dollars per annum. Clerks with large families sometimes received the munificent salary of three hundred dollars per annum, working from *daylight till dark*. Doubtless this class existed when the following incident occurred:

"They spent their Sunday afternoons firing at champagne bottles on a gumphead at the end of the wharf; the man who knocked the head off a bottle won a case, the one who missed had to pay for one." (Prowse's *History of Newfoundland.*)

Another class came into being in the '60's; and many of these are still in the flesh. To realize to the fullest extent the serfdom and misery of the fishermen under the régime of the "merchant" of the ancient type, one must live amongst the fishermen as I did for many years. The brand of servitude is even visible in the physique and the character of fishermen of certain localities in the "Old Colony," and it is a fact that a special type has been developed in certain fishing districts that were worthy the attention of the ethnologist.

Caste is not seemingly a peculiarity of Brahminism; it is found amongst fishing people.

CASTE.

The fisherman in olden times didn't *know* the entrance to the merchant's house by the front door; he invariably took the rear; he never got beyond the precincts of the porch or kitchen. Occasionally a "well-to-do" planter was invited to dine with His Mightiness. The fisherman dared not aspire to a front pew in his village church if the merchant happened to be of the same denomination; it was the old story of Naboth's vineyard.

The merchant, though his "justice and holiness of life" was not a recognizable quantity in the community, often presumed to advise youthful "shepherds" how to deal "with those rascally fishermen."

His justice and observance of the commandment which says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness," might often be represented by an algebraic X, yet he thanked the Lord, very audibly at times, that he was not "like unto this" fisherman, for possibly the latter had not *paid the balance on that barrel of flour* for which he had been *charged* eight dollars (the market price was $4.50).

Occasionally, in a fit of religious generosity, the magnate loosened his purse strings and adorned the parish records with a subscription to some parochial undertaking; this was usually paid in kind. He invariably manifested the deepest concern in the collection of the clergyman's fees from "the dealers," when it happened that the said clergyman had a lengthy account "at the office," but not otherwise.

OLD TIMES. Formerly in Newfoundland the clergyman's fees were collected entirely through the merchant's office; but this custom is no longer in vogue, and the "hoop and steelyard" are relegated to the limbo of crinolines and Mother Hubbard bonnets.

STRANGE BUSINESS. It was not unusual in former years for a "planter" who had a substantial balance at the end of the fishing season to leave it "on the books" of the merchant. Whenever he needed money he drew it from "the office." In many, perhaps the majority of cases, no interest was ever allowed to the planter. Some years ago, within my own recollection, a planter needed the sum of fifteen hundred dollars to pay for a residence which he had purchased. He applied to the custodian of his moneys for the amount, but the latter denounced the enterprising planter for his *extravagance* in making such a purchase, but after demurring for some time he condescended to hand out a check for the amount. Towards the end of the season there were sinister rumors concerning the stability of the firm with which the planter had placed his funds, and an old clergyman advised the latter, who was one of his parishioners, to deposit "the balance" in the government savings bank. He withdrew it from the firm, but the planter discovered that he had not been allowed any interest on the amount, nearly *four thousand*

dollars. He was informed by the merchant that the *trouble of keeping it* was more than an equivalent of the interest. Six months later came the disastrous bank crash; the "firm" assigned, with liabilities of hundreds of thousands; assets, the firm's name and its reputation. (?)

SETTLING UP.

In former years, at the time of the adjustment of fishermen's accounts, usually in November, dozens of stalwart fishermen might be seen lounging around the mercantile establishments, waiting to "settle up." Meanwhile, the goods on sale in the merchants' stores

TORBAY, AN OUTPORT.

were being sold *at cash price.* Clerks wearing for the nonce the blandest smile talked up the wares, and unloaded the contents of the shelves on the fishermen and their sharemen. After days of patient waiting the final adjustment came; and the toiler received a statement which read: "Balance payable half in cash and half in goods."

What became of the fishermen who had no balances? Ah! that's another question. Ask the Commissioner of Charities!

A NEW TYPE.

Happily, within recent years a new type of merchant has arisen—a man who knows the meaning of the hardship and labor of "the

toiler." He pays hard cash for his wares, and he is the friend and confidant of the fishermen; he has likely been one himself. He knows every detail of the fishing business; he doesn't need "to call the head clerk" to know how many bundles of linnet are required to mesh a trap; he knows the difference between a merchantable fish and a "rounder," and he is content with a reasonable profit on his goods; he does not "cull" the fisherman's "voyage" as "Madeira" and "damp," and recull it when it enters his fish store. He is a man who *does business* and does not eliminate any of the commandments from Decalogue.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRADER.

"Get money; still get money, boy;
No matter by what means."

(BEN JOHNSON.)

A NEWFOUNDLAND OUTPORT.

TRADING.

"Trading" has been an important feature of Labrador business from early times, and it began when the French adventurer bargained with the Montagnais and the Esquimaux for the products of the chase, and it still continues. The harvests of the trader were extensive, and in former times they were as large as the returns from the fisheries. *Pelterie* was in the beginning the object of the trader's quest; and the Indians of the coast supplied foxes, martens, beavers, minks and other fur-bearing animals to the trader in abundance.

The Indians received small returns for their wares, whilst individuals and chartered companies reaped rich harvests from the spoils. Labrador supplied sables to the court and the *grandes dames* of His Most Christian Majesty's realm during the *ancien régime*,

and its foxskins even reached the realms of the Czar. Sables then formed the most important part of the pelterie trade, as the little animal (*Mustela Americana*) was found in abundance. Its importance as an article of commerce may be gleaned from the fact that 15,000 skins were exported from Labrador in one year by a chartered company as long ago as 1743, and the more recent imports into Great Britain from all quarters have exceeded 100,000 skins annually.

COMPANIES.

Chartered companies monopolized the pelterie trade on the coast of Labrador until the arrival of Cartwright in 1776, and his rivals, Noble and Pinson, of Temple Bay, in 1778. These traders were constantly at variance, and no language was too expressive for Cartwright to use against his hated rivals. In vituperation he could even seemingly have given points to a Newfoundland editor! Cartwright was a trader with a love for sport and natural history far keener than for business. He met with serious losses, the greatest being the plundering of all his possessions by "that lying rascal, John Grimes, commander of the privateer *Minerva*," of Boston. One of his own servants, "that villain Dominick Kinnen," joined the crew of the privateer and piloted the vessel. Cartwright took the loss very philosophically, and consoled himself with the expression: "May the devil go with him!"

Jersey traders followed Cartwright, their operations being confined to the Straits of Belle Isle.

AMERICAN TRADERS.

The first traders who visited the upper section of the Labrador coast were Americans, hailing chiefly from New England ports.

They carried on trading in connection with their whaling ventures, and invariably forgot to meet the requirements of the imperial customs. As early as 1706 New England traders were evidently a source of trouble to the home authorities, as we read in "Lord Dartmouth's Report," 1706: "New England traders supply our (fishing) trade with provisions . . . and great quantities of tobacco . . . and they seldom depart till men-of-war are sailed . . .

they carry on an illegal trade." Later, during Lord Shuldam's régime as governor of Newfoundland (1772 to 1774), "the New Englanders gave trouble on the coast of Labrador." The name "trader" was in early years synonymous with "smuggler," and it retained this meaning up to within recent years.

NOVA SCOTIANS.

The lure of the Labrador trade attracted the attention of Nova Scotians more than a hundred years ago, and for many years an enormous trade was carried on between the Province and the Straits of Belle Isle and the upper Labrador ports. It is a well-known fact that some of the large business firms in Nova Scotia owe their "beginnings" to the trade carried on in the Straits of Belle Isle. These traders occasionally carried large quantities of Demarara rum with their cargoes, and many are still living around *West St. Modeste* who remember the business (?) methods of many of these enterprising peddlers. Some of them always carried a puncheon of red liquid on deck, and visitors to the vessel could regale themselves with copious libations from the tin pannikin which was attached to the faucet of the rum barrel.

Some of these enterprising gentry were not hampered by customs' restrictions; but if they happened to come in contact with a revenue officer on the coast in early days, they treated him so courteously that occasionally the R. O. forgot his allegiance to the Newfoundland government, and failed to collect the duties. But this was in the long ago; to-day the revenue officers are ever on the alert; and it is said that the trader's business is not so lucrative as formerly. Running the gauntlet was not an unusual thing in those days; it occurred during one of my visits to the straits, and contraband goods were not unfrequently brought into Newfoundland-Labrador territory under cover of darkness, and even at daytime. The consignment was then concealed beneath two or three tiers of large, plump codfish, and the custom's official never suspected the game.

This *modus operandi* was in vogue less than twenty years ago. Settlers along the coast between *Bradore* and *West St. Modeste* have told me strange stories of the "doings" of some of these traders in past years. I remember once remarking to an old Canadian, who is still living at the "Tickle," that I had seen an

extraordinary number of green cases marked "J. D. K." amongst the settlers further west. He replied: "O dat's not'ing, dese only small lot; de res' she's bur'd." Later I discovered the *burial place* of dozens of cases of cheap Holland gin (smuggled originally from St. Pierre) in the sand dunes at ———; they were not to be disturbed till the Newfoundland custom's officer had left for home!

Some enterprising traders are said to have done business even in the matrimonial line in the absence of the minister; but the fees were paid in kind, usually a good foxskin or a beaver!

Nova Scotia traders did not seemingly confine themselves to fish and furs; they dealt in eggs, as the following extract from the "Journal" of Audubon, the famous naturalist, testifies:

THE TOILERS.

"June 21, 1833 . . . We ascertained to-day that a party of men from Halifax took nearly *forty thousand eggs,* which they sold at Halifax and other towns at twenty-five cents per dozen."

On June 28 Audubon found two "eggers" gathering the eggs of murres. "They had collected eight hundred dozen and expected to get two thousand dozen. The number of broken eggs created a fetid smell on this island scarcely to be borne."

Among the "Episodes" published in his "Ornithological Biographies," Audubon has a highly dramatic one, entitled "The Eggers of Labrador."

He describes a shallop with eight men: "There rides the filthy thing! The afternoon is half over; her crew have thrown their

boat overboard, then enter and seat themselves, each armed with a rusty gun. One of them sculls the skiff towards an island—for a century past the breeding place of myriads of guillemots, which are now to be laid under contribution.

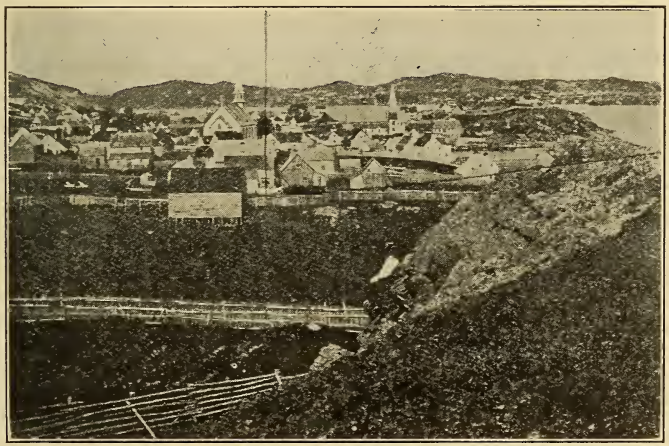
"At the approach of the vile thieves, clouds of birds arise from the rock and fill the air around, wheeling and screaming over their enemies. Yet thousands remain in an erect posture, each covering its single egg, the hope of both parents. The reports of several muskets are heard, while several dead and wounded birds fall heavily on the rock or into the water. Instantly all the settling birds rise and fly off affrighted to their companions above, and hover in dismay over the assassins, who stalk forward exultingly, and with their shouts mingled with oaths and execrations. Look at them. See how they crush the chick within the shell, how they trample on every egg in their way with their great clumsy boots. Onward they go, and when they leave the isle not an egg that they can find is left entire. The dead birds they collect and carry to their boat . . . . The rum is produced when the birds are fit for eating, and after stuffing themselves with this oily fare, over they tumble on the deck of the craft, where they pass the night in turgid slumbers . . . The 'Eggers' of Labrador not only rob the birds in a cruel manner, but also the fishermen whenever they can find an opportunity; and the quarrels they excite are numerous . . . This war of extermination cannot last many more years." (Townsend: "*Along the Labrador Coast.*")

NEWFOUNDLAND TRADERS. Newfoundlanders entered into the trading business more than a century ago, and the methods of the local trader were very similar to the gentlemen from abroad. Southern traders did a lucrative business in the Straits of Belle Isle; and they were not overscrupulous in their methods of dealing with the "liveyere." Large consignments of liquids from Saint Pierre were sometimes found amongst the cargoes, which found a ready demand in the Straits of Belle Isle and Southern Labrador. Later the Eastern and Northern traders began to visit the "French Shore" and Upper Labrador, with the

result that the unfortunate settlers remained for generations in a state of debt and misery.

The quality of goods and the prices which traders obtained for their wares were not always in accordance with strict business methods, and some shady transactions are recorded. Two, amongst many other practices, came under my observation many years ago. Presumably other visitors to the coast have witnessed similar reprehensible acts.

One firm did an extensive trade in "Black Jack" (St. Kitts' molasses) and moist sugar. The quality of the former was *improved* by the addition of sundry lumps of *unslaked lime;* the quantity of the latter was increased by *judicious mixing* with Cadiz sand.



TRINITY. *Photo, Holloway.*

CANADIAN TRADERS.

(See page 50.)

Traders from Quebec and the lower sections of the St. Lawrence have also frequented the coast of Labrador for many years; and they carried on business on the same lines as the Nova Scotian visitors. During my early years on the coast I met them frequently, and many of them had accumulated large fortunes in dealing with the settlers. Some of these traders were also regular visitors to St. Pierre both on the outward and return voyage.

THE SYRIAN.

The gentry from Beyrouth have recently discovered the *great blace for bizness,* down to the Labrador, and shoddy wares and jewelry are not infrequently exchanged for valuable skins and salmon. These gentlemen *no buy fish—too big; no good, can't sell 'em.* Within recent years, however, the Newfoundland trader does legitimate business, and some of the traders are now a blessing to the settlers along the coast. They pay hard cash, if necessary, for the products of the fishermen, and thus enable them to keep beyond the clutches of merchants who play well, if not artistically, a well-known character in the "Merchant of Venice."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GREAT COMPANY.

"Friend, once 'twas Fame that led thee forth
To brave the tropic heat, the frozen North,
Late it was Gold, then Beauty was the spur;
But now our Gallants venture but for Fur."
Lines attributed to Dryden, 1672. (Beckles Wilson.)

The trading ventures mentioned in the preceding chapter were isolated and individual attempts to gather the spoils of the Northern regions; but they were insignificant when compared with the operations of the "Great Company," founded by Prince Rupert in 1670. Rupert occupies a romantic niche in the temple of fame; but he is probably best known by his connection with the great organization known as "The Hudson Bay Company," of which he was the founder. Associated with him was the *Sieur des Groseillers*—Mederic Chouart, whose wife was the daughter of the pilot, Abraham Martin, the "Eponymous hero" of that plateau adjoining Quebec, where a century later was to take place the mortal struggle between Montcalm and Wolfe.

To Groseillers, though he did not become a member of the corporation, must really be attributed the clearing of the ground for the erection of the "one enduring pillar in the new world mansion." ("The Great Company.")

The charter of incorporation of the "great company" was granted to "Prince Rupert and seventeen nobles and gentlemen," amongst whom were the famous Ashley (Dryden's "Achitopel"):

"A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome,"

and Arlington, who was also a member of the famous cabinet whence originated the word "Cabal"; the other members of this infamous combination were Clifford, Buckingham, and Lauderdale. The charter was granted to them under the title of "The Governor

and Company of Merchant-Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay." This charter was confirmed by act of Parliament in 1690, but has never since been renewed.

Hudson Bay (or Hudson Sea, as it really is) is said to have been reached by Sebastian Cabot in 1517, but the discovery is accredited to Henry Hudson (whose name it bears), who entered it in 1610, and met an untimely end, owing to the mutiny of his crew, who set him adrift, with his son and five others, in a longboat, which was captured by the natives, who put the unfortunate occupants to death.

The bay which bears Hudson's name is an immense area of water one thousand three hundred miles in length, by six hundred miles in breadth, extending over twelve degrees of latitude and covering an area of half a million square miles.

It is now on the eve of becoming an important commercial centre, as recent explorations made by the Canadian Government have demonstrated the practicability of utilizing it as an outlet for the grain products of the "Great West." The Newfoundland sealing steamer "Neptune," under command of the famous navigator, Captain Bartlett, opened it as a practicable sea route in 1904-05.

After Hudson, the bay was visited by Button, another English navigator, in 1612; and two islands north of Cape Chidley bear his name. Bylot and Baffin (the discoverer of Baffin's Bay) visited it in 1615; and Fox and James (the discoverer of James' Bay) explored it in 1631.

French and English conflicts in the northland arose out of concessions to the "Great Company," as the French claimed that the territory adjoining Hudson's Bay belonged by right of discovery to *New France;* and in 1672 Albanel and St. Simon, with the consent of the Indian tribe—the *Kilistinous*—planted the *fleur-de-lis* and the cross at several places, in token of the sovereignty of France over the territory. During the last decades of the seventeenth century the friction between the French companies and the Hudson Bay company continued, and we find amongst the defenders of the cause of France names of men whose prowess and triumphs shed lustre on her arms—*D'Iberville, de Troyes,* and *Joliette.* Such was their triumph that, at the date of the *Treaty of Ryswick* (1697), and even up to 1713, the date of the *Peace of Utrecht,* only

Fort Albany remained in the hands of the English. By this treaty, however, France relinquished all her rights to the Hudson Bay Company, and the latter thus gained secure possession of the territory which it occupied until it relinquished its territorial claims to the Dominion of Canada, during the administration of Sir John Macdonald, in 1869, for the sum of one million five hundred thousand dollars, "the Company to be at liberty to carry on its trade without hindrance, in its corporate capacity."

The history of the Hudson Bay Company is a romance of empire, and though shorn of much of its greatness, its "ships still ply in the waters of the North. Its canoe brigades still bring in fur to the fur posts. Its midwinter dog trains still set the bells tinkling over the lonely wastes of Northern snows, and it still sells as much

CARTWRIGHT.

fur at its great annual fairs as in its palmiest days. But the Hudson's Bay Company is no longer a gay adventurer setting sail over the seas of the unknown. It is no longer a soldier of fortune, with a laugh for life or death, carving a path through the wilderness. It is now but a commercial organization with methods similar to other money-getting companies Free traders overrun its hunting grounds. Rivals as powerful as itself are now on the field fighting the battle of competition according to modern methods of business rivalry. Three-quarters of the old hunting fields are already carved

up into checkerboard squares of new provinces and fenced farm patches." (*Conquest of the Great Northwest*—Laut.)

Its "Posts" on the coast of Labrador are found between Fort Chimo and Sandwich Bay; the latter location (at Cartwright) was purchased from Hunt and Henly, who had acquired it from the original founder, George Cartwright, in 1815.

It was at this "Post" that the incident which story tellers have worn threadbare, in connection with the letters H. B. C., actually occurred. When Newfoundland fishermen began to frequent the northern part of the coast, a boat's crew landed at Cartwright, en route to what is now known as "Pack's Harbor." All five were sons of the Emerald Isle, who had come out to Newfoundland some time previously; none of them, excepting the "Skipper," had seen the Labrador coast till this year. One of the crew was a waggish, fairly educated "youngster," and he was regarded as an "Encyclopedia" by his comrades. They were searching for water to "bile the piper"; and they noticed everywhere around the "room"—on boats, canoes and fishing gear—the letters "H. B. C." They were anxious to know what this symbol meant; and one of the crew addressed the "Encyclopedia," and said: "Larry, what's the meanin' of thim big letters?" Larry was equal to the situation, and replied: "Well, these fellows must be here a long time; and the letters mean: *'Here Before Christ.'*" This is the true genesis of the story which has, of course, been usually attributed to an American traveller. The chief post of the company is located at Rigolette, in Hamilton Inlet, famous amongst other things as being the place where the present Lord Stratchona, the world-known philanthropist and man of affairs, began his commercial career.

He represented the "Company" there for many years; and it was there, doubtless, he laid the foundations of the immense wealth which he now distributes so lavishly in the promotion of Canadian institutions and imperial interests.

Other peaks are located at *Davis Inlet, Nachvak Bay,* and at *North-West River,* at the head of Melville Lake. The last mentioned has recently acquired pathetic notoriety through the unfortunate expedition which cost Alonzo Hubbard his life, and gave to us Dillon Wallace's two interesting books—"The Lure of the Wild" and "The Long Labrador Trail."

The exportations of the H. B. C. consist of furs, in the North, and in the Southern sections, salmon and trout. The natives and the Indians (*Naskopis, Montagnais* and *Esquimaux*) never seem to rise beyond the stage of debt and abject misery, though apparently the Company reaps a rich harvest from the products received from the hunter and fisherman. "Money" (at these "Posts") is unknown. Values are reckoned in "skins"—that is a "skin" is the unit of value. There is no token of exchange to represent this unit, however, and if a hunter brings in more pelts than are sufficient to pay

RIGOLET. *Copyright, Dana-Estes Co.*

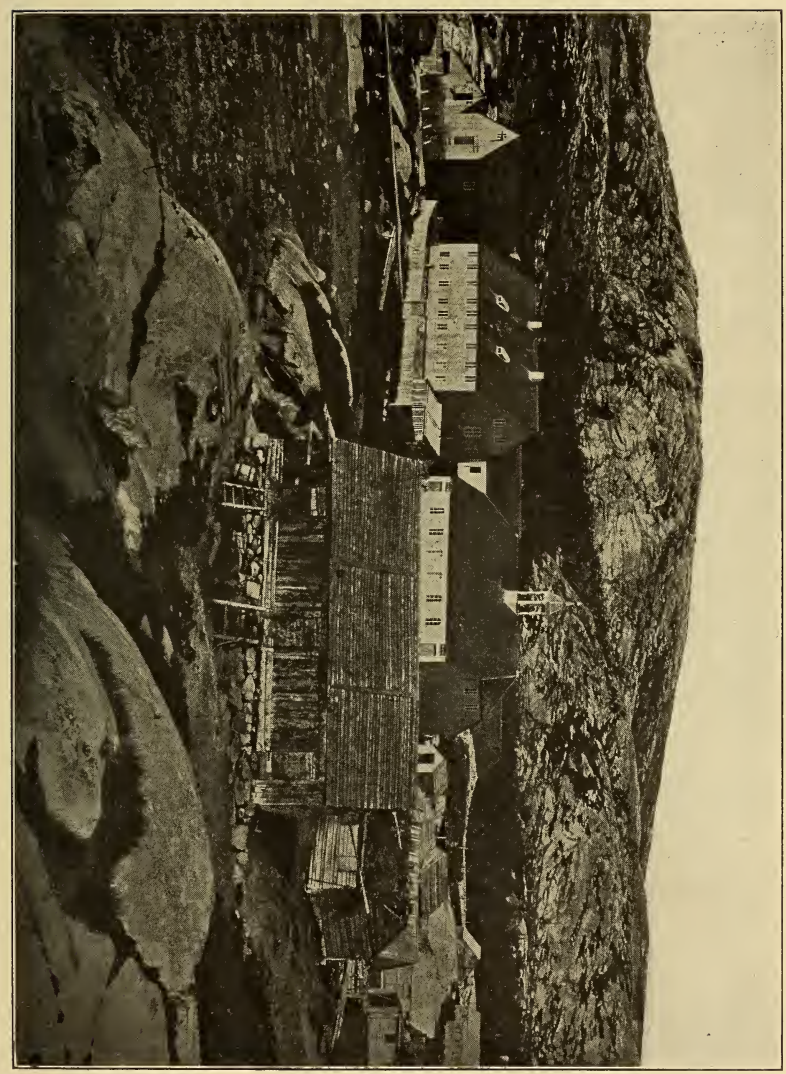
for his purchases, the trader simply gives him credit on his books for the balance due, to be drawn upon at some future time. As a matter of fact, the hunter is almost invariably in debt to the store. A "skin" will buy a pint of molasses, a quarter pound of tea or a quarter pound of black plug tobacco. A white Arctic fox pelt is valued at seven skins, a blue fox pelt at twelve, and a black or silver fox at *eighty or ninety skins.*

South of Hamilton Inlet, where competition is keen with the fur traders, the company pays in cash, six dollars for white, eight dollars for blue, and, not infrequently, as high as three hundred and fifty dollars, or even more, for black and silver fox pelts.

A formidable rival to the Great Company has recently entered into the Labrador fur trade; and prices of furs have, in consequence, advanced materially. This rival is the firm of Revillion Bros., of Paris, who now have several agencies along the coast; and their business has reached large proportions. During the past season (1907) they had under contract, visiting their stations, the largest sealing steamer in Newfoundland, the *Adventure*. Evidently the trade of the coast is a lucrative venture, as the following statistics prove:—

Exports of Furs for 1905.....$32,976

(Extract Newfoundland Customs, 1906.)



THE MORAVIAN MISSION STATION AT HOPEDALE, LABRADOR.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MORAVIAN SETTLEMENTS.

The Moravian mission has an interesting history, and as it has products of their labors, giving them necessaries and comforts in exchange." (Harvey, *"History of Newfoundland."*)

The Moravian mission has an interesting history, and as it has a bearing upon the Labrador stations, we give a brief outline of the foundation and development of the *Unitas Fratrum.*

ORIGIN. The Moravian Brethren are a link in a chain of sects beginning with Wyclif (1325-84), and coming down to the present day. Wyclif's teachings found congenial soil in Bohemia; and they became the creed of the *Hussites,* whose founder, John Huss, was condemned by the Council of Constance, in 1415. The dissensions and feuds amongst the followers of this reformer are matters of history.

The two chief factions, known as "Taborites" and "Utraquists" (*Calixtines*), decided their difficulties in a "decisive battle on May 30, 1434." The "Taborites" gradually disappeared, or were merged, a generation or two later, into the "Bohemian Brethren." This organization owed its origin to Gregory Rokyzana, a nephew, of a former "Utraquist" leader. Gregory's aids were Michael, a parish priest of Kunwald, and a farmer named David. The distinguishing tenets of the organization at this early period were rather vague, one faction denying, the other proclaiming, the truth of the Real Presence in the Eucharist. The factions were again united under Bishop Matthias of Kunwald, at the synod of Lhotka, near Reichneau, in 1467; and the Brethren began to order the community on the model of the primitive Church. The governing power was centred in a council presided over by a judge. Four seniors, or elders, held episcopal office; the priests had no property and were encouraged to celibacy; and the strictest morality and modesty were exacted on the part of the faithful. All acts subservient to luxury were forbidden; oaths and military service were permitted only in very exceptional cases. A committee watched with relentless sever-

ity over the behavior of their sisters. They led a precarious existence, and were finally suppressed by Ladislaus II, who ordered their books to be burnt and recalcitrants to be imprisoned. At this time the Brethren were treated by their contemporaries to several opprobrious designations, such as *Jamnici* (cave-dwellers), *Pivnicini* (beer-house men), *Bunzlau* Brethren, and *Pickarts* (Pickards).

FOREIGN SYMPATHY.

After this persecution the Brethren began to look for foreign sympathy. The philosopher Erasmus complimented them upon their knowledge of truth; but refused to commit himself further. . . . Luther objected to their doctrine on the Eucharist, to the celibacy of the clergy, and to the belief in the Seven Sacraments.

One of the Brethren, Lucas, denounced Luther on account of the low Standard of Church discipline amongst the Lutherans; but later, under the régime of John Augusta, the Brethren reopened negotiations with Luther; but no union between the two sects was effected. Then followed a period of troublous times; and dissensions within, with persecutions from without, well nigh brought about the extinction of the "Brethren." In 1731 they again revived under the leadership of Zinzendorf (d. 1760), who established a community at *Herrnhut*. Zinzendorf was banished from his native land "for ever" by the King of Saxony, in 1737; and during his exile he established congregations in Holland, England, Ireland, and America.

The English Mission, with headquarters in London, was established in 1742; and it is claimed that John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, here received "the grace of conversion." The Mission henceforward is known as the Society of the "Unitas Fratrum."

AMERICAN SETTLEMENTS.

In 1734, the *Unitas Fratrum* obtained a foothold in Georgia, U. S., where Governor Ogelthorpe granted them 500 acres of land (Spangenberg, the negotiator, receiving a present of 50 acres for himself near the site of the present city of Savannah). They soon relinquished that field, and came to Pennsylvania, where they built *Bethlehem*. Sub-

sequently, they established, on the same plan, *Hope,* in New Jersey (which enterprise proved a failure), and *Salem,* in North Carolina. (Herzog, Ency. Real. ed. Schaff, Vol. II.)

The status of the *Unitas Fratrum* may be gleaned from the following statistics (last available) :—

JOHN WESLEY. Wesley later became estranged from the Brethren, and his former friendship turned to open hostility (Wesley's Journal, Nov. 12, 1741). London is still the headquarters of the Mission.

IN AMERICA. On January 1, 1907, in the five northern districts, there were 96 congregations, with a total membership of 20,369; receipts from all sources, $145,517.67. Expenses exactly balanced receipts.

In the Southern Province there was a membership of 4,206. Total membership in both Provinces, 26,211—an increase of 334 over the previous year.

In *Great Britain and Ireland,* at the same date, there were 41 congregations, with a total membership of 6,343.

The German Province, 31 December, 1905, had 25 congregations, with total membership of 7,958: 50 missionary Provinces ("the Diaspora"), in which about 70,000 persons are ministered to. "The Diaspora" (from *diaspora,* captivity, in 1 Pet. I, 1) is a work carried on by the German Province, and having for its object the evangelization of the State Churches on the Continent of Europe *without depriving them of their members.* (Herzog: *Ency. Ed. Schaff.,* vol. III.)

MISSION FIELDS. In Labrador, begun 1777; Alaska, 1885; California, 1890; Mosquito Coast, 1894; Surinam, 1735; Demerara, 1878; Jamaica, 1754; St. Thomas, 1732; St. Jan, 1754; St. Croix, 1740; Antigua, 1756; St. Kitts, 1777; Barbadoes, 1765; Tobago, 1790; Trinidad, 1890; Cape Colony, 1736; German East Africa, 1891; West Himalaya, 1853; Jerusalem, Leper House, 1867; Victoria, 1849; North Queensland, 1891.

LAND GRANTS.

The most important field from a commercial standpoint is evidently Labrador, for here the Mission is a landed proprietor to the extent of several hundred thousand acres; and its trade receipts are nearly fifty thousand dollars annually. The Mission holds, by Royal and Colonial grants:—

100,000 acres of land in Esquimaux Bay (or at any place the Society might elect).

100,000 acres at Okkak.

100,000 acres at Hopedale.

1,000 acres at Maccovick.

An application has been made for a grant at Ramah.

Trading is an important feature of the Missionary enterprise of the Society of the *Unitas Fratrum.*

Previous to the year 1870 the office of Trader and Missionary was vested in the one individual; but in that year "the Mission found it advisable to modify their system of combining trading and evangelization, so as to separate the office of missionary from that of trader, at Nain, Hopedale, and other settlements. This was done, not because any doubt existed in the minds of those who have the direction of the mission or the trade as to the lawfulness of their connection from the highest point of view, but merely because a change of feeling on the part of the natives, in some cases arising out of the gross misunderstanding and misrepresentation of the objects of the trade, which made the position of the trading missionary often very trying and difficult, seemed to indicate the expediency of adopting the plan of appointing agents who should go forth in true missionary spirit to carry on trade in support of the mission, and for the benefit of the natives, as a service for Christ, no less than the direct missionary calling.

Exports of the Moravian Church and Missionary Agency from Labrador for the year 1905:—

Codfish, 4,035 qtls., value	$21,149
Trout, 798 bbls., value	4,788
Skin Boots, 3,224 pairs	5,849
Seal Oil, 353 puns, value	7,200
Cod Oil, 41 puns, value	910
Cod Liver Oil, 3 puns, value	96

Furs, 11 pkgs., value	7,000
Dry Seal Skins, 5 pkgs., value	100
Salted Seal Skins, 7 pkgs., value	200
Reindeer Skins, 5 pkgs., value	800
Curios, 15 pkgs., value	150
Feathers, 12 pkgs., value	150
Salmon, 6 tcs., value	50
Total	$48,442

Moreover "the generous and paternal practice of the Mission is to keep back from export a certain amount of dry codfish, which they return to the natives, in winter, at the price the Mission paid for it in the summer. The retention of exports and selling them back to the natives, is of course a departure from strict business principles, but it serves to illustrate the way in which the Moravian Missionaries combine their trading with the patriarchal care they extend to the natives."

"In 1902 the Mission cancelled very generously and considerately the indebtedness of the natives to the several stores of the mission. They thus started each man with a clean sheet, and on a new system of business, under which comparatively more moderate advances are made to natives." (McGregor: Report, p. 31.)

FIRST ATTEMPT AT SETTLEMENT.

The first attempt made by the Moravian Brethren to found a settlement on the coast of Labrador was made under the auspices of "The Society for the furtherance of the Gospel amongst the Heathen"—an organization formed by members of the Moravian Church, in London.

A schooner—the "Hope"—sailed with a band of Missionaries from this port in the spring of 1752. At *Hopedale,* they erected a dwelling; but "treachery developed amongst the Esquimaux and some of the ship's crew were murdered." Later, an attempt was made by *Christian Erhardt* and his companions to found a colony at *Nisbet's Harbor* (Ford's Bight), but Brother *Erhardt* and five of his crew were murdered by the savages; and the four Brethren, who had accompanied him to *Hopedale,* returned home.

In 1764 *Jans Haven* made a landing at Chateau, where he met some Esquimaux, but no settlement was effected.

In 1765 Governor Palliser of Newfoundland undertook the civilization of the savages; and four missionaries—Brothers *Haven, Hill, Schlotzer* and *Drachart,* again made an effort to establish a mission; but it seems that here, too, they were unsuccessful. In a Proclamation issued by the Governor of Newfoundland, April 8th, 1765, he says: "I have invited Interpreters and Missionaries to go amongst them (the Esquimaux), to instruct them in the principles of religion, and to improve their minds and remove their prejudices against us. I hereby enjoin and require all His Majesty's subjects who meet with any of the said (Esquimaux) to treat them in a most civil and friendly manner . . . not to impose on their necessities, not to foment quarrels, discord or animosities amongst them." The Proclamation is an interesting document.

To protect the Esquimaux and the Missionaries, and "for the general protection of British trade and fishery" a Block-house was established in Chateau Bay, which received the name of *Fort Pitt.* The Mission of the Society in this region was not successful; but, in 1771, a settlement was made at *Nain* (Lat. 56° 25′).

A second station was founded at *Okkak,* one hundred miles south of *Nain,* in 1776. This station has a small Hospital, in receipt of a subsidy from the Newfoundland Government, conducted by Dr. Hutton, a capable English physician. Another station was established at *Hopedale,* in 1782. *Hebron* and *Zoar* (recently abandoned) were founded in 1834. *Ramah* was located in 1871; and recently two other stations have been established, Maccovick in 1898, and one in the far North (Killinek), in 1907.

These Stations are well built, substantial erections. They consist of a residence for the Missionaries and their wives, a chapel, which is at some stations under the same roof as the Mission building, commodious stores, some outbuildings, and an Esquimaux settlement, consisting of an array of squalid huts of various shapes and sizes. These houses are small, one room affairs, made of logs or rough boards and poles, the roofs generally covered with green sods. Each house has a low, dark vestibule, suggestive of the architecture of the snow dwellings. Cleanliness in and about the houses is not of the highest order. There are dogs galore, for each

family has from seven to nine of these animals. Komatiks, or dog-sleds, are lying about promiscuously, while kayaks hang against the sides of the buildings.

At each mission station are the missionaries and their wives, who are called the brothers and sisters; also the unmarried brethren, all laboring together to Christianize and civilize the natives. Only the younger children of the missionaries are allowed to remain on the coast, as at seven years of age they are sent to Europe to be educated at the expense of the society. Some of these return later as missionaries. The link with Europe is supplied by the Society's ship—the "Harmony." In the early days of the Moravian Society the missionary entered the matrimonial state by lot; but this feature of the old polity no longer exists.

INDIAN HUT AT HOPEDALE.

At each mission station one sees several neat, trim, well-cultivated gardens, similar to those one sees in the *Vaterland* (the missionaries are practically all Teutons).

In early days there was a great deal of friction between the various missions and the Hudson Bay Company; but within recent years the Company has become well disposed towards the Missionaries. The friction arose out of the rivalry for trade in which both were engaged. Many of the Hudson Bay posts on the southern section of the coast have been abandoned, so there is now no *casus belli.*

Some years ago a rival organization attempted a settlement within the jurisdiction of the Mission, but the attempt was abandoned. The total number of Esquimaux on the coast, under the jurisdiction of the Moravians is less than thirteen hundred, of whom some are still pagans. These are found in the far North, in the region of Killinek (Port Burwell), and a few years ago a zealous missionary of the Anglican Church, the Rev. Mr. Stewart, attempted their conversion. When the Moravians assumed charge of Killinek section Mr. Stewart retired to Fort Chimo; but here the territory was already occupied by the Rev. Mr. Peck, who has been many years laboring

ESQUIMAUX TYPES AT HOPEDALE.

amongst the Ungava natives. "He has devoted his life to the instruction of the Esquimaux; and he is ably assisted by two younger men, both of whom have had medical training. The total number of Esquimaux reached is about five hundred, and they are all connected with, and depend upon the whaling stations of Blackhead, Kekerten, and Cape Haven."

RESULTS. "After all I have seen of the work of this Mission on Labrador, I am bound to say that I know of no body of men or women that more deserve respect and sympathy in their lonely, completely unselfish, and devoted work, for which they receive no reward in this world, seldom even approbation or recognition." (McGregor: Report.) Another writer says (after a trip along the coast in the mail-boat): "Alas! that this primitive people (the Esquimaux) with their wonderful adaptations to life in the far north, with their houses, their clothing, their weapons and their boats, evolved out of long centuries of conflict with the elements to a state of utmost perfection, should not have been allowed to lead their own lives. It could not be. Contact with the rude explorers and traders, who treated them as slaves, to do with them as they chose, necessarily developed the worst side of their character, and their fate would long ago have been sealed, as a race, had it not been for these Moravians, who by kindness and long-suffering, and by privations unnumbered, made them the happy, peaceful, God-fearing people we have just seen."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MISSIONARY.

"I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in his sacred cause."

—*"The Task,"* COWPER.

ICEBERG.

AMONGST THE ESQUIMAUX.

We have already dealt with the supposed earliest missionary to Labrador—the Trading-Evangelists, otherwise known as "The Moravians;" but the *Icelandic Sagas* (which are regarded by scholars as historic documents of undoubted value) represent the Northland as having been visited by two Icelandic missionaries, *Odalbrand* and *Thorwald Helgason,* in 1285. If they followed the route of previous Icelandic explorers they came by way of Labrador, as did *Thorfinn Karlsfen,* who from 1007 to 1010 was engaged in exploration in the

northland. The earliest Missionaries of Labrador were consequently Catholic priests, as at this date the Icelandic Church was in communion with the See of Rome. We have it on undoubted authority that Irish missionaries were established in Iceland in the Vth century, when St. Aiblem, Bishop of Emly, sent twenty-two of his disciples to evangelize that country. Eight Irish missionaries were buried there, and a church was dedicated to St. Columba. These facts are found related in the *Skalhort Saga,* now preserved in the Smithsonian Institute, Washington. From the *"Bullarium Pontificum"* (a Collection of the Decrees of the Popes), we find that, in the year 840, the Holy See delegated Ebbon, Archbishop of Rheims, and St. Anscarius, Apostle of Northern Europe, to preach the faith in Iceland and *North America.* (Howley: "Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland," p. 32.)

Further we learn that:—

"In mediæval Iceland the Bishoprics of *Skalhort* (south) and *Holan* (north) were suffragans of the See of Bremen (the "Rome of the North"). There were several religious foundations in Iceland the Benedictines possessed, amongst others, *Thingore,* founded in 1133; *Hitardall,* founded in 1166; and *Stad,* founded in 1296: The Augustinians had several houses, chief of which was *Madderfield Priory,* established in 1296; and *Skird,* founded in the middle of the XIVth century. Two Icelandic Bishops, Thorlak, of *Skalhort,* and John of *Holan,* were men of singular distinction.

"The Reformation which obliterated the Catholic Church amongst the Teutonic peoples extended to Iceland; but here, as elsewhere, it had a one-sided effect . . . it left their circumstances little changed, or, if at all, for the worse." (Ency. Britannica, Vol. XII, p. 620 and seqq.)

We have no further information regarding missions in Labrador until the coming of the Moravians, in 1764, though it is claimed, but without any evidence which seems tenable, that the French Missionaries to the Montagnais Indians also attempted the conversion of the Esquimaux many years previous.

We have already discussed the advent of missionaries amongst the French *colons* who had located at Brest. These were presumably "Recollets" or, as we now know them, Franciscans.

AMONGST THE MONTAGNAIS AND NASKOPIS.

The foundation of missionary work amongst these aboriginal tribes was laid by Franciscans; and the work was continued by the Jesuits, whose missionaries are still laboring amongst the Indian tribes in the West; and the zeal which characterized the martyrs Lallemant, Breboeuf, Jogues and Aulneau, is still characteristic of the Sons of St. Ignatius. Parkman has written the history of their labors; and no page of human annals is so emblazoned with heroic deeds. It was my privilege to live in close contact with some of the Jesuit missionaries who are now laboring amongst the Indian tribes in the West; and no words can adequately describe their worth. *"Si monumentum quaeritis, circumspice."* No other missionary enterprise has such a history, and in New Ontario and the further west, you find, in such places as Wickwemakong and Nome, perhaps the noblest monuments of missionary zeal on this continent. These Jesuits are men of intelligence and tireless energy. They live amongst the children of the forest; they have no regular abode; they receive no salary, but depend exclusively on the charity of the well-disposed. Their lodging is often the wigwam, or a comfortless vestry attached to their mission chapels, where they do their own cooking, when they have the wherewithal for a meal. They are hewers of wood and drawers of water when occasion demands it; they have no earthly ties; and they look for reward not on earth, but beyond the skies.

A tribute to the Catholic missionary just comes from an authoritative source; and, as it has reference to the same noble band of missionaries as we are now discussing, the utterance is very timely. In an address delivered at the Wesleyan Missionary Exhibition at Leeds, a few days ago, Sir Robert Hart, late Inspector of Customs for China, said:—"Although many of you may not agree with me, I cannot omit, on an occasion like this, to refer to the admirable work done by Roman Catholic Missionaries, among whom are to be found the most devoted and self-sacrificing of Christ's followers. The Roman Catholic missions have done great work both in spreading the knowledge of our God and our Saviour, and more especially in their efforts in the cause of deserted children and afflicted adults. Their organization as a society is far ahead of any other,

and they are second to none in zeal and self-sacrifice personally. One strong point in their arrangement is in the fact that there is never a break in continuity, while there is perfect union in teaching and practice and practical sympathy with their people in both the life of this world and the preparation for eternity. The Roman Catholics were the first in the field, they are most widely spread, and they have the largest number of followers."

In the "hinterland" of the land of Labrador there is a noble band of men laboring unselfishly, and unostentatiously in the Master's vineyard—the Oblate Fathers. The organization to which these heroic types belong was founded, a century ago, by Charles de Mazenod, a missionary, and subsequently Bishop of Marseilles. The Fathers of this missionary society have been laboring in the wilds of the north for three generations; and the names of Arnauld, Durocher, Babel, Lacasse and Lemoine are familiar to everybody acquainted with the history of the coast of Labrador. To Father Arnauld's enterprise we are indebted for the first map of the coast; and this is so authentic that recent explorers have found "its accuracy wonderful."

PÈRE ARNAULD.

The influence which Père Arnauld exercised over these Indians was extraordinary; and it appears to have been well deserved by numerous acts of charity, deeds of daring, and much self-denial. The heroic deeds and numerous hardships of Fathers Lacasse and Lemoine are matters of recent history. The former is, with the exception of the Agents of the Hudson Bay Company, the only white man who has ever crossed the Labrador peninsula. He made two journeys between 1875 and 1880; and the "Diary" of these missionary expeditions is the only *accurate* account of the great "hinterland" we possess. In later years he made his journeys *via* Newfoundland; and his name is familiar to every fisherman along the coast of Labrador. Father Lacasse is still engaged in active missionary work in Manitoba; and he regards his former exploits on the coast of Labrador as simple and "unimportant events."

PÈRE LACASSE.

I am in possession of many records of this noble missionary, but his modesty forbids their publicity. Father Lemoine is still laboring amongst the Montagnais; and few men are better acquainted with this band of Indians than he. To him I am indebted for much of the knowledge I possess regarding Indian life; and to those who wish further acquaintance with the literature of the North, I recommend his works on the subject. These Oblates are doing noble and valuable work for civilization and Christianity amongst the denizens of the frozen north, doing it patiently, heroically and silently.

PÈRE LEMOINE.

The settlers on the coast of Labrador are generally known as "liveyeres" (doubtless a corruption of *live heres,* as the people in this region usually "drop the h's").

AMONGST THE SETTLERS.

The total population of "liveyeres" is, approximately, 2,700, at present writing. According to the records of 1891 the following was the denominational census of the coast:—

POPULATION.

Church of England	1,749
Church of Rome	354
Methodist Church	604
Presbyterian Church	2
Moravian Church (practically all Esquimaux)	1,397
Total	4,106

To meet the religious requirements of this population, and to render such services as the transient population of fishermen demands, the Churches in Newfoundland have extensive missions along the coast, which are entrusted usually to young, active laborers in the vineyard. Some of these are resident on the coast, whilst others go down there during the fishing season. These have no means of locomotion in the summer time other than that afforded by fishing boats or, when crossing large inlets, a schooner or the fortnightly mail boat.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Catholic Church was the pioneer of mission work on the coast of Labrador; and, whilst the Labrador missions belonged to the Ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Archdiocese of Quebec, they were regularly visited by Canadian Missionaries. In 1820, during the Episcopate of Bishop Plessis, Labrador and Anticosti were united to the Vicariate of Newfoundland; but owing to scarcity of priests in the colony, missionaries from Quebec visited the coast until the erection of the parish of *Fortune Harbor,* in 1834. The Labrador missions then became part of this extensive parish. From that date Newfoundland priests have visited the coast regularly, though Canadian priests still have jurisdiction on Newfoundland-Labrador. Only one Newfoundland priest has ever *resided* on the Coast—the Rev. F. D. McCarthy, now Pastor of Carbonear, who built a neat Mission House at Pinware during his residence in the Straits. In former years, two priests from the Diocese of Harbor Grace visited the coast every summer; but since the exodus of Catholics from Battle Harbor, and the migrations of "up-the-shore" planters to the far north, only one missionary now visits the shore.

CATHOLIC BISHOPS.

The Catholic Bishops of Newfoundland have made regular visitations to the coast; the first prelate to undertake this arduous work being Bishop Mullock, in 1852. Bishops Dalton and Carfagnini made visitations from 1857 to 1880 (the latter built the Church at Battle Harbor). Archbishop MacDonald made visits between 1882 and 1895, and Bishop March, the present zealous incumbent of the See of Harbor Grace, than whom few are so intimately acquainted with Labrador, has, since his consecration in 1906, already twice visited this distant section of his large diocese.

EARLY MISSIONARIES.

From reliable data I have been enabled to locate the missionaries who visited the coast, as far east as Pinware, from 1799 to 1863:—

Gabriel LeCourtois ..... 1799 to 1814
Pierre Bourget ..... 1815 to 1816
Thomas McGuire ..... 1817 to 1818
C. J. Primeau ..... 1819 to 1827
Pierre Beland ..... 1828 to 1832
Ferdinand Belleau ..... 1832 to 1833
Francois Bouçher ..... 1833 to 1834
The Oblates at Escoumains from 1845
M. R. Boïly (who built the Church at Pinware) 1862
M. A. Bernier 1863

These priests had headquarters at *Tadousac;* and made regular visits to the Straits of Belle Isle and the southern section of the Labrador coast.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
REV. JOHN LEIGH.

The Church of England has been sending missionaries to Labrador since the early part of the last century, and the Reverend John Leigh is said to have made a visit to the Straits in 1823.

ARCHDEACON DIX.

The next missionary of this Church to visit Labrador was Archdeacon Dix, who from 1826 to 1830 was Incumbent of Bonavista.

REV. A. GIFFORD.

Bishop Field visited the coast in 1848, and in 1849 the first Clergyman of the Church of England was placed in residence at Forteau. This was the Reverend Algernon Gifford, who remained there for ten years, removing thence to New Zealand.

REV. H. P. DISNEY.

In 1850 a second clergyman, the Reverend H. P. Disney, who gave up his living in Ireland to engage in missionary work, went to reside at St. Francis Harbor, and in 1851 he built

the first Church on this part of the coast. Since then, missionaries have been in constant residence on Upper Labrador. Bishop Field visited these settlements regularly, in the Mission ship "Hawk."

BISHOP FIELD.

In his "Journal" for 1853 he writes:—"I am looking forward to a third visit to the Labrador Coast, and to all the settlements on the north and west side of Newfoundland. In this I expect to celebrate the first consecration of a Church, and the first confirmation on the Labrador, and I trust to mark many other signs and proofs of the Church's progress on that desolate and wild shore." Later we find the following entry:—"We gladly accepted an invitation to drink tea in the Mission-House at Forteau, and, saving the wooden walls of the room, and the side of a Canadian stove flush with the wall (the body of the stove being in the kitchen, and serving for culinary purposes as well as warmth), we might have fancied ourselves in one of the neat parlors of an English parsonage, with all its hospitalities and comforts. . . . "

During one of his mission tours to the Coast, Bishop Field became acquainted with a very promising young man named Gibbons, presumably a half-breed Esquimau, and brought him to Newfoundland, where he was educated at one of the Church institutions. He afterwards made a course at King's College, Windsor, and entered the ministry of the Anglican Church. A resident of Windsor, who was a fellow student at King's informs me that Gibbons was a very brilliant student, and "the only thing suggestive of the Indian in him was his glossy black hair."

In 1879, the superintendence of the northern missions of the Church of England was entrusted to the Rev. J. J. Curling, "whose liberal benefactions have been distributed all over the Island" (of Newfoundland). This zealous missionary had been an engineer-officer in H. M. Navy, and resigned his position to devote his life to the missions of the West and North of Newfoundland. He labored zealously, gave abundantly of his means to the Diocesan wants, and presented his yacht "Lavrock" to the Diocese for mission work. "No more devoted servant of the Church has ever labored more abundantly to win souls than did this

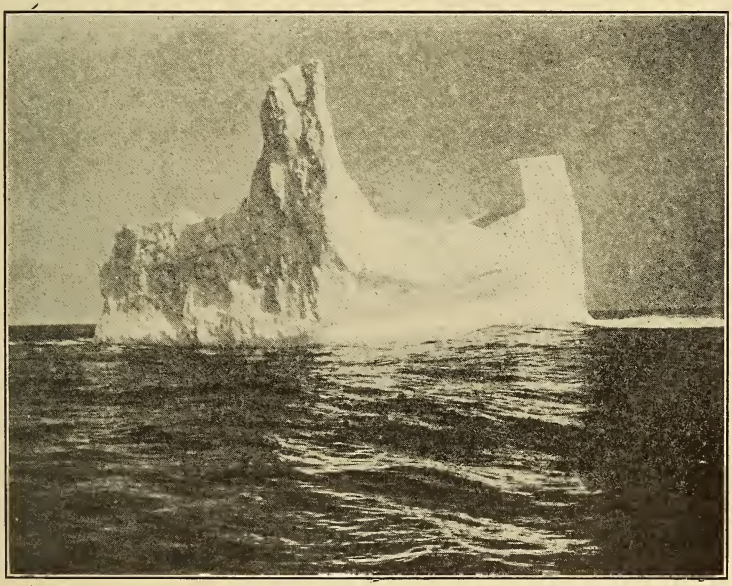
REV. J. J. CURLING.

young engineer officer." (Prowse, "History of Newfoundland," Appendix, p. 15.)

REV. MR. QUINTON.

A permanent misson at Hamilton Inlet (Groswater Bay) was established in 1885 by Rev. Mr. Quinton, a man of zeal and indomitable energy. He spent the best years of his life on the coast; and his name is held in veneration by the "liveyeres" of rugged Labrador. The Rev. F. W. Colley, the present incumbent of Carbonear, spent several years on the coast, succeeding the Rev. Mr. Quinton, whose health became impaired on account of the arduous work which his duties exacted. In later years his mission has been attended by a "lay-reader." Amongst the resident clergymen at Battle Harbor in recent years, must be mentioned the Rev. J. H. Bull, the present incumbent of Brigus, N. F., who was a physician of soul and body to the settlers

REV. F. W. COLLEY.



ICEBERG.

REV. J. H. BULL.

friend of the poor and needy; and he is still remembered in the lonely land as a man of sacrifice and worth.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Reliable data regarding the early missions of the Methodist Church on the coast are few. It is recorded that Rev. Mr. Remington visited the southern section of the coast in 1815; and, subsequently, "attempts were made to establish missions between *Hopedale* and *Belle Isle;*" but they do not seem to have been successful. In the "Report of Missions for 1829," it is said "The Labrador Mission is for the present abandoned, principally on account of the removal of the Esquimaux tribe from the coast to the interior of the country and their general dispersion." (Prowse, op. cit.)

Mission work was resumed in 1860, and it has been vigorously carried on ever since. There are now two permanent missions, one at Red Bay and another at Hamilton Inlet; and at other sections there are mission churches and schools.

EDUCATION.

Amongst the Indian tribes on the Labrador coast the education of the children is part of the ministerial duty.

At all the Moravian stations the education of the children is attended to with care; and practically all the Esquimaux are able to read and write. The children begin to attend school at the age of seven and continue until they are able to take part in the hunt or attend to domestic duties. Besides the ordinary rudiments the Esquimaux are taught trades; and in some cases singing and instrumental music. It is not an uncommon thing to find Esquimaux who are fairly accomplished musicians. To promote a taste for reading amongst them the Mission at Nain has a printing-press, which publishes a small newspaper, printed in their native tongue; it goes by the name of *"Aglait Illunainortut,"* and is largely circulated. We have never seen any returns of the Moravian educational establishments; but presume that illiteracy is rare amongst the Esquimaux.

This unfortunately is not the case amongst the "liveyeres," and it is incumbent on the Government of Newfoundland to help these

scattered remnants of civilization to obtain the benefits so largely possessed by the Indian tribes.

In the last available Returns of Labrador Schools we find there were fifteen schools in operation, with an attendance of 427 scholars, at a cost of $2,100 or, approximately, five dollars per capita.

Of course many of these schools are very primitive establishments and the teaching is not necessarily of a high standard, though it is a matter of surprise to realize the proficiency of some of the pupils attending these rudimentary schools. In connection with educational matters I had a rather unique experience when attempting to establish a school at *Barachois* some years ago. The population there is mixed (French and English), and the teacher must be necessarily a bi-linguist. I had several applications for the position of teacher; but of the many I received not one was indicative of the necessary qualifications which even a Labrador school demands. I submit the following, which is, I fancy, one of the most extraordinary applications ever received by a school commissioner. The caligraphy was in keeping with the orthography:

Le Barrachois.
le vingt troi Aoute.

MONSIRE, LE PRETRE,

je vous demmandes si vous me donnerai l'ECol poure ansignere set Hiver. je sui ben instrui, est je pouras faere le catchisme et le Lecture aus anfeng. Mon salare est 5 louis et le manger.

votre amis.

. . . . . .

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME PAGES OF ODDS AND ENDS.

"There are magic lures in the open air,
There are wondrous things for the eyes."
—*"Call of the Northland."*

NATURE. Nature has been lavish in her bounties to the "Nolfing of the West." Its coast-line is studded with islets; and within its noble fiords, the majestic cataract, the dimpling stream, the age-worn crag, the ice-shaved plateau, are a never-failing source of interest. What a history it unfolds! A history of continental glacial ice, wearing down rocks and grinding out lake-basins—a history of deep seas, bearing boulder-laden floes of ice, dropping their burdens as they floated over—a history of stranded icebergs and irresistible currents—a history of gradually emerging land, of changing coast-lines, and of continual change in the position of travelled rocks—a history of frosts, snows, swollen lakes and rivers—of long dreary winters, and short scorching summers.

But most bewildering of all reflections is the age—the infinite age—of the rocks of the Labrador Peninsula. What exposure to elemental warfare!—what a lonely experience of the changes which this world has undergone! The earliest known continent, the longest above the sea, dry land during the countless ages which formed the great Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous periods. First, ice-covered for ages, during which frozen epoch it underwent that change in surface to which Greenland is now being subjected; then, possibly, dry land, when all the south and west were deeply covered with the ocean, and the immense secondary deposits were being elaborated all the way from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico,—slowly sinking and submerging during part of the Tertiary and post-Tertiary periods to the depth of many thousand feet,—slowly rising subsequently fully three thousand feet above the ocean level,

yet preserving still the safe bold front, though far more worn, but much less troubled than in those dim and distant ages at the close of the Laurentian period, when it emerged fresh and new from a Laurentian sea. (Hind, *Explorations.*)

The Fisher's land does not present subjects to the scientific mind only; it offers attractions to the sportsman and lover of nature. Its streams and purling brooks teem with speckled beauties, which have never yet been tempted by the artificial fly. They are free to every disciple of the gentle Izaak who dares to seek these haunts of happiness unalloyed.

THE STRATHCONA.

Caribou roam unmolested over the barren wastes; and the willow-grouse and partridge are in abundance. Sport knows no restrictions; and there are no *professional* guides to relieve you of your comfort or your coin.

Countless icebergs in shapes and forms fantastic, bluff, beetling crags and sombre-hued headlands mirrored in the sea are tempting subjects for the artist's brush and pencil.

The days are long and balmy; and when daylight dies
"The sunbeams melt along the silent sea."

Nothing more impressively beautiful can be conceived than a Labrador sunset when every mountain-top is bathed in a splendor of shifting light.

The granite-browed summits seem to melt in a rosy mist.

"The rock is softer than the cloud; no leaf is twirled; and the silence of eternity seems falling on the world."

Even the atmosphere of the Northland has its own secret of beauty and charms the eye with aspects which one may be pardoned for believing incomparable. The blue of distant hills and mountains is subtle and luminous to a degree that surpasses admiration.

We had anchored in a little harbor which was bordered immediately by a gentle ridge some three hundred feet high; beyond this ridge, to the west, rose mountainous hills, while to the south, where was the head of the harbor, it was overlooked by a broad, noble mountain. It had been one of those white-skied days when the heavens are covered by a uniform, filmy fleece, and the light comes as if it had been filtered through milk.

But just before sunset this fleece was rent, and a river of sunshine streamed across the ridge at the head of the harbor, leaving the mountain beyond, and the harbor itself, with its wooded sides, in the shadow; and where that shine fell, the foliage changed from green to a luminous red-brown. Beyond it, the mountain was still garbed in gray; nearer, the woods stood out in clear green, and separated from these by the sharpest outline, rose this ridge of enchanted forest. Never were colors in the artist's paint pot more definite and determined.

This was but the beginning. I had turned away, and was debating with myself whether some such color, seen on the Scotch and English hills, had not given the hint for those uniform browns which Turner in his youth copied from his earliest masters. When I looked back the sunshine had flooded the mountain, and was bathing it in the purest rose red. Bathing it? No, the mountain was solidly converted, transformed to that hue! The power, the simplicity, the translucent, shining depth of color were all that you can imagine, if you make no abatements and task your imagination to the utmost.

This roseate hue no rose in the garden of Orient or Occident ever surpassed. Small spaces were seen where the color became a pure ruby, which could not have been more lustrous and intense had it proceeded from a polished ruby gem ten rods in dimension. Color could go no farther. Yet if the eye lost these for a moment, it was compelled somewhat to search for them,—so powerful, so brilliant was the rose setting in which they were embosomed.

One must remember how near at hand all this was—not more than a mile or two away. Rock, cavern, cliff, all the details of rounded swell, rising peak, and long-descending slope could be seen with entire distinctness. The mountains rose close upon us, broad, massive, real—but all in this glorious, this truly ineffable transformation. It was not distance that lent enchantment here; it was not *lent;* it was as real as rock, as Nature; for enchantment so immediate and on such a scale of grandeur and gorgeousness—who could stand up before it? . . .

This evening the spectacle of the preceding one was repeated, though more distinctly and on a larger scale. Far away the mountain height towered, a marvel of aerial blue, while broad spurs reaching out on either side were clothed, the one in shiny rose-red, the other in ethereal roseate tints superimposed upon the azure; and farther away, in the northeast, a mountain range lay in solid carmine along the horizon, as if the earth blushed at the touch of heaven. All the wildness and waste, all the sternest desolation of the whole earth, brought together to enhance each other, and then relieved by splendor without equal, perhaps in the whole world—that is Labrador." (Packard: *"The Labrador Coast."*)

But Nature does not exhaust her fascinations with the going down of the sun; for when the shadows fall there comes the bewildering charm of the Aurora Borealis.

I recall one glorious summer night at *Sloop Cove,* near *Cape Webec.* I stood looking out upon the Atlantic, whose surface shone like the face of a mammoth mirror; it was nearing the hour when

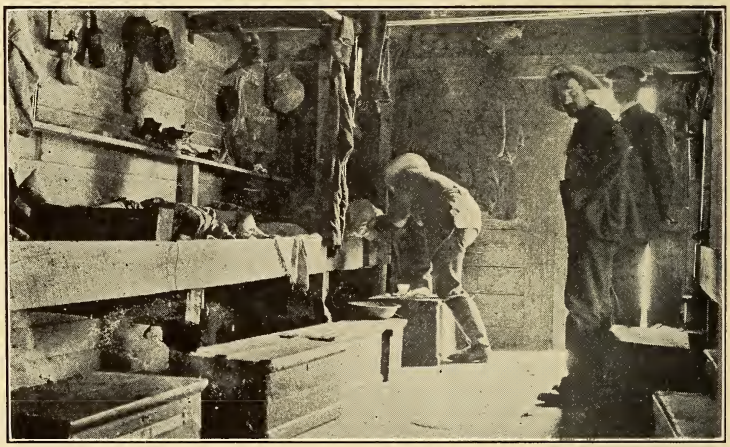
"Amber midnight smiles in dreams of dawn."

Suddenly there came a sound which seemed the rolling of distant thunder. Looking skywards, I saw the heavens aglow; and then, in the twinkling of an eye, there was a flash of irridescent gleams, now

green, now blue, now tinged with lambent flame; it was the Aurora Borealis, whose motions in these latitudes seem like "fierce, fiery warriors which fight upon the clouds, in ranks and squadrons, and right forms of war."

An immense curtain of light had spread across the sky, waving its folds like the canopy of a tent, and then radiations of purple, pink, and green and orange sported about the heavens like waves upon a mysterious shore. Huge pencils of light of various colors ranged themselves round a blank space near the zenith, formed a corona, and then suddenly vanished.

We have learned what nature teaches on this rugged coast; now, what of art? There is none, save "some frail memorial, with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked;" so we must imitate Shakespeare's hero; "let's talk of graves," and read the epitaphs "spelt by the unlettered muse."



DR. GRENFELL, ATTENDING FISHERMAN.

Nearly every section of the coast has some quaint inscriptions upon the frail memorials of departed friends. They are emblematic of the faith and hopes of a primitive, God-fearing people. Rude, 'tis true, but withal sublime in the lessons which they teach the passer-by. Death is always sad, but if we may judge of the feelings of Labradorians by the uncouth inscriptions upon their tombs, the loss of friends in those wave-washed wilds is most keenly felt.

There is something very pathetic in the stern necessity which compels the people on some parts of the desolate coasts to bury their dead in clefts and holes of rocks. They dare not lay them on the bare gneiss, and cover them with stones; they hide them in caves and holes of the earth and sometimes inscribe their grief on the hard rock, or on pieces of wood beyond the reach of beasts of prey. The Roman Catholic priests, on their annual visits (to the western sections of the Straits of Belle Isle), often visit these primitive resting places of the dead, and sanctify the spot, reciting a *Libera* over the natural tombs of those who have died during the year. Some of the epitaphs are very sad. The following touching lines, rudely carved on a block of wood over the grave of a young girl, reveal a blessed hope in a future meeting, and a love not often excelled on earth, if these words of the epitaph express the true feelings of the heart:—

"We loved her!
Yes! no language can tell how we loved her.
God in His love
Called her to the home of His peace and repose."

And this on the rocky and desert coast of the most sterile part of Labrador. The grave, a cleft in the rock, the rude tablet which recorded the love and faith of those she had left behind inscribed with words beautifully expressed and as full of hope, as if they had been written on the tomb of a fair English girl who had drooped beneath the shade of "the tall ancestral trees of an English home." (Hind.) The following epitaph is found in the little graveyard at Battle Harbor:—

Memory of John
Hill who Died
December 30 1889
Weep not dear Parents
For your loss tis
My Etarnal gain May
Christ you all take up
The Cross that we
Should meat again."

The diction is certainly not elegant; but the motive is thoroughly Christian. A writer of "Labrador tales" speaks of these rude in-

scriptions as "being evidence of the ignorance and rudeness of the natives;" but, in this connection, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

The following is said to have been found at Indian Tickle some years ago:—

"Yere lies the body of Maryann
Who wus killd by a fall from a catamaran."

A "catamaran" is a sled used in Newfoundland and Labrador.

In a French settlement, the following was seen not many years ago:—

"Ci git Jeanne Lavallé, mère de toutes les vertus, R. I. P."

This recalls a supposed classic, written by Voltaire as a fitting epitaph for the Mother of a modern Heliogabalus:—

"Ci git l'oisivetéte-mère de tous les vices."

Fishermen are not by any means an untutored race, as certain scribes would have us believe. On the gravestone of a well-known planter-blacksmith, in one of the Northern outports in Newfoundland, the following inscription may be seen. It is not original, however, as some members of the family of the deceased contend; the original is found in a churchyard at Eardsley, Herefordshire, England.

"My sledge and Hammer lie declin'd,
My bellows have quite lost their Wind;
My fire's extinct my Forge decay'd;
My vice's in the dust all lay'd;
My coal is spent, my Iron gone;
My nails are drove, my Work is done;
My fire-dry'd corpse lies here at Rest,
My soul, smoak like, is soaring to be blest."

The most elaborate inscription found on the coast of Labrador is that on the Cartwright memorial at Cartwright, in Sandwich Bay:—

In memory of
George Cartwright
Captain in His Majesty's 37th Regiment of Foot
Second son of William Cartwright, Esq., of
Marnham Hall in Nottinghamshire,
Who in March, 1770 made a settlement on the

Coast of Labrador,
Where he remained for sixteen years.
He died at Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire
19th February, 1819,
also of
John Cartwright
Lieutenant of the "Guernsey," five years Surrogate
of Newfoundland,
And afterwards Major of the Nottingham militia
He died on the 23rd of September, 1824.

To these distinguished brothers, who in zealously protecting and befriending, paved the way for the introduction of Christianity to the natives of these benighted regions, this monument is affectionately inscribed by their niece,

Frances Dorothy Cartwright."

Finally the rudest inscription I have seen is the following found at Battle Harbor:—

SARAH
COMBE
DID THE FORTH
HAGE 31 HOF
YARS HOGES
1881

Translated into modern English this means:—"Sarah Combes, died 4th of August, 1881, aged 31 years."

CO-OPERATIVE STORE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DOCTOR.

"You behold in me a travelling physician;
One of the few who have a mission
To cure uncurable diseases,
Or those that are called so."

—*"The Golden Legend,"* LONGFELLOW.

THE GOVERNMENT MEDICAL OFFICER.

The coast of Labrador offers a large *clientèle* to the disciple of Esculapius; and there is perhaps no other field on earth which demands such skill and patience. The Doctor who journeys along the coast on the mail steamer, is an official of the Newfoundland Government. He holds clinics in his cabin and visits those who are too ill to come on board the steamer. The Doctor is usually a very busy man, and his is a decidedly trying work. It is not unusual for the doctor to attend one hundred patients between dawn and midnight. At every harbor boats flock to the steamer with patients for treatment. Many of these are hardy and rugged, but have some fancied ailment. Others, with bandaged hands or arms "in a sling" are suffering from sores, deep ugly ulcers ("water-pups") that need skilled attention. After treatment they go back radiantly happy. . . . Others are hardly able to clamber up the ship's steps and their faces betray suffering and wretchedness. Some of these the doctor sends back relieved, others cannot be left behind, and are taken care of by the doctor and his nurse, until they reach one of the hospitals of the M. D. S. F. (Mission for Deep Sea Fishermen) or are sent home to their friends or the hospital at St. John's. . . . The doctor gives the best services he can under the circumstances, but he is handicapped for want of proper accommodation.

There is another portrait of the Labrador Doctor, written by a gentleman who writes "wondrous tales." He says:—"The Doctor

on the mail-boat is a rude, heartless man, who will not inconvenience himself by getting out of his berth at night to attend to the sick and suffering; and when he fell over the stairs one evening and broke his neck, no one felt sorry."

There are other very strong expressions; but let this suffice. To the writer of such as this I would recommend these lines from Gray's "Elegy":—

"No longer seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread repose,
There they alike in trembling hopes repose—
The bosom of his Father and his God."

These verses would be a fitting epitaph for the old physician, whom wiseacres have traduced. I knew him perhaps as few men did; he was neither rude nor unlettered; and many a time and oft, I was witness of such charities exercised by him as have not yet been recorded of any literary "bird of passage" to the coast of Labrador.

DR. GRENFELL.

There is another Doctor on the Labrador coast—"Grenfell of Labrador," a graduate of Oxford, and of the London Hospital, and a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, who, after working in the London slums, joined the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, and established the Medical Mission to the fishermen of the North Sea fleet. Largely through his work, the moral and physical condition of these fishermen was greatly changed for the better.

Another portrait of the enthusiastic Doctor: "A robust, hearty Saxon, strong, indefatigable, devoted, jolly; a doctor, a parson by times, something of a sportsman when occasion permitted; a master mariner, a magistrate, the director of certain commercial enterprises designed to "help people to help themselves"—the prophet and champion indeed, of a people; and a man very much in love with life."

Still another portrait:

"The writer has known Wilfrid Thomason Grenfell ever since he began his work on the Labrador waters, in 1892, and honestly believes that no man, single-handed, has achieved in any part of the world such a variety of philanthropic successes as stand to the credit

of "Grenfell of Labrador." Preacher, teacher, physician, surgeon, magistrate, policeman, navigator, pilot, charity commissioner, orphans' guardian, grand almoner for the whole seaboard, wreck investigator, cartographer, rescuer of imperilled fishermen, and salvager of stranded crafts,—he is a perambulating providence to every man whose livelihood is secured on the lonely desolate seaboard."

Dr. Grenfell is widely known; and, as in all cases in which an individual sets himself against "the observances of ages," and undertakes to break down the barriers of conservatism, he has been unduly criticised.

His occasional references in the foreign press to the bibulous habits of the city of St. John's have angered some of the citizens in these parts, and brought forth very acrid denunciations from certain sections of the Newfoundland newspaperdom; but there is seemingly no abatement in the Doctor's ardor for an improved St. John's. He is a strenuous advocate of the cause of Temperance.

Doctor Grenfell has been sixteen years on the coast of Labrador; and an idea of the work in which he is engaged may be gleaned from the fact that the actual cost of the work is now $40,000 a year. Evidently there are many who are not in sympathy with the business propaganda of Dr. Grenfell's mission, but, viewed from an economic standpoint, this feature of Dr. Grenfell's work is an approved system of business. Co-operative stores are now recognized as being one of the greatest factors in the improvement of the condition of the toiler. The idea of "co-operation" is not new, as "its principles had been expounded to the masses (in England) by Robert Owen as long ago as the beginning of the eighteenth century, but it was not till 1844 that the real foundation of the movement was laid in England, when owing to the operation of the corn laws and dearth of employment, the price of bread was exceptionally high. During "the bad times" it occurred to some weavers at Rochdale that now was the time to put into practice Owen's plan of abolishing "profit upon cost." Then was laid the foundation of that imposing structure which Lord Roseberry has so aptly named "a state within a state." The history of the co-operative store is the story of the emancipation of the worker from the thraldom of business greed. Those who wish to learn something of the success which has attended co-

operative establishments in England, will find a very interesting article on this subject in *System* for October of the current year. The business end of Dr. Grenfell's work is not a mission enterprise; it is a purely personal undertaking, as we learn that "every enterprise with which his name is identified, apart from the actual hospital work, has been started with his private funds. The losses, where such have been met, as in the case of one co-operative store which failed, and in which he sank $1,200, the Doctor has made good out of his own pocket; but the profits, where such occur, he turns over to the M. D. S. F., without the slightest deduction for

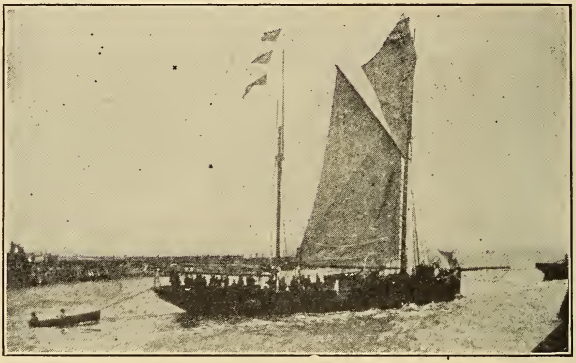
REINDEER HERD.

himself. He receives a salary of only $1,500 a year. . . . All of his salary, apart from his actual living expenses, he puts into these ventures, also receipts from his books and writings, and the proceeds of his lecturing tours.

All the enterprises, co-operative stores, saw-mills, fox-farms, reindeer, etc., are deeded over to the mission, and become its property as they prove profitable." (P. T. McGrath, in *Review of Reviews*.) The "Royal Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen," of which Dr. Grenfell is Superintendent, was established many years ago with a view to protect North Sea fishermen from the evil influences of contraband traders. These fishermen are practically always "afloat;" and are (or were) being demoralized by "Coppers" or smugglers

who ply a lucrative trade with the Trawlers of Grimsby and Yarmouth. To offset this demoralizing influence of "the Continental highwaymen of the Sea," the M. D. S. F. began its mission amongst the North Sea fleet in the 80's; and Dr. Grenfell inaugurated the medical-missionary feature of the crusade against the demoralizing influences of the "coppers."

In 1891 Mr. F. S. Hopwood, a member of the English Board of Trade and a Director of the M. D. S. F., whilst visiting Newfoundland, *en route* to Canada, "became convinced that the exigencies and privations of the Labrador fisher-folk constituted a clear call on the



THE ALBERT.

society to extend their medical and mission work to the poor toilers of the sea on dreary Labrador." (Prowse: "History of Newfoundland.")

THE ALBERT.

Accordingly, the Mission ship *Albert* was despatched to the coast of Labrador in the following Spring, having on board Dr. Grenfell, the Superintendent. In the autumn of that year, on the return of the Superintendent to St. John's "a careful report was drawn up and read to a meeting of merchants and planters called by His Excellency Sir Terence O'Brien, at Government House; it was explained that the Mission was neither sectarian nor political, but simply a philanthropic work, aiming at relieving the condition of the poor fishermen and their families, and preaching the gospel." As

an outcome of that meeting it was decided to establish two hospitals on the coast. W. Baine Grieve, Esq., representative of the firm of Baine, Johnston & Co., presented a house already built at Battle

THE STRATHCONA OF THE M. D. S. F.

Harbor, to serve as a first hospital; and in the following year a second was built at Indian Harbor, near Hamilton Inlet. A third hospital was erected, on Canadian Labrador, at Harrington, in 1905.

BENEFACTIONS. The Mission has received generous aid from such philanthropists as Lord Strathcona, Carnegie and other friends in England, America and Canada, whose benefactions amount to $37,000 annually. In addition, it receives $3,000 a year from Newfoundland, one-half of which comes from the Colonial Government as a subsidy towards the hospitals. These hospitals are admirable institutions, each having a competent medical and nursing staff, and a splendid equipment of surgical appliances.

From personal relations with these establishments in past years, I have no hesitancy in saying they are a boon and a blessing to Labrador fishermen.

A PERAMBULATING PROVIDENCE.

EXPLORATION. In addition to Dr. Grenfell's multitudinous missionary labors on the coast of Labrador, he has explored and charted a great part of the peninsula; and fishermen should feel grateful to him for his hydrographic services. He has likewise interested himself in pro-

moting a "tourist-traffic" to the far north; and it is hoped his efforts in this direction will prove successful.

From his "Log" we glean the following items relative to last season's operations:—"We have this year fitted out a 50-ton Gloucester Banker as a Yacht, with motor boats, etc., and a party of tourists are cruising directly from Boston to Cape Chidley in her. We heard of them last from Saeglik Bay, north of Hebron."

Some very valuable exploration work was done in conjunction with His Excellency, the Governor of Newfoundland. "His Excellency joined us at Nain; he has been helping to survey the Northern coast, as far as a hurried and rapid cruise would allow. . . . We started work at Port Manvers. . . . Excellent observations were possible at Inner-Cut-Throat; and we managed to

A MAGISTRATE SETTLING LITTLE MATTERS.

catch his Solar Majesty on the meridian. . . . At Cape Mugford we lay for Sunday, the Esquimaux as well as the fishermen joining us at prayers. . . . We have now chartered the wonderful "Ikkerask" leading into Ungava Bay, and sounded it from end to end.. There is reason to hope that a very useful chart may be in use for the fishermen next season. . . . We had to hold court two or three times to settle small matters.

Besides his Labrador Mission the Doctor has a "settlement" on

the North-east coast of Newfoundland, where he conducts a Hospital, an Orphanage, saw-mills, fox-farms and other enterprises.

REINDEER.

In 1907 Dr. Grenfell raised $15,000—$5,000 from the Canadian Government and $10,000 from supporters in America, Canada, and England, chiefly the first, and imported a herd of 300 Lapland Reindeer.

These are intended to supplant the dog, which hitherto has been the only "beast of burden" in these parts.

This is an admirable undertaking; and will no doubt be as successful in Newfoundland as it has been in Alaska.

Reindeer were introduced into Alaska through the enterprise of Dr. Sheldon Jackson in 1891, Congress having refused Dr. Jackson's undertaking, he raised $2,146 by private subscription, and purchased 187 reindeer in Siberia, and secured regular herdsmen, to

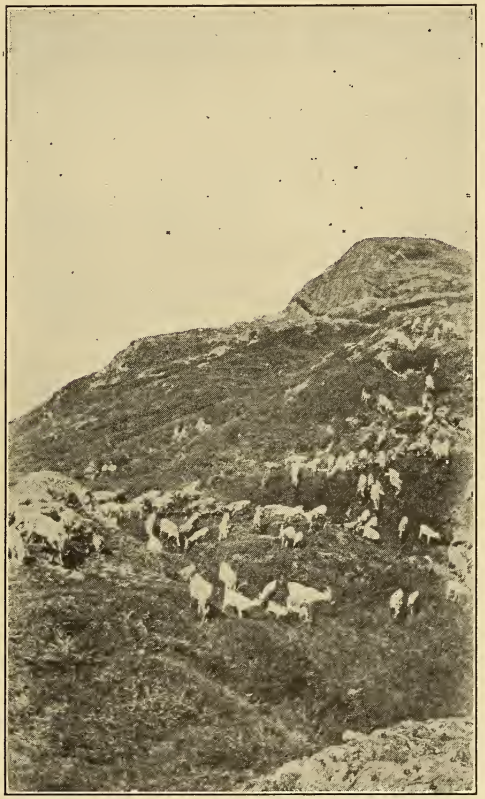
REINDEER.

whom was entrusted the transportation and subsequent management of the herd. Later several Lapp families were imported to take charge of the enterprise; and Alaskan Esquimaux were secured as apprentices. "There is scarcely another incident in international economics that has wrought such a change for the better in the lives of the people as the introduction of reindeer into the frozen northern section of America."

The modes of life, as affected by climatic, geographic and economic limitations, in Labrador and Alaska, agree in nearly every detail. The rigorous climate; the precariousness of the food supply, the total absence of agricultural land and of horses, cattle, sheep and poultry; the want and sickness and misery that are the concomi-

tants of such harsh factors, exist in all their hideousness on barren Labrador.

In Alaska similar conditions existed, but they have been wonderfully modified and changed for the better, by the wisdom and foresight of Dr. Jackson, to whom must be ascribed all the credit for working such a miracle. Let us hope that in the very near future, the miracle will be repeated in Labrador.



DR. GRENFELL'S HERD. *Photo, Dr. Grenfell.*

Dr. Jackson has proved that the reindeer is to the far North, what the camel is to the burning desert regions—"the animal which God has provided and adapted for the peculiar, special conditions which exist."

As draught animals they are far superior to dogs. On a long journey through barren, snow-covered country, a deer can haul 200 pounds, while a dog team can scarely carry sufficient food to feed themselves. In summer a reindeer can pack 150 pounds, and give no trouble whatever for its provender supply. When the earth is deep in snow-drifts, it digs for its food, and in summer it feeds on the mosses, lichens and short rich grasses which abound in sub-Arctic regions.

By actual test it has been proved, that a journey over a well known Northern mail route, with heavy loads of passengers and freight, could be accomplished by reindeer in eight days, where it took dog teams from fifteen to twenty days to cover the same distance. In deep trackless snow they are infinitely superior to dogs; a team hitched double can draw over 700 pounds weight and travel at a good gait, both day and night, with ease.

They increase and multiply with amazing rapidity; a herd doubles itself in about three years.

Mr. Grosvenor cites the case of the United States Government granting a loan to some missioners of 100 deer, who after a few years returned the borrowed animals and now possess in their own right, the offspring of those same deer, a herd numbering over one thousand head. They can be purchased cheaply in Lapland,—full grown deer costing from $4.00 to $7.00 each. A fawn costs its owner less than $1.00 per year, and after that is worth in Alaska from $60.00 to $100.00 per year, and sometimes fetches as high as $150.00. They supply meat,—their hams and tongues are considered a rare delicacy,—milk, cheese, butter, clothing and shelter to their owners.

It is estimated that within twenty-five years, there will be at least one million domesticated reindeer in Alaska, and that within thirty-five the number may reach the enormous total of ten millions. Long before that period elapses, economists figure that Alaska will be supplying annually to the United States markets from five hundred thousand to one million carcasses of venison, besides thousands of tons of delicious hams and tongues.

If these figures were dreams of theorists, the reader would be pardoned, if he had his doubts; but the project has long gone out of

the experimental stage and has arrived to where the results may be surely computed, by simple arithmetical calculation.

The people of the United States have proved that they can do large things well. The gigantic scale on which they are preserving their large forest areas; securing immense tracts in all parts of the Union for National Parks; their complete system of game preservation; their vast meteorological and geographical systems, and the success attending all these huge undertakings are sufficient guarantees that the Alaska reindeer project will be one of the best investments of the century.

What applies to the successful experiment in Alaska, applies equally to Labrador.

In Alaska there are about 40,000 square miles of country which appear to have been laid out expressly for the sustenance of deer.

In Newfoundland and Labrador we have a greater area supplied with waterways, and millions of tons of lichens, mosses and sweet juicy grasses, suited to the requirements of a vast herd of deer, and further we have the deer right at hand.

Our own caribou and the Lapland reindeer, if they are not identical, are very nearly so. They are superior to the Lapland variety inasmuch as they are on their native heath, and consequently are better adapted to the clime and food supply available; they are somewhat larger and heavier than the others; ought to be very much cheaper and easier to secure, and when in captivity are as kind and docile and as capable of being trained, as their congeners.

They roam the waste places in the interior in vast herds, and after three centuries of settlement we have made no more progress in utilizing this untold wealth than did our predecessors, the aboriginal Beothics.

Mr. Moulton, M. H. A., from his own experience and from information gleaned from Micmac and other hunters and trappers, estimates the number of caribou in the Island at two hundred and fifty thousand. Mr. Jas. P. Howley, F. R. G. S., is more conservative and is quoted by Mr. Millais, F. Z. S., as placing them at about one hundred thousand; while Mr. Millais, who spent several seasons in the interior and who claims to have penetrated where no white man ever before trod, thinks that two hundred thousand is a very fair estimate.

Millais in his book on Newfoundland quotes the game warden at Long Harbour who in 1906 saw a grand trek, caused by a fall of glitter in that country:—"As far as the eye could reach there were millions and millions of caribou, and he stood in astonishment the whole day as the pageant rolled by," and further:—"Several Indians saw the trails made by the mass of deer and described them to me as at least ten miles wide, with few intervals between."

Surely here is a problem worthy the serious attention of our local political economists.

If from the small beginning of the reindeer in Alaska, it will be possible in a few years, to supply millions of carcasses of meat annually to the markets of America,—leaving out of the question the benefits derivable by the Alaskans in the meanwhile,—what are the value and possibilities of the hundreds of thousands of caribou, roaming to-day unused, unthought of, and neglected, at our very doors. Put them to their lowest use, as an inducement for sportsmen to visit us, and at the present time they are worth millions of dollars. Utilize them intelligently as a substitute for horses, cattle and sheep, and in years to come as a toothsome delicious fresh meat. for the clamouring multitudes who are willing to pay high for it as a commercial commodity,—and say what is their approximate value?

The man who solves this problem will demonstrate how our 40,000 square miles of marsh and barren land can be changed into smiling homesteads for a large and prosperous population. If we ever hope to get people to settle in the interior of the Island, it is not upon our timber, mineral or agricultural resources we must depend, but upon our caribou ranches, which are capable of being developed as fully as the cattle ranches of United States and Canada, or as the reindeer ranches in Lapland, Siberia and Alaska.

With the five or six months of inclement weather preventing cattle from grazing in the open, and with hay ranging from $20 to $30 per ton; and further the enormous expense of housing and handfeeding a large stock in this country during the winter months, cattle and sheep raising to any considerable extent, will prove to be a proposition neither attractive nor profitable enough now, or in the near future, to compel the serious attention of either capital or labor.

That the caribou can raise and support themselves without the aid of human agency, is proved by the fact, that they are increasing in

numbers (allowing for deaths caused by hunters, trappers, wolves and accidents), by, at the very lowest figure, ten thousand each year. Snow, sleet and glitter, and the hardships resulting from exposure in the woods or on the barrens, through the long, dark, stormy nights of Newfoundland winter, do not appear to decrease their numbers to any appreciable extent. They live and thrive, despite hardships that would kill the hardiest cattle and ruin the wealthiest stock raiser. They have been caught and tamed in isolated cases, and have proved to be easily handled and cared for. Ten thousand fawns are born every spring. If systematic efforts were made a very large percentage of these could be easily captured and domesticated.

Mr. R. B. Stroud, one of our oldest, most experienced and most reliable guides, stated lately in a letter to a local paper, that he has successfully caught and domesticated caribou. He believes that it is easy of accomplishment, and offers, with the aid of another man, to round up the whole herd now roaming the interior of the Island.

Centuries ago the Bœthics proved this to be practicable. Their fences by which they controlled large deer drives are still visible in some parts.

The wild zebra of Central Africa which for centuries defied isolated attempts to domesticate them, have within the last few years been trained to rival the best horses in usefulness and docility.

Captain Nys, of the Belgian Grenadiers, who was commissioned to secure some for draught purposes for the Congo, to replace the numbers of horses and mules killed by the deadly tzeste fly, built a large stockade, and drove thousands of zebras into it. After a fortnight they were so tame, that they allowed themselves to be harnessed. They are now doing duty as beasts of burden throughout the vast territory of the Congo.

If a similar effort were made to capture a large number of caribou and domesticate them, in one year it would repay thousand-fold the money and labor involved in the scheme.

The United States Government for some years past have devoted $25,000 annually for the preservation and increase of the deer herds in their northern territory. They have proved the investment a good one.

It is a proposition worth considering whether it would not pay us to import a few Lapp families to settle in the interior and cap-

ture and train some of our native caribou. Our guides, hunters and trappers would take very little time to learn the secret, once their attention was turned thereto, and then the fisherman and farmer could easily and cheaply acquire his own herd that would mean meat and money for him even if his crops and the season's fishery proved a blank failure.

The rate of living is so high in this country at present, and the taxes and cost of administering the Government have so increased, that we will need in the near future to quadruple our present population, and augment our earning power at the same time, in order that the ordinary workman will be able to exist on his average earnings. The time has arrived when the economic utilization of these great natural riches must be considered seriously. Their conversion into a prolific and never-failing source of wealth and revenue seems insistent and imperative.

If we lack initiative, it is to be hoped that we have the imitative faculty sufficiently developed to emulate the Lapps and Alaskans when Dr. Grenfell points the way. (W. J. Carroll: *Newfoundland Quarterly.*)

Dr. Grenfell's venture in reindeer in Northern Newfoundland has been eminently successful. He says:—The reindeer have done magnificently. Of the original herd introduced, fifty were sold to the Newfoundland Development Company to defray the expense of bringing them over, leaving two hundred and fifty. These, after only nine months, have become 403, splendid animals, deducting all losses. The fawns are already as large as their mothers, and the condition of the animals is simply not to be compared with the miserable state of the herd when they landed. The Lapps, who brought them over, are still in charge; and recently other Lapp families have been introduced. There is now a movement on foot to bring over a number of Lapps and settle them on the coast of Labrador.

"The milk these animals give has proved to be very rich, and the cheese will be very useful for winter. The problem as to their future is practically solved. . . . Next year the experiment will be made of trapping the wild caribou and uniting them with the imported herd."

The question of introducing reindeer into Newfoundland was mooted many years ago in the House of Assembly by the late John

Boone; but local parliamentarians did not seriously entertain the question. Mr. Boone debated the question very ardently; but, presumably, the members of the Assembly regarded the measure as one of this gentleman's "Utopian schemes." This was the expression used at the time by one of the venerable representatives of a certain constituency. Had the measure been then adopted, northern Newfoundland would have long since become a sheep-raising country (the canine tribe has rendered the keeping of sheep an impossibility).

CHAPTER XIX.

WRECKS AND WRECKERS.

"The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles from her deck;
She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side,
Like the horns of an angry bull."
—*"The Wreck of the Hesperus,"* LONGFELLOW.

ST. PAUL'S INLET.

Aeolus slumbers nigh to the rock fastnesses of the fishers' land; and when awakened, proclaims his awful majesty by wreaking destruction within his realms; and Boreas ofttimes deals mercilessly with the fishers. The death-roll of the Labrador fishers is a lengthy one; and it has no parallel, excepting perhaps the "casualty list" of the North Sea. From earliest days, when Basques and Breton

sailors visited the coast, Labrador has had an unsavory reputation: the nomenclature of the capes and harbors is unmistakable evidence that the old mariners dreaded its rugged shores. *Belle Isle* was known as *"Isola di Demoni"* (the "Isle of Demons"). In the near vicinity we find *Cap Maudit* and *Isle Sacrée*—suggestive of dangerous reefs and a "cussing crowd." Some miles to the west we have *Point aux Morts* (now Armour Point), *L'Anse au Diable* (vulgo, "Nansey Jawble"). It is a pretty rough place; but why it should be dedicated to his Satanic Majesty, "is another question."

Labrador is visited periodically by terrific gales; and almost every fishing hamlet along its lengthy coast-line has paid its toll to the death-dealing fury of the storm. The coast, in the southern section, is honey-combed with reefs and shoals, many of which are uncharted, and their presence is never suspected until the storm

BATTLE HARBOR. *Photo, Holloway.*

lashes them into fury. Storms are the fishermen's terror; and the oncoming of a North-easter is ever a source of uneasiness, as it spells wreckage and disaster. The "ground-swell" of the coast is a phenomenon rarely witnessed elsewhere; and Admiral Bayfield, who surveyed a great part of the coast says:—"I have never seen heavier sea than that which rolls in from the eastward, in Lewis Sound, near the entrance to the Straits of Belle Isle; I never saw anything more grand and wildly beautiful than the tremendous swell which rolls in from the sea, often without wind, rolling slowly, but irresistibly, as if moved by some unseen power, rearing itself up like a wall of water, as it approaches the craggy sides of the islands, moving faster and faster as it nears the shore, until at last it bursts with fury over the islets thirty feet high, or sends up sheets of foam and spray, sparkling in the sunbeams, fifty feet up the sides of the preci-

pices. I can compare the roar of the surf in a calm night to nothing less than the Falls of Niagara."

Many dreadful, doleful tragedies are recorded in fishing annals, even in recent times. The storms of later years, however, do not seem to have wrought such havoc as those of former years, but the list of casualties is still a lengthy one. In the "gale" of '67 one hundred lives were lost between Cape Harrison and Domino; and some years ago the remains of a schooner might be seen far "up in the woods," at Curlew Harbor, near Cape North. The schooner was driven from her moorings by the North-east gale, and twenty-nine lives were lost. At Grady, which lies at some distance from the Cape, fearful havoc was wrought by this same storm; and thirty persons found a watery grave, at Black Island, in the vicinity. From an eye-witness of this awful visitation, I have learned these harrowing details.

"The storm came up suddenly from the North-east during the early hours of the morning; and by daylight it had reached its height. A terrific tidal-wave came in just at sunrise and swept away stores, wharves, and stages; the sea broke right across the island to Blubber Cove. Twine, lumber, provisions, faggots of fish, and herring barrels were strewn in all directions; some empty herring-barrels were blown clean across the island, and pieces of staves were driven into the clefts of the rocks, as if forced in by a sledge-hammer. Several houses were washed away; and those that withstood the gale became death-traps to the domestic animals which were unable to escape. Several children barely escaped drowning; they had to be fished out of the "smoke-holes" (wooden chimneys). The scene which followed the passing of the gale is almost indescribable. Men were bemoaning the loss of everything they possessed; and frenzied women, scantily clad, were huddled in groups in the only remaining shelters on the island.

Half-naked children were clinging piteously to their mothers; and it required almost superhuman efforts to pacify them. But, after the sea had gone down, the saddest story was told: at Black Island, across the "reach," seven vessels had been driven ashore, and the crews drowned in the attempt to land. A wail went up from a dozen women whose friends were amongst the lost: its echoes are still ringing in my ears. I shall never forget the sad scenes of these

few eventful hours. Next day, and the day following, numbers flocked to Grady from the outlying sections, seeking food and shelter; and here they remained for days awaiting an opportunity to get home. We had no Marconi conveniences in these days; and we depended on passing schooners for means of transportation. These were awful days; and, as we saw several schooners go by without seeing our signals, we were alarmed, as our stock of provisions was small. Fortunately, we managed to "keep going" till relief came. I hope I shall never have another such experience."

WRECKS. (*Photo, Dr. Grenfell.*)

At *White Bear Islands,* during this gale, scenes similar to those witnessed at Grady occurred; and thirty-nine fishermen were drowned, one entire family being wiped out of existence. Several happenings are recorded of other sections; and there is scarcely a hamlet on Labrador which has not had its day of visitation.

The year 1885 was a disastrous one along the coast; the financial loss was enormous; and the year now ending (1908) will also be remembered as a season of destruction: forty schooners were

wrecked at *King's Bay* during a gale in August; but fortunately no losses of life occurred.

The avocation of the Labrador fisherman is truly a dangerous one; in springtime there are dangers from the great "White Peril" —ice and icebergs; in the fall, there is danger from the storm. As I write these lines I see a leaded headline in a daily paper:—"Great loss of life; fifteen fishermen lost in last night's storm, on the Newfoundland coast."

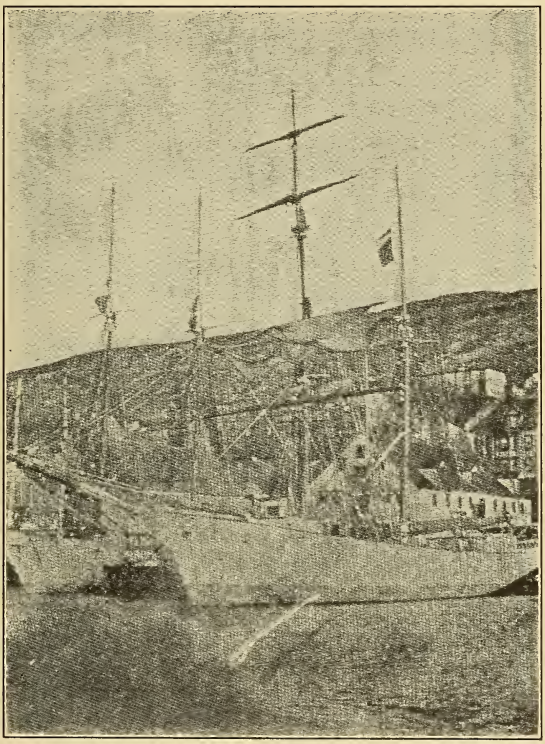
The story of marine tragedies on the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts would fill a volume. The story of the "Trinity Bay Disaster;" the "Greenland" tragedy; the loss of the "Wolf;" "The Passing of the Lion"—these will one day be *discovered* by some *literary artist* (?) of the great Republic, and be woven into a "yarn" for the delectation of readers of the gruesome. In 1847 the little town of Carbonear suffered a dreadful loss in the disappearance of a fishing schooner, and the drowning of 50 persons. The event is still remembered as "The John Penny Disaster."

A marine tragedy of Labrador is recorded of 1871, which is perhaps one of the saddest in the long list of fishing disasters. It occurred near Cape Charles; and the only survivor, Solomon French, is still living at Bay Roberts, Conception Bay. The "Huntsman"—a sealing vessel, owned by Captain Dawe of Porte de Grave—left the home port with the rest of the fleet, in March; and soon after was "jammed" in the ice somewhere near the "Funk Islands." Fast in the floe, she was driven north towards the end of April; and during a terrific south-east gale she drifted over the shoals off Cape Charles, and was wrecked on "The Fish Rock," a barren islet half a mile from the cape.

The crew held to the wreck for several hours, until a huge comber washed them into the boiling surf. Some of them clambered upon the rock; but, one by one, they succumbed to the constant buffetting of the angry sea. At the end of the third day only one man survived; he was seen from the shore by some fishermen, who gallantly went to his rescue. He was at the last extremity; but the careful nursing of the kindly rescuers revived him. He has often recounted the agonies of these dreadful hours upon the rock; and it is said that when he now hears the moaning of the sea, it reawakens

the awful sensations of these hours of a living death, which he spent on the rock off Cape Charles, nearly forty years ago.

Another marine tragedy occurred in the year 1877; and I shall ever remember an incident in connection with it. In my boyhood days it was an act of consummate bravery in the eyes of the juvenile community of my native town to "board" the fishing schooners as



FOREIGNERS.

they returned from the coast. I happened to be the proud owner of a yacht at the time, and with my old school chum, D. W. ———, boarded the schooner "Vulcan," which was commanded by Capt. F. ———, whose wife accompanied him that year on his fishing trip. After we had been welcomed by the Captain, Mrs. ——— asked us:—"How long has the 'Rose' been in?" We said, "The 'Rose'

hadn't arrived yet." There was no comment, but a scream, such as I have never since heard, followed by an exclamation—"My God, the 'Rose' is lost!" The "Rose" had left the coast several days before the "Vulcan," with seventy souls on board; and must have capsized in a storm the second day after leaving Cape Charles. Her disappearance is another mystery of the sea.

A singular occurrence was the loss of the crew and passengers of the English schooner "Rosevear," which left Harbor Grace, salt-laden, for Labrador in the summer of, I think, 1880. About ten days after sailing, the schooner was seen off Twillingate, under full sail, apparently unmanageable. She was boarded by some fishermen, who were dreadfully alarmed, as no sign of life was visible. They had read of "phantom ships;" but this could not be a phantom. The remains of the last meal were still lying on the cabin table; and everything seemed to indicate that an accident had occurred whilst the captain and passengers were having a meal. What had occurred? It was another mystery of the sea. It was surmised that the ship had come in contact with an iceberg, and fearing that she would founder, the captain and crew abandoned her; the long-boat was missing, and, on examination, it was found that the head-gear (jib-boom and martingale) had been injured by contact with something; it could not, so fishermen declared, have been a rock, as there was nothing in this neighborhood with which the ship could have come in contact; hence the surmise that it was an iceberg—"The Great White Peril"—which had caused the accident. The boat must have been swamped by the "wash" from the berg, as it was never heard of.

It is not an unusual occurrence for fishing crews to make a "trip to Europe," not specified in their itinerary; and this has happened several times within recent years. Ships are frequently "driven to sea" in the fall, and a passing steamer sometimes finds the derelict in mid-ocean.

Many deeds of heroism are recorded in connection with the rescuing of derelict crews by ocean steamers.

Wrecks have sometimes a ludicrous side; and one such instance occurred not many years ago, in the case of the little schooner. This craft left St. John's late in the autumn, laden with supplies for a northern mercantile establishment. Some hours after leaving, a

storm came on, and the schooner was dismasted, presumably off Cape Bonavista. When the storm had abated, the crew decided to abandon the craft and "make the land." The captain determined to "hang on to the wreck;" and the crew abandoned him to his fate. It is said that the captain had been "sampling the liquids," of which there was a plentiful supply in the hold. The crew reached the land after two days of hard rowing; and it was a foregone conclusion that the captain and ship would never again be heard of. Less than a week after the landing of the crew, some fishermen at *Bird Island Cove* descried a strange-looking craft in the offing; and they immediately went to investigate. This was the schooner *Pet,* making in for Catalina under a "jury-mast" outfit (two oars, and some blankets which had been discovered amongst the cargo). The captain was not alone, however; a faithful Newfoundland dog was *steering,* while the captain looked after the "sheets." Whether the dog knew his compass is not told. The craft was refitted at Catalina, and has since made many successful voyages. This is not fiction.

Wrecks have sometimes occurred on the coast of Labrador, which were not due to "stress of weather;" they were made to order. This phase of nautical economics is known in local phraseology as "Barratry"; in the homely dialect of Labrador fishermen, it is known as "scuttling," or "selling" a vessel to the Insurance Company! Barratry was a frequent disorder in former times; but there are no firms of "Dombey and Son," and few "Captain Cuttles" amongst the fishing population of Newfoundland to-day. The opprobrium of this iniquitous business termed "scuttling" invariably rested upon the unfortunate fishermen, if they *happened to be caught in the toils.* The Dombeys rejoiced that "these rascals were caught at last!" But if the little matter eventuated satisfactorily, Dombey felt happy; "that old schooner was no good, anyway, and would be somebody's coffin, maybe!"

The disease was epidemic at times; but the stringent measures of the Judges of the Supreme Court have arrested all future danger of contagion. Prison diet, with a strong tincture of penitentiary discipline, has been found to be an unfailing specific against this disorder; and the smart Alecs of the Labrador coast are now almost as rare as the curlew. The Records of the Newfoundland courts are decorated with "Barratry" proceedings. A *cause célèbre* was un-

earthed by Dr. Grenfell some years ago; and it has been immortalized by Norman Duncan in one of his "Labrador Tales." The principals in this case were put behind the bars of the penitentiary; and "sales" to Insurance Companies are now of rare occurrence.

There is a large fund of interesting stories in connection with these "sales"; but as many of the parties interested are still *inter vivos,* it were unwise to give them publicity. There is one, however, which is common property; and it is no breach of privacy to relate it. I am indebted to an insurance agent in Newfoundland for the incident.

Some years ago, a planter of the humbler type effected an insurance of $2,000 on his craft and cargo (declared to be four hundred quintals of fish), with the agent of "The ——— Marine Insurance Company." The insurance had been secured by letter from a Southern Labrador port. The planter sold his "catch" at ———; the catch was not *four hundred quintals!* He had "arranged" the division of the spoils with his crew. The schooner started homewards; and when coming through *Stag Harbor Run* two formidable-looking holes were bored in the bottom of the craft; but the auger, by mischance, was left in one of the holes. The captain and crew abandoned the *sinking craft;* and they put ashore at ———, a rendezvous for vessels returning from the coast. There the necessary "protest" was made, with due form and solemnity; and the shipwrecked fishermen received the customary attention from the local magistrate, and were sent to their homes in ——— Bay. But the vessel did not sink: a strong nor'wester blew her ashore; and the implement of supposed destruction (the auger) was found, where the captain had left it. This fact, however, was not generally known. The captain proceeded to St. John's in due course, and went to the office of the underwriter, where he recited his tale of woe. After the recital, the underwriter opened a drawer whence he produced the auger, and asked his interviewer if he had ever seen this particular implement? There was no answer to the question; the captain left the city in rather indecent haste; the insurance was not paid, of course; and for aught I know to the contrary, that captain is still "wanted" by the authorities.

CHAPTER XX.

"Hills peep o'er hills, and steeps on steeps arise!"

"In its general features the peninsula of Labrador is an oblong mass of Laurentian rocks lying between the 50th and 60th parallels of latitude." (Packard: *"The Labrador Coast."*)

The oldest geological formations are nowhere so exemplified as on the coast of Labrador; and the "Laurentian rocks occupy more than nine-tenths of the area of the peninsula, the remainder being underlain by scattered areas of Huronian and Cambrian." (Geol. Sur. Canada, A. P. Low.)

Under the term Laurentian, we find granites, gneisses, and syenites. For the benefit of the unitiated the following notes are given on the differentiation of these allied rocks. *Granite* is metamorphic or eruptive, composed of *Feldspar, Mica* and *Quartz,* and there is no appearance of *foliation* in the arrangement of the ingredients; the quartz is usually grayish, or smoky, and glassy, without any appearance of cleavage; the feldspar is usually of a whitish or flesh-color, and cleavable in two directions; the mica is found in cleavable scales.

Gneiss is metamorphic; it may be also altered eruptive; it is similar to granite in its constituents, but with the mica and other ingredients more or less distinctly *in layers.* It is sometimes difficult for the amateur to differentiate the two. *Syenite* (so called from *Syene,* in Egypt, where it occurs in abundance) is metamorphic and eruptive, of gray and reddish color, and has as constituents, *feldspar* (orthoclase), with often *microcline* and *hornblende,* and little or no *quartz.*

Under the name Huronian are included several widely separated areas of *clastic* and volcanic rocks, together with certain eruptives, represented by *schists* (slate formations), *conglomerates* and *diorites.*

Under Cambrian, we find sandstones, shales, and limestones, along with bedded traps and other basic intrusives.

In the Straits of Belle Isle, there is a great uniformity in the rock-formations of the coast, which are either wholly gneiss or more commonly a syenitic-gneiss. At *Bradore* there are two lofty hills of gneiss, estimated to be 1,200 feet in height. . . . Between *Belles Armours* and *Blanc Sablon* we find the Lower Silurian or "Taconic Rocks." This latter terminology is derived from an American source—the Taconic Hills in the western slope of the Green Mountains in the United States, east of the Hudson River. Along this section of the shore, somewhat to the eastward, we find the "Old Red-Sandstone" resting on precipitous Laurentian rocks; whilst near the mouth of *Bradore Bay Paroqueet Island* is a mass of sandstone whose texture is such that puffins, which are found there in myriads, scoop their nests out of the rocky cliffs. The sandstone is predominant on the east side of *L'anse à Loup;* and attains a height of five or six hundred feet in the formation locally known as "The Battery." This bears a striking resemblance to the "Palisades" on the Hudson.

As we move further eastward there is a marked change in the features of the coast-line; the hills are more regular in outline, and slope gradually to the water. The syenite, which is such a predominant feature, is composed of a flesh-red orthoclase and a smoky quartz, with minute particles of hornblende sparsely disseminated through the mass." (Packard: *The Labrador Coast.*)

At Henley Harbor there is an extraordinary formation known as "The Devil's Dining Table." It is thus described by Lieutenant Baddely (*Trans. Lit and Hist. Society of Quebec,* 1829):—"Upon entering the harbor it has something the appearance of a fortification. The upper portion consists of a mass of amorphous basalt, fifty feet thick, 990 feet long, and 210 feet wide in its broadest part, which is the centre. The mass is supported by an aggregation of basaltic columns, the greatest height of which is twenty-five feet. The position of the columns is nearly vertical; and they are jointed at every foot, or one foot six inches. They vary in the number of sides. The base of these pillars is 180 feet above the water; total height to the summit of the amorphous basalt, 225 feet above the sea. This formation extends to another island to the westward, called *Saddle Island,* 120 yards from Castle Reef Rock. On *Saddle Island* there are three caves on the side towards the sea; the deepest

DEVIL'S DINING TABLE. *(Copyright, Dana-Estes Pub. Co.)*

cavern penetrates sixty feet, and is forty-five feet broad in the middle. The floors are strewn with fragments of columns, and the sides ornamented by those which their removal exposed to view."

The ceiling is smooth and black. The strike of this formation is from east to west; it probably extends a very considerable distance inland.

The formation here is not unlike that found in the Island of Staffa, and the Giant's Causeway. Packard ("The Labrador Coast") has the following supplementary notice of this interesting formation:—"It is a high ovate mass with vertical sides and a flat top, which slightly inclines towards the south, and consists of two layers, showing that the rock is the remains of two separate eruptions, the lower consisting of regular prismatic five-sided columns, each about two feet in diameter, fluted on the sides and curiously worn by transverse impressed lines. The basaltic mass rests upon the upturned edges of Laurentian gneiss which have been penetrated by dikes of syenite. North of the basaltic cap, the underlying rocks are least disturbed, being reddish gneiss-like or foliated syenite, crumbling and quite fissile. . . . Upon submitting a specimen of the basalt to Mr. J. S. Diller of the U. S. Geological Survey, he tells me that it is doleritic basalt.

At the south-east end of the island, along the shore looking out towards Belle Isle, the flesh-colored syenite rocks present a rough and broken front to the ceaseless swell of the Atlantic, rising from seventy-five to a hundred feet above the waves, the beetling crags broken and pierced by deep ocean caves; with jutting headlands and little pebbly beaches nestling between them—all the characteristic scenic features of this syenite, whether at Nahant, or Mt. Desert, or on the coast of Labrador."

Off *Cape Charles* the coast again becomes broken and rugged—"hummocky," as it is termed by Labradorians. This is due to the fact that immense fiords here pierce the coast-line.

At *Battle Harbor* there is a pale syenitic formation; and here and there it is streaked with quartzite bands which give it a very singular appearance in the glowing sunlight.

Cape St. Lewis is a syenite headland, fissured and broken, of forbidding appearance; and these features are characteristic of nearly every headland along the coast as we proceed northwards.

At *Square Island* there are great, conical hills, composed of anorthosite, and they contain masses of Labradorite, a beautifully lustrous rock, termed by the Indians "The Fire-Rock." But it has not in this section the same brilliancy and lustre as the Labradorite found at St. Paul's Inlet.

At *Domino,* a formation which has received the name of "Domino Gneiss," is very striking. It covers a large area of coast between *Domino* and *Indian Harbor;* and consists of a light-colored gneiss, the base of which is a white granular, vitreous quartz, with speckles of black hornblende with a few particles of a lilac-colored mica. There are also minute rude crystals of yellow garnet, or cinnamon stone, disseminated through the mass." (Packard.)

At *Cape Webec* (Harrison) there is a lofty headland of gneiss faced with steep precipices of Syenite. From off this Cape are seen the lofty mountains of the interior—the central peak of which is called "Mt. Misery"; it is said that in the clear climate of this region this mountain-range can be seen at a distance of seventy-five miles seaward. At *Hopedale,* the rocks are gneissic; and north of this the "Aulezavick" gneiss of Lieber forms the major part of the coast-line, excepting in the vicinity of *Nachvak,* where we meet "Huronian Schists."

Granites are not found abundantly, but large deposits are known to exist in Hamilton Inlet.

MOUNTAINS.

The general elevation of the Labrador Coast in the Straits of Belle Isle is approximately six hundred feet, and the highest mountains are the three *Bradore Hills,* which are respectively 1,335, 1,220 and 1,264 feet in height. From *Chateau Bay* and *Cape Charles* the coast rises in height northwards, until at *Square Island* the elevations form mountains about 1,000 feet high. Further north, between Sandwich Bay and Hamilton Inlet (Groswater Bay) the Mealy Mountains rise to an elevation of 1,482 feet; and Mt. Allegegai (Mt. Misery) which forms the summit of a plateau between Cape Webec and Hopedale attains an elevation of 2,170 feet.

North of Port Manvers is *Kiglapeit,* 2,000 feet high; and west of Cape Mugford is the peculiarly shaped range known as *Bishop's Mitre,"* which has an elevation of 3,000 feet. *"The Domes,"* on the

south, and *"Blow-me-down,"* on the north of *Saeglek Bay* are both 3,000 feet in height; and the highest mountain-range on the coast—"Four Peaks"—south of Chidley, is said to be 6,000 feet high. In his report for 1885 Professor Bell observes:—"The mountains in the north give evidence of long-continued atmospheric decay. . . . Patches of snow remain throughout the summer in shaded parts of the slopes."

GLACIATION.

"The Labrador plateau has been, at least near the Atlantic, moulded by ice to a height at least of twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea. In Southern Labrador Dr. Bell states that the valleys and hills, up to the height of sixteen hundred feet, at any rate, have been planed by glacial action. The gneiss mountains are moulded into large flat cones, often with a nipple-shaped summit; the syenites are either moulded into domes or into high conical sugar-loaves; the anorthosite syenite at Square Island occurs in huge cones; and the trap overflows accompanying the Domino gneiss form rough, irregular bosses. Only at one point, near Cape Chidley, have the mountains by their altitude escaped the rounding and remodelling of glaciers. These scraggy peaks, covered with loose, square stones detached by frosts from their slopes, remind us of Mount Washington in New Hampshire and Mount Katahdin in Maine."

The effects of frosts are manifested in a singularly forcible manner. The entire surface, where it is not too steep to enable débris to collect, is covered with broken masses of rock, cubes of ten feet and less being scattered in wildest profusion. Sometimes a patch of moss, the grass and heather of this country, fills up the crevices, but generally we may look down into them far and deep without ever detecting the base upon which the rocks rest, hurled aloft as they appear, by the hands of Titans.

Glacial *striae* are found rarely near the sea-level of the coast, owing doubtless to the constant erosion of the rocks; but, at an elevation of a few hundred feet the *roches moutonèes* are seen abundantly. . . . We have good reason to believe that an enormous glacier once filled the great fiord, Hamilton Inlet, which at its mouth is forty miles broad. Peculiar *lunoid furrows* were observed on the northern and southern shores about forty miles apart, which would

seem to justify the conclusion that the glacier was of that breadth where it descended into the sea. The best examples of these lunoid furrows occurred at Indian Harbor on the north shore of Hamilton Inlet, near the site of (the Hospital). . . . The marks occur about twenty-five feet above the water's edge, and below the line of lichens which are kept at a distance by the sea spray. These crescent-shaped depressions, which run transversely to the course of the Bay, were from five to fourteen inches broad by three to nine inches long, and about an inch deep vertically in the rock. . . . Also at Tub Harbor, on the southern side of this Bay, similar markings, but less distinct, occurred about the same distance above the sea." (Packard: *"The Labrador Coast."*)

INDIAN HARBOR. (*Photo, Holloway.*)

BOULDERS. The whole surface of the Labrador peninsula is thickly strewn with boulders. They are not often visible along the shore; but some immense specimens are to be seen at *Sloop Cove* and *Ragged Islands,* near the "landwash."

After ascending to an elevation of five or six hundred feet from the sea-level, and penetrating the interior, their presence is especially marked. . . . They are found about the edges of ponds and along the banks of rivers, and especially in raised beaches. "I am inclined to think," says Packard, "that their abundance near the seashore is greatly lessened by their having been carried off by

shore-ice into the sea, and there rearranged into *moraines.*" Hind says:—"An infinite number of colossal erratics lie scattered over the valleys, hillsides and mountain-tops. At some points they almost seem to make up the very mountain themselves; there being this difference, that whereas the rock itself *in situ* is granitic, the boulders in every case are of gneiss. . . . In the interior, the Indians say that there are greater numbers than near the mouth of the river (Moisie); and they speak of great quantities of "fire-rock" (Labradorite). . . . Its sheen is visible only when sunlight and moonlight play upon it, but it is not seen when the Manitou, who dwells in the mountains, is displeased with the "children of the forest." . . . At one point (*Caribou Lake*), the long line of erratics skirting the river looked like "Druids' monumental stones"; for, in many instances, they were disposed in such a manner as would lead one to think they were placed there by artificial means. . . . At another point, huge blocks of gneiss twenty feet in diameter lay in the channel or on the rocks which here and there pierced the sandy tract through which the river flowed; while on the summits of the mountains and along the crests of hill-ranges they seemed as if they had been dropped by hail.

It was not difficult to see that many of these rock fragments had been carried far, but others were of local origin. From an eminence I could discover that they were piled to a great height between hills three and four hundred feet high, and from the comparatively sharp edges of many, the parent rock could not have been far distant."

BOULDER-CLAY. Owing to the forest growths which cover a great part of the area of Southern Labrador it is impossible to study minutely the boulder-clay or "till" of the coast; and only general information is obtainable.

Unstratified drift is found throughout the whole interior, in varying thicknesses. To a great extent it appears to have been formed from the disintegration due to atmospheric decay of the upper portions of the surrounding rock-masses. Everywhere more than seventy-five per cent of the included boulders are from the immediate neighborhood. The amount of erosion and the change wrought

upon the general surface have not been so great as is often supposed; and the amount of rotten débris removed from the hills, does not represent a great depth of decayed rock.

The Archean rocks which constitute more than three-fourths of the entire peninsula are not easily disintegrated; but in some sections an immense quantity of detritus is in evidence. This is particularly the case at *Ragged Islands* (the only place which I have remarked it especially), where the "landwash" is gradually rising.

At places it is now almost impossible to walk through the gritty substance which has washed down from the gneissic hills in the vicinity.

MORAINES.

Moraines are found at various points along the coast; these constitute the shoals and banks which lie off the mouths of the deep fiords (Hind). In their present state they may reasonably be assumed to be formed in greater part of remodelled débris brought down by the same glaciers which excavated the deep fiords.

The absence of deposits of sand in the form of modern beaches is very marked. Large quantities of sand are found in *Bradore Bay,* and it is rolled into *dunes* which are remarkable for their shape and extent. There are also extensive deposits of sand at *Blanc Sablon* and at *Pinware.*

"There is also an exceptionally large sand area between Sandwich Bay and Hamilton Inlet, covering many square miles of territory. The reason why sandy beaches are not in general found on this coast, notwithstanding that enormous quantities of rock are annually ground up by coast-ice and ice-pans driven on the shore, arises from the undertow carrying the sand seawards and depositing it on the shoals and banks outside of the islands.

It is a popular error which assumes that the depth of water in which an iceberg grounds is indicated by the height of the berg above the level of the sea. It is stated that while there is one-ninth above, there will be eight-ninths of the berg below sea-level. This is approximately true only with regard to volume or mass of the berg, not with regard to height or depth. A berg may show an elevation of one hundred feet, and yet its depth may not exceed double that amount, but its volume or mass will be about eight times the mass

it shows above the surface. Hence while icebergs ground in thirty and forty fathoms of water, they may expose a front of one hundred and fifty feet in altitude, the broad, massive base supporting a mass about one-ninth of its volume above sea-level.

RAISED BEACHES.

There are several ancient "sea-margins" or terraces along the Labrador coast; and some of the finest examples are seen, about four hundred feet above the present coast-line, in the Straits of Belle Isle.

"Five such margins are seen near *Blanc Sablon,* and they are very distinctly marked. At *L'anse à Loup,* on the west side of the Bay, there are three very regular terraces, the lower of which is covered with débris. On the east side the land is much more irregular, descending in buttressed steeps like the "Palisades" on the Hudson, though far exceeding them in height. On the east point are five terraces with heavy buttresses on the north-west side, and beyond four terraces come in sight. The strata here are nearly horizontal, dipping under the Strait at a very slight angle." In *Chateau Bay* and *Henley Harbor* are some very fine examples of ancient sea-margins.

They occur in recesses in the shore which have been sheltered from the denuding agency of the waves and strong arctic currents. The most plainly marked example forms the eastern shore of *Henley Island.* . . . On these terraces can be seen distinctly the windrows of pebbles and gravel thrown up by the retreating waves.

In Chateau harbor there is another remarkably steep beach, which ascends halfway up the side of the hill, which is about five hundred feet high. It is composed of boulders very closely packed in layers, without any gravel to fill up the interstices. It consists of two terraces, the lower being almost precipitous in its descent. This beach, when below the level of the sea, was evidently exposed to the action of the powerful Labrador current which piled these huge water-worn rocks into a compact mass which served to resist the waves, while the coarse gravel and sand were borne rapidly farther away out to sea on to lower levels. Off *Chateau Bay* lie several shoals where icebergs ground in the springtime, and remain far into the

summer. The locality is known to fishermen as "The Home of the Iceberg."

We find other examples further down the coast: at *Domino* there are beaches more than a hundred feet high; at *Sloop Cove* is another sea-margin which is fully two hundred feet above the present sea-level. There is a remarkable example of sea-margin at *Holton Big Island* and some years ago the skeleton of a whale was found there by Captain Drake.

It is reported by an old whaling captain that an ancient sea-margin in the vicinity of Nain is fully three hundred feet above high-water mark. In the interior of the peninsula there are some extraordinary examples of "Lake Terraces;" but they do not lie within our province.

ECONOMIC MINERALS.

Labrador, as yet has not attracted much attention as "a mineral country;" but it is not beyond the bounds of possible things that ere many years it will become a field for the miner, as it has some deposits of value.

GOLD.

Gold has been found in quartz at "Three Island Harbor," yielding seven dollars a ton; and as there are numerous quartz-veins which cut the Huronian rocks, it is likely to be found elsewhere. There are many promising localities for the prospector, and in the near future we may hear of development in these sections.

SILVER.

Silver was found a few years ago in the same region in which gold was discovered. Some years ago the Hudson Bay Company did some mining in this line; but the working proved unprofitable; an assay made of bunches of galena gave from six to ten ounces per ton.

GALENA.

Galena has been found at several localities in a band of magnesian limestone, in quantities sufficient to be of economic value. It has been found in *Lewis' Bay*, at some distance from the mouth of the river.

COPPER. Copper has been located at *Spear Harbor,* near *Cape Mugford,* and at *Black Island,* in *Groswater Bay.* Captain Fitzgerald of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, did some prospecting in the neighborhood many years ago.

MANGANESE. Manganese has been found in *Lewis' Bay,* at some distance from the mouth of the river.

IRON. Iron has been found abundantly at several points along the coast, and a prospective industry rests in the development of the iron areas.

ROWSELL'S HARBOR.

"The immense deposits of hematite, magnetite, and siderite in the Cambrian formation, and their widespread distribution, may at some future date be of economic importance, especially those containing a large percentage of manganese which fits them for use in the manufacture of steel by the Bessemer process. The mode of occurrence of these ores appears to be closely analogous to that of the iron ores of Michigan and Wisconsin.

The ores are always associated with a cherty limestone, and this cherty carbonate of lime is very widespread. The associated iron carbonates are more limited in their distribution, being confined to portions of the country adjacent to *Koks-oak* and *Hamilton rivers,*

and to the northern part of the Hudson Bay area. (*Geol. Survey of Canada.*)

PYRITES. This mineral is found abundantly in the Huronian and Cambrian rocks; and is widely distributed, but only in one locality, so far, has any large deposit been found. This exists at *Rowsell's Harbor,* in *Nachvak Bay.* This deposit was prospected by Captain John Bartlett in 1904. He put in several drifts, and made tests at several points. The ore, so Captain Bartlett informs me, "was very mixed with flint, a large band of which overlaid the deposit of Pyrites. The major part of the deposit carried a quantity of *Pyritite.* The ore bed is located 160 feet above the water level, running along a precipitous cliff. During the operations carried on there a great deal of difficulty was experienced from talus and snow."

GRAPHITE. Graphite has been located at *Nachvak Bay;* but it is said to be too fine for concentration, and consequently of little commercial value.

STEATITE. This mineral is found abundantly in the region of *Hopedale,* and I have seen some excellent samples at *Windsor Harbor.*

MICA. This mineral occurs at several points along the coast, in the massive pegmatite dykes met with everywhere throughout the Archean rocks; but only in few places is it of commercial value, owing to the bent and broken nature of the crystals.

ORNAMENTAL STONES. Agates, Garnets, and Jasper are found at various points, the most lustrous being found in the vicinity of *Domino* and at the mouth of the *Hamilton River.*

LABRADORITE. This beautiful rock occurs at several places along the northern section of the coast; but it is found in profusion at *St. Paul's Inlet.*

CHAPTER XXI.

FOREST AND STREAM.

"This is the forest primeval."
—*"Evangeline,"* LONGFELLOW.

"HINDERLAND" NEAR LAKE MICHIKAMAU.

The forest growth of the Labrador peninsula is neither varied nor extensive; and the whole arborescent flora may be said to consist of nine species of trees. These species are:—White Birch (*Betula papyrifera,* Michx), Aspen (*Populus tremuloides,* Michx), Balsam Popular (*Populus balsamifera,* Linn), Cedar (*Thuya occidentalis,* Linn), Jack Pine, Cypress (*Pinus Banksiana,* Lam.), White Spruce (*Picea Alba,* Link), Black Spruce (*Picea Nigra,* Link), Balsam Fir, or Spruce (*Abies balsamea,* Miller), Tamarack Juniper (*Larix Americana,* Michx).

"The tree-line skirts the southern shore of Ungava Bay and comes close to the mouth of the George River, from which it turns to the south-east, skirting the western foot-hills of the Atlantic coast-range, which is quite treeless, southward to the neighborhood of Hebron,

where trees are again found in protected valleys at the heads of the bays. At Davis Inlet trees grow on the coast and high up on the hills, the barren grounds being confined to the headlands, which remain treeless to the southward of the mouth of Hamilton Inlet. These barren islands and bare headlands of the outer coast, along with the small size of the trees on the lowlands, have caused the impression to be held regarding much of the Atlantic coast, which from Hamilton Inlet southward is well timbered about the heads of the larger bays and on the lowlands of the small river valleys." (*Geological Survey.*)

These sections have already attracted the notice of lumbermen; and the following statistics are proof of the commercial possibilities of the Labrador woodlands.

In the "Customs Returns of Newfoundland" for the year 1907 we find an entry:—"Grand River Pulp and Lumber Co. . . . Exports (Lumber) . . . $26,301.00."

This represents a "cut" of nearly two million feet. Mr. Gillis, who established this Company on the coast, has kindly furnished me with the following interesting items:—

The Grand River Pulp and Lumber Company, Ltd., acquired about 650 square miles of timber-lands on Grand River and tributaries from the Newfoundland Government in 1892, by application; the cost of the areas is $220.00 rental annually. At "headquarters" the Company has an extensive plant, consisting of a saw-mill (which cost $25,000.00), wharves, piers, tug-boats and scows, large stores and warehouse, in fact everything necessary to prosecute an operation of ten million feet a year. To date, about twelve million feet have been shipped. There are splendid shipping facilities, as ships of 2,000 tons can moor within a quarter of a mile of the mill. . . . which is located at *Gillisport,* in Carter Basin. Lumbering operations are conducted at "Grand Village," on Grand River, which flows into *Goose Bay.* There are not a dozen native families in the vicinity; and laborers are brought from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland."

On looking up further statistics I find that other concerns have obtained timber-grants from the Newfoundland Government:—

Wm. Muir, Son & Co., at Kenamou River, 187 square miles.

Wm. Muir, Son & Co., at Dove Bank, 47 square miles.

Copeland, Kirk & Soy, at Sandwich Bay, 130 square miles.
R. D. Kirk, at North River, 182 square miles.
Copeland, Kirk & Soy (2), at Sandwich Bay, 211 square miles.
J. P. Benjamin, at Kenamou River, 224 square miles.

In addition to these concessions, there are several unapproved applications for grants at other points.

The areas are all favorably located; and there will doubtless be a large lumbering industry on the Labrador coast in the near future. "The most abundant timber on the coast is *Black Spruce,* and it probably constitutes ninety per cent. of the forest growth. It grows freely on the sandy soil which covers the great Archean areas, and thrives as well on the dry hills as in the wet swampy country between ridges. On the southern watershed the growth is very thick everywhere; so much so, that trees rarely reach a large size. To the northward, about the edge of the semi-barrens, the growth on the uplands is less rank, the trees being in open glades, where they spread out with large branches resembling the white spruce. The northern limit of the black spruce is that of the forest belt; it and larch being the last trees met with before entering the barrens." (*Geol. Survey, Canada,* '95.)

Extensive growths of trees of commercial value are found at the bottoms of all the southern bays, from the Straits of Belle Isle to *Nachvak;* and there is a promising field for pulp plants in these sections. The bays are all navigable for vessels of large size; and the only, though not an insurmountable difficulty, is the securing of woodsmen.

FOREST FIRES.

Labrador has, in common with Newfoundland, suffered much from forest fires; and it is said that at least one-half of the interior has been totally destroyed by fire within the past twenty-five years. These fires are of frequent occurrence and often burn for an entire season, destroying thousands of square miles of valuable timber. The regions thus devastated remain barren for many years, and the second growth is never so good as the original forest. These fires are, in the majority of cases, traceable to the Indians, who start them either intentionally or through carelessness.

The most disastrous fire of recent times occurred in 1870 and

swept away millions of valuable timber. These fires occur frequently in the neighborhood of Hamilton Inlet; and stringent measures should be taken by the Newfoundland Government to prevent this wanton destruction of a valuable colonial asset.

RIVERS AND STREAMS.

Labrador is the land of dimpling streams and of majestic rivers which "flow in silent majesty to the deep blue sea."

The largest river on the South coast, the *Esquimaux River,* debouches into the lower part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, at some distance from the western entrance to the Straits of Belle Isle. It is about 250 miles long, but navigable only for ten or twelve miles. Near its mouth is situated *Esquimaux Island,* on which the ruins of an old Indian fort were discovered some years ago.

This river is known to the Indians as *Meshikamau River,* and is said to take its rise, in the table-land of the interior, from the same source as the Hamilton River, which flows into Hamilton Inlet. There are no other rivers of importance on the south coast; but there are several streams, teeming with trout, between *Belles Amours* and *Battle Harbor,* which will be described in a subsequent chapter.

Between *Battle Harbor* and *Sandwich Bay* there are several small rivers, but few of them are navigable. Three rivers empty into Sandwich Bay. The *Paradise,* or *East River,* flows from the eastward, for nearly five miles; and, in a small lake at its head, salmon are found abundantly.

Eagle River flows into the Bay from the westward; it is tidal, and navigable for small boats for nearly four miles above *Separation Point,* its northern entrance. There are several rapids at a short distance from its mouth, and some splendid salmon pools; beyond the pools there is one of the most beautiful cascades found on the coast. The "Falls" are nearly fifty feet high, and are very picturesque. A very excellent drawing of the falls may be seen in Prowse's "History of Newfoundland."

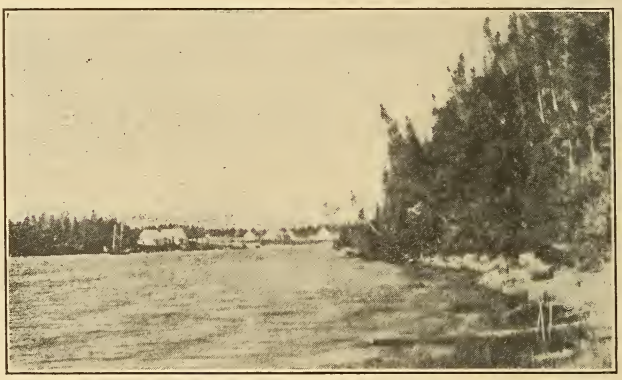
A third river—"White Bear" or *West River* flows into the Bay above *Dove Point.* This is also tidal and navigable for some dis-

tance. There is about a quarter of a mile of non-tidal water, with "Falls" eighty feet high at its head. These "Falls," while lacking the picturesqueness of the cascade on the *Eagle,* are more majestic, and not unlike the Montmorency "Falls," near Quebec. In spring-time, so the settlers declare, the roar of the "Falls" is heard for twenty miles in calm weather.

These rivers are all richly wooded; and several applications for timber licenses have been made to the Newfoundland Legislature.

Three large rivers empty into *Hamilton* or *Ivucktoke Inlet*—the *Grand* or *Hamilton,* the *Naskopi,* and the *Kenamou.*

Grand River (the *Ashwanipi* of the Indians) is the largest and most important river on the coast. It is nearly half a league in



NORTH-WEST RIVER. (*Photo, Holloway.*)

breadth at the entrance, gradually decreasing in width for about twenty-five miles from its mouth; it then becomes from one-eighth to a quarter of a mile wide; from this size it never varies much as far up as it has been followed. Two hundred miles from its mouth it forces itself through a range of mountains, that seem to border the table lands of the interior, in a succession of tremendous "Falls" and rapids for nearly twenty miles. These "Falls" were accidentally discovered by an agent of the Hudson Bay Company—McLean—in 1839. Above these the river flows with a very smooth and swift current; it has been followed for one hundred miles farther. A "Post" was established many years ago.

Between the "Post" and the "Falls" it passes through a succession

of large lakes, communicating with one another by very short straits. These lakes appear to cover a very considerable part of the table-land. They have not yet been explored, and their dimensions are consequently not known. Above the "Post" called *Fort Naskopi* the river has not yet been explored, but the Indians report that "it comes from a long distance from the westward, and runs with a deep, gentle current, unobstructed by falls or rapids." The "Falls" on the Grand River were visited by *Père Babel,* an Oblate missionary, in 1870; and a description of them is found in *"Les Annales des Oblats,"* which may be seen at the Oblate Church, Saint Sauveur, Quebec. Bryant, who visited the "Falls" in 1891, thus describes them :—

"A single glance showed that we had before us one of the greatest waterfalls in the world. Standing at the rocky brink of the chasm, a wild and tumultuous scene lay before us, a scene possessing elements of sublimity, and with details not to be apprehended in the first moments of wondering contemplation. Far up the stream one beheld the surging, fleecy waters and tempestuous billows, dashing high their crests of foam, all forced onward with resistless power towards the steep rock, whence they took their wild leap into the deep pool below. Turning to the very brink and looking over, we gazed into a world of mists and mighty reverberations.

Here the exquisite colors of the rainbow fascinated the eye, and below and beyond the seething caldron the river appeared, pursuing its turbulent career, past frowning cliffs, and over miles of rapids. . . . A mile above the main leap the river is a noble stream four hundred yards wide, already flowing at an accelerated speed.

Four rapids, marking successive depressions in the river bed, intervene between this point and the "Falls." At the first rapid, the width of the stream is not more than seventy-five yards wide, and from thence rapidly contracts until reaching a point above the escarpment proper, where the entire column of fleecy water is compressed within rock banks, not more than fifty yards apart. The effect of its resistless power is sublime; the maddened waters, sweeping downwards with terrific force, rise in surging billows high above the encompassing banks, ere they finally hurl themselves into the gulf below. A great pillar of mist rises from the spot, and numerous rainbows span the watery abyss, constantly forming and dis-

appearing amid clouds of spray. An immense volume of water precipitates itself over the rocky ledge, and, under favorable conditions, the roar of the cataract can be heard for twenty miles."

The Indian name for "The Grand Falls"—*Pateschewan*—means, "The narrow place where the waters fall;" and like the native word "Niagara" ("Thunder of Waters"), this Indian designation contains a poetic and descriptive quality which it would be hard to improve. (Prowse: *"History of Newfoundland."*)

The first map of the Hamilton River country was constructed by a Jesuit Missionary, *Father Laure,* dated "Checoutimi, August 23, 1731."

INDIAN BURIAL GROUND.

NORTH-WEST RIVER (*Copyright, Outing Pub. Co.*)

"The valley of the *Hamilton River,* for about 120 miles from its entrance, presents a pleasing contrast to the barrenness of every other part of the country around the bay. It is well timbered, and some of the trees are of large size; intermixed with the spruce is a considerable quantity of white birch, and a few poplars are also to be seen; a light loamy soil is also frequently to be found on the points of the River. There is a difference of twenty days in favor of this valley in spring and fall of the year; this difference is to be

attributed, in a great degree, to its favorable aspect to the south and west, and also in some measure to the warmth of the water coming from the westward." (Davies, *Notes on Esquimaux Bay.*)

The *Kenamou River,* which enters Hamilton Inlet from the south, cuts through the "Mealy Mountains," thirty miles from the coast. It is a succession of rapids, and scarcely admits of navigation, even by canoes.

A BIT OF THE INTERIOR (*Copyright, Outing Pub. Co.*)

The *Naskopi* or *North-west River* falls into the Inlet on the north side nearly opposite the mouth of the *Kenamou.* The inlet is here twelve miles across. It takes its rise in Lake Michikamau ("Big Water") and the river itself, according to Indian custom, is called *Michikamau Shipu.* . . . At the mouth of this river there is an important Hudson Bay Post, and within recent years the Revillion Bros. have established a station there.

Within short distance from the Hudson Bay post there is an Indian burial-place; and many years ago a Church was erected in the locality by Père Babel. It has now fallen into disuse, as the Indians no longer frequent this section; they make their annual trips to the coast further west, within the borders of the Province of Quebec.

A WHALER.

CHAPTER XXII.

HUNTER'S PARADISE.

"And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale and the seal."
"Discoverer of the North Cape," LONGFELLOW.

The fauna of Labrador, which has ever been regarded as one of its available assets, is declared to be "the mingled circumpolar and boreal variety which prevailed in New England and the extreme northern States, as well as in Canada, during the glacial period, and which as well as the ice waned, migrating northward, was gradually driven towards the North Pole, though still lingering on the Alpine summits, and on the treeless barrens of Labrador." (Packard.)

It is rich and varied, and embraces "the leviathan of the deep" and other commercially valuable specimens of the finny tribe, rich fur-bearing animals, and "great nature's happy commoners"—the abundant feathered tribe, marine and terrestrial.

Aquatic mammals are numerous, and chief amongst them is the whale, of which several varieties are found. The quest of the "monarch of the sea" was probably the lure which first attracted European adventurers to the fishing grounds of Labrador.

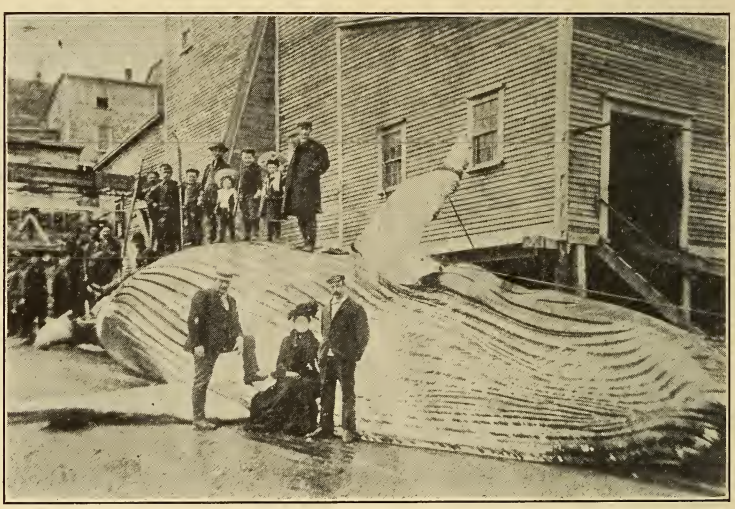
WHALERS.

The earliest whalers who frequented the coast of Labrador were the Basques and Biscayans, but the precise date of their first ventures is conjectural. We find records of their adventures in the nomenclature of certain localities; and on the Newfoundland coast we have *"Port aux Basques,"* the terminus of the trans-insular railway.

Following the Basques came the Bretons, who had reaped rich harvests from the deep long years before the Genoese navigator planted the standard of Spain in the western world. Later, came the hardy West-Countrymen from Devon, who laid the foundations of Britain's empire beyond the sea; and, more recently, Americans, Newfoundlanders and Scotchmen.

American fishermen evidently have been continuously engaged in whaling for nearly two centuries; and the ardor of the New Bedford skippers does not abate one jot. They have covered the globe in their quest for the valuable cetacean, and have reaped rich harvests from their ventures.

Whaling in early times was conducted in brigs and schooners; to-day it is prosecuted with fast steamers which are equipped with every appliance which human ingenuity can contrive. Quite recently, however, there seems to be a revival of ancient methods, and New Bedford is again returning to the old régime. This will bring comfort to the literary genius of the whaling industry—the well-

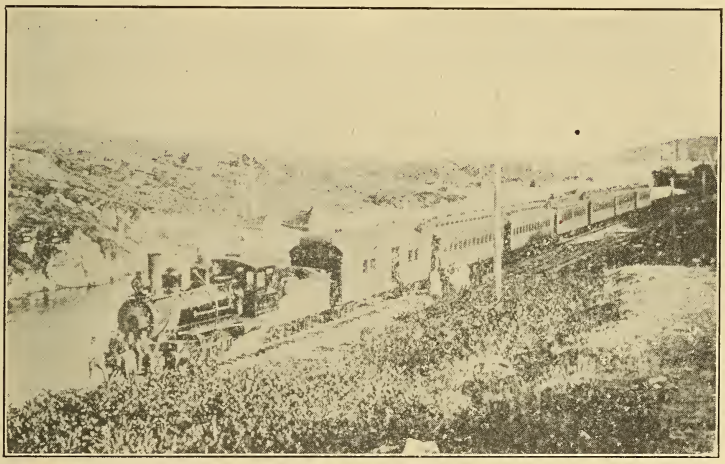


A WHALE FACTORY.

known Frank Bullen, who has given us such a delightful history of whaling in his "Cruise of the Cachalot." Just a few months ago, in a contribution to a monthly magazine, he deplored the inhumanity and commercialism of modern methods, and sighed for a return to the "whale" boat and the brig. To us this seems a sorry exhibition of sentimentality, as we were under the impression that the electric harpoon is a less torturous process than the hand-stabbing of olden times.

The following interesting description of modern whaling is contributed by a specialist, Mr. Bowers, the learned editor of the Newfoundland *Tribune:*

The Arctic whale fishery was formerly prosecuted successfully by Newfoundland merchants who fitted out ships for Greenland, Baffin's Bay, Cumberland Bay and other Arctic Seas. The cargoes of oil secured on the voyages were readily sold in Scotland. The whale fishery was carried on by Americans from Bedford, Mass., in Hermitage Bay and Fortune Bay from 1796 to 1798. During the first year twelve vessels were employed, manned by fifteen men each, all of which vessels returned loaded. Owing to disputes between Great Britain and the United States the American whale fishery on the west coast of Newfoundland ended in about 1807.



PORT AUX BASQUES.

The firm of Peter LeMessurier & Co. commenced a whale fishery in Hermitage Bay, in 1798, and continued it for four years, when the house of Newman & Co. purchased the premises. The industry was carried on by this firm at Gaultois from 1850 to 1890. Eight boats with seven men each and shore crew of thirty-five were employed. As many as fifty black fish were known to be killed in a day. The season's catch averaged 143 black fish and forty whales, yielding 580 tons of oil. Nearly the whole of the population of Hermitage

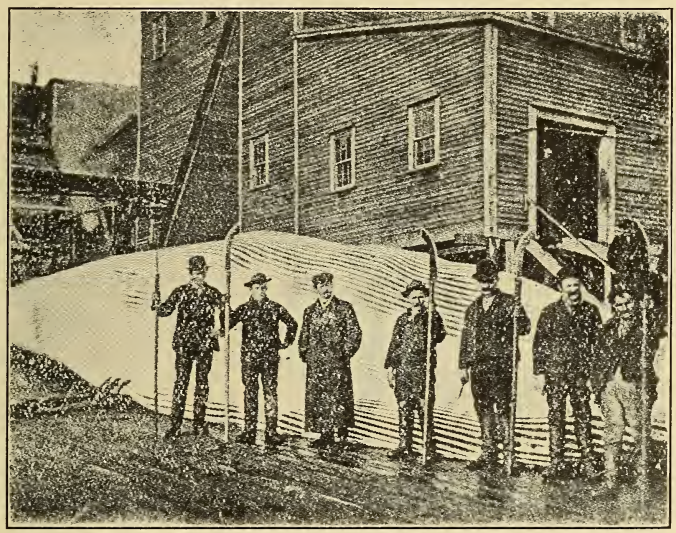
and Fortune Bays are the descendants of those "hardy toilers of the sea." The head of the firm of Newman & Co. is now a baronet, and one of the directors of the Bank of England. They are represented in Newfoundland by the firm of Baine, Johnston & Co.

In 1840 the local government passed an act offering a bounty of £200 to each of the first three vessels landing not less than ten tuns of whale oil, or fifteen tuns of whale fat or blubber between the first day of May and the tenth day of November. Encouraged by this bounty two vessels 120 tons each were sent from St. John's to the western shore each manned by nineteen men. One belonged to Messrs. C. F. Bennett & Co., the other to Messrs. Job Brothers & Co. The business in these days was carried on by means of row-boats and harpoons. As many as one hundred whales were captured in a season by these simple appliances. The blubber was rendered into oil in big pots heated by wood fires.

Not till 1900 were the new, improved methods used in Norway adopted in Newfoundland. Adolph Neilsen, encouraged by Hon. A. W. Harvey, started whaling stations at Snook's Arm, Notre Dame Bay and Balena, Hermitage Bay. Suitable steamers were purchased in Christiania, and Norwegians were employed to man them. After a few months' operation it was found that large numbers of sulphur bottom, finback and humpback whales frequented the bays and shores of Newfoundland. In 1904 over twelve hundred were captured, which yielded 1,783,300 gallons of oil, worth $80.00 per tun. Experience showed that the best months to secure whales on the southern coast are May, June and July, and in Conception Bay, Trinity and Bonavista Bays, on the eastern coast, August and September are best. The government thought it advisable to pass laws: (1) requiring the carcasses flensed of blubber to be towed fifty miles from shore to prevent pollution of the fishing grounds; (2) restricting the distance between the factories to not less than fifty miles; (3) permitting only one steamer to each factory, and (4) imposing on each a license fee of $1,500, subsequently reduced to $750.

Hon. John Harvey, who has his lamented father's spirit of enterprise in promoting home industries, happened to meet Dr. L. Rismuller, and induced him to visit some of our whale factories. At Snook's Arm, on seeing the carcasses of whales towed to sea, Dr.

Rismuller thought out a process whereby not only the expense of removing them so far could be saved, but an industry promoted, whereby the flesh and bones could be manufactured into guano. The Rismuller process proved successful, and is now used by the different whaling companies. It had the effect of inducing a number of capitalists to invest in the industry, and in addition to those at Snook's Arm and Balena, several new companies were organized and factories were established at Bay Chaleur, Rose au Rue, Beaverton, St. Lawrence, Cape Broyle, Cape Charles, Dublin Cove, Lance au Loup, St. Mary's, Aquaforte, Trinity, Safe Harbour, Harbour



READY FOR THE CARVING.

Grace, Hawke's Bay, Port Saunders, Hawke's Harbour and Lark Harbour. From 1901 to 1904 the business increased from year to year and flourished like the proverbial "green bay tree." In the following year there was a drop of $20.00 a tun in the price of oil. It was found moreover that several of the factories were erected in unsuitable localities, and that the number of whales captured had considerably fallen off. For instance, in 1904, 1,375 whales were captured; in 1905, 892, and in 1906 only 429. As a result the factories at Snook's Arm, Lance au Loup, Trinity and Lark Harbour

were closed, while the catch at Aquaforte was only 18; Cape Broyle, 3, and St. Mary's, 4.

Three of the whaling steamers have been sold to parties prosecuting the industry in Japan and Corea, and several of the whaling companies have been "wound up." The profits made by the factories in operation in 1901-2-3 are reported to be from forty to sixty per cent. The loss during the subsequent three years, by some of the whaling companies, is reported to be from one and a half to two millions of dollars. From careful enquiries of several interested, when interviewed, I learn that it is nearer the vicinity of $950,000. The following figures show the number of factories in operation in 1906, the number of whales captured, and the quantity of oil, guano and bone exported:

Factory.	Whales.	Gallons of Oil.	Tons Guano.	Bone.
Balena	44	71,000	212	103
Bay Chaleur	58	74,178	188	115
Rose au Rue	67	61,173	182	106
Beaverton	24	31,006	95	50
St. Lawrence	21	20,528	78	35
Cape Broyle	3	4,018	9	7
Cape Charles	25	16,640	..	62
Dublin Cove	27	30,080	62	50
St. Mary's	4	4,500	13	..
Aquaforte	18	13,824	..	15
Safe Harbour	21	28,300	73	32
Harbour Grace	17	22,680	65	16
Hawke's Harbour	60	75,600	130	58
Hawke's Bay	40	83,160	146	69
	429	536,687	1,253	718

The value of the whale oil, guano and bone exported in 1906 was $249,901 as against $418,898 the previous year.

The number of whale factories in operation and the number of whales captured last year (1907) were as follows:—At Balena, 32; Bay Chaleur, 37; Rose au Rue, 84; St. Lawrence, 30; Cape Broyle, 2; Cape Charles, 31; Dublin Cove, 27; Aquaforte, 3; Hawke's Bay,

Port Saunders, 31; Hawke's Harbour, 63; Trinity, 24; Snook's Arm, 75; Beaverton, 42; total, 481. Two of the above factories paid 15 per cent. dividends.

The value of the whale oil and guano exported in 1907 was $192,321.

Though the losses of the past three or four years' operations are, no doubt, depressing, yet several seem inclined to take an optimistic view of the future. The removal of the license fee, and particularly the restrictions of the number of steamers employed, are of obvious advantage. Although the vigorous whale-hunting about the bays has driven the mighty mammal further off the coast line, yet it is the

A NORWEGIAN WHALER.

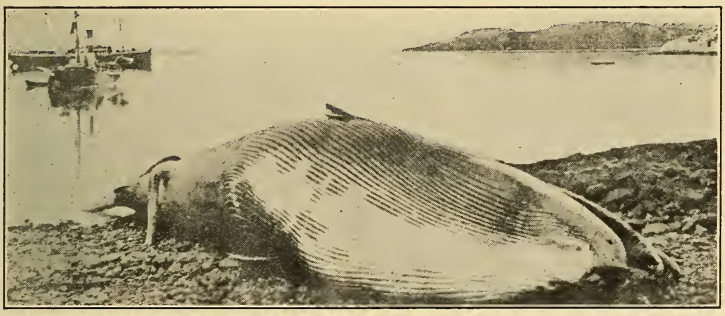
opinion of some of the whaling captains, and others, that they are as numerous as ever, but at a greater distance from the whaling stations. If this should prove to be the case then a tow steamer should be employed, as is done in Iceland to bring coal to the whaling steamers, and tow the whales captured from time to time to the factories. The large bays on the east, south and west of Newfoundland, are like inland seas, and could not be more suitably

adapted to the breeding of whales, though on this point one has to be cautious in advancing an opinion, for it is difficult, if not impossible, to get reliable data on the natural history of this "mighty mammal," in so far as the time of breeding, the period of gestation or its age are concerned. Especially in respect to the age of the greatest of mammals, or animals, much exaggeration and difference of opinion exist from the time of Pliny to the present. He held that the balana, or whilpool frequenting the Indian Sea was as broad and as long as two acres of land, while Lesson says he saw species of whales called delphinus minimus, about two feet in length. A sulphur bottom taken recently measured 79 feet. Its circumference at shoulder was 35 feet; fluke notch to shoulder 51 ft. 2 in.; tip of nose to eye, 16 ft. 2 in.; length of skull, 19 ft. 6 in.; breadth of skull, 9 ft. 3 in.; weight of skull, 3 tons; length of jawbone, 21 ft.; weight of jawbone, 1 ton; length of flipper, 10 ft. 6 in.; weight of flipper, 750 pounds; across flukes, 16 ft. 5 in.; weight of flukes, 1,600 lbs.; weight of flesh, 40 tons; weight of bone, 8 tons; weight of blubber, 8 tons; weight of viscers estimated, 3 tons; weight of blood, 2 tons; weight of whalebone, ¾ ton. The total weight was over sixty tons.

Up to the present writing only seven sperm whales, including one this year at Hawke's Harbour, Labrador, have been taken in Newfoundland. One was stranded in Safe Harbour last July, from the head of which was pumped 400 gallons of spermaceti, and from its blubber 2,000 gallons of sperm oil. It is not improbable that the sperm whale will find its way more frequently to our coast in quest of their favorite morsel, the squid or devil fish, a monster specimen of which was caught a few days ago by fishermen at Portugal Cove.

The latest enterprise in Newfoundland in the whaling industry is the purchase of the S. S. "Sabraon" for the Newfoundland Steam Whaling Company, Ltd., by their managing director, Mr. Alexander McDougall. Her gross tonnage is 2,385; net, 1,541; horse power, 230. She has all the latest machinery and appliances of a floating whale factory. The "Sabraon," Captain Davidson, accompanied by two tenders, the "Lynx," Captain Emmsen, and "Puma," Captain Hansen, all Norwegians, left here November 20th last year, for the South Shetlands. They were too late in the season getting down. The weather was excessively cold, and icebergs abounded. They secured 94 whales. Captain Davidson happened to be stand-

ing near when a whale was shot, a swirling harpoon hawser was caught by the rope, and he met his tragic death by being swept overboard. Captain Emmsen, of the "Puma," took charge of the "Sabraon," and Second Officer Hansen took charge of the "Puma." After remaining in the Shetland Islands for about two months they started homewards; called at North Sydney, Cape Breton, for supplies and bunker, and steamed for Labrador as far as Spotted Island, and Table Bay, where they captured 47 whales, making a total of 141 for the cruise. The S. S. "Sabraon" and tenders reached St. John's the latter part of July, the former clearing for Greenock with 4,000 barrels of oil and the latter docking for repairs. With the experience of the first voyage there is reasonable expectation of this being highly successful financially, and is looked forward to with no little interest, not only by the shareholders, but the public generally.



A LEVIATHAN.

The steamers which prosecute the whale fishery on the coast of Labrador are similar to those which operate in connection with the "Sabraon." They are speedy little craft, and are armed with a small cannon, in the bow, from which the harpoon is discharged. A stout line is attached to the harpoon, which is "payed out" to give the whale "sea-room" until it becomes exhausted. It is then bound up to the side of the steamer by huge chain "slings" and conveyed to the Factory. A Whale Factory is neither picturesque nor savory; and its presence in the neighborhood is unmistakable. The odor of the whale is diffused for miles, and within the near radius is decidedly objectionable. Whale factories are practically all of the same class of architecture, and consist of several huge bale-box

shaped buildings capped by a cylindrical chimney, and fronted by a large "slip," on which the bodies of the leviathans are drawn up preparatory to the "carving." Every portion of the whale is utilized: the fat is "rendered out" in immense tanks; the bones are ground into fertilizer; and the *refuse* is converted into guano. Only the smell is lavishly wasted around the neighborhood.

Besides the Sperm-whale three other varieties are taken along the coast: The Fin-back (*Balenoptera*), the Hump-back (*Balena mysticetus*), and the Sulphur-bottom (*Sibbaldius borealis*).

THE NARWHAL.

The Narwhal (*Monodon monocerus*), which has habits similar to the "White Whale," is found in the extreme north; it generally travels in bands or "schools," and seems to prefer the proximity of ice, so that its summer range is more northern than the white whale. It is distinguished in the water from the white whale by its darker color, its white spots, and its horns. The color becomes lighter with age, so that very old individuals become dirty white.

According to the Esquimaux, the horn is confined to the males, and its chief use is for domestic battle. Only one horn is usually developed, growing out of the upper jaw, and projecting directly forward. The horns vary in length up to eight feet, and are composed of a very fine quality of ivory. This ivory is more valuable than that obtained from walrus tusks, being worth about four dollars a pound. It is sold for the China trade, where the Mongolians use it for medicine as well as ornamental purposes, and for the manufacture of cups supposed to absorb all poisons placed in them. (A. P. Low: *"The Cruise of the Neptune."*)

THE WALRUS.

The Walrus (*Trichechus rosmarus,* Linn; *Aivik,* Esquimaux) is found in all the northern waters, where, like the Narwhal, it seems to prefer the presence of floating ice, and rarely comes out on the shore-ice. They are very rarely found during later years south of Cape Chidley.

In early days the Walrus was found as far south as the Magdalen Islands; and Challevoix (*Historie de la Nouvelle France*) says that

SKINNING SEALS. *Photo, Vey.*

the bones of the walrus were found promiscuously on the islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Hakluyt ("Voyages") has similar records of the southern migrations of these aquatic mammals. In former days the walrus was known as "Morse" or "sea-ox"; and it was doubtless from the presence of the walrus in the neighborhood that a headland, near the outlet of the Saguenay River, was named "Point aux Vaches" by early navigators. There is another point further east named, for a similar reason, presumably, *"Mille Vaches."*

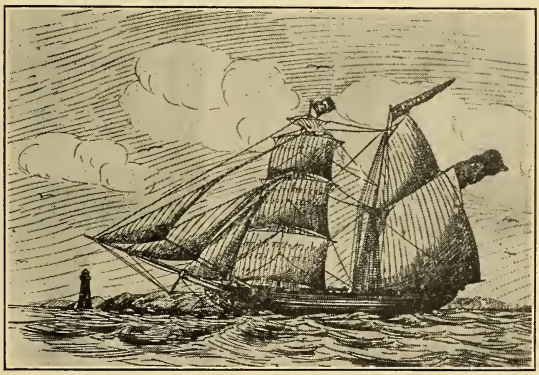
"The walrus is necessary for the subsistence of the northern Esquimaux and their dogs. The flesh is strong and sustaining, the blubber is abundant and good, while the tusks are of great use for shoeing sleds (*Komatiks*) and the manufacture of spears and harpoons, and other hunting and domestic gear. The present value of the walrus to civilization is small. Oil is made from the blubber, and the skins are used chiefly for "buffing" metal goods. The ivory of the tusks is inferior, and only worth fifty cents a pound. The present price for hides is from eight to ten cents a pound, and consequently the entire products of a large walrus are under fifty dollars in value." ("Cruise of the Neptune.")

GRAMPUS. The Grampus (*Orca gladiator*), otherwise known as "The Killer," is found in the north; it is very voracious and lives largely upon fish, seals and porpoises. An idea of its voracious habits may be formed from the fact that in the stomach of one were found fourteen porpoises and fourteen large seals; it choked to death swallowing the fifteenth. ("Cruise of the Neptune.")

THE SEAL. Several varieties of seals are found on Labrador. The "Harbor-seal" (*Phoca vitulina*) is seen at all points of the coast on the south and east. It ascends the rivers in springtime, and it has been captured far up in the lakes of the interior. It is sometimes called "Fresh-water" seal, and is practically valueless.

The "Harp" seal (*Pagophilus groenlandicus*) is the most widely distributed mammal on the coast of Labrador and around the north

coast of Newfoundland; and sealing is one of the most lucrative industries of the Colony. Its importance may be estimated from the fact that it employs nearly five thousand fishermen, and the capital invested is approximately two million dollars. The seal-hunt, or, as it is termed in the fishermen's vernacular "Swilin'," is one of the most exciting events in the fisherman's life. Formerly prosecuted by sailing vessels, it is now conducted in powerful steamers, some of them being the latest achievements in marine architecture. The "hunt" begins on March 10th, and ends, legally, on May 1st. Sealing has been prosecuted along the Newfoundland coast since the early days of the seventeenth century; and as early as 1742 Fogo and Twillingate are said to have "made" *nearly three thousand pounds* from trade in seal oil. (Records, N. F. Board of Trade.)



"THE THREE SISTERS," FIRST SEALING BRIG.

"When George the Third was King" the sealing industry was vigorously conducted, but only as an *inshore* fishery; and every mercantile establishment had its "vats" for the rendering of oil. The seal fishery in vessels began somewhere about the year 1800; and we learn that in 1804 more than 70,000 seals were taken by schooners and boats. In 1814 the seal-fishery was enormous, reaching the hundred thousand mark.

In 1817 the worst seal-fishery on record is noted, only thirty-seven thousand being taken; but in the year following the fishery was unusually large, and several vessels returned from the "ice fields" in less than a fortnight "loaded to the scuppers."

During the next quarter of a century the sealing industry assumed immense proportions; and ship-building became an institution throughout Newfoundland. Enormous "bills" were made by sealers in these days; and I have often heard old fishermen tell of the years they "made a hundred pound" ($400.00).

The introduction of steamers (the first two were the *Bloodhound* and the *Wolf*), in 1862, completely changed the money-making aspect of the seal fishery; and nowadays a "bill" of eighty dollars is regarded as something phenomenal.

A SEALER.

GETTING A BERTH.

In my early years "getting a berth" or "signing" for the seal-fishery was one of the great annual events; and the day set apart by custom for this important function was St. Stephen's Day (the fishermen termed it *"Stephenses Day"*). Hundreds of stalwarts might be seen decked in Sunday attire lounging around the planters' houses waiting to see the "Skipper." Some of the latter, known as the "Big Seal Killers," had ten times as many applications for "berths" as the younger and inexperienced captains; and their crews were always "picked men." Towards evening, after the "signing" had been finished, the festive toilers regaled them-

selves at the village "pubs," and "We won't go home until morning" might be heard at intervals during the night as the roisterers wended their way homewards. There was rarely any serious breach of the peace, however, and the lieges were never called upon to make arrests.

At the signing-time the "men of the frozen pans" received what was known as the "crop." This was an advance made to each man of goods to the value of ten or twelve dollars, consisting of a pair of skin boots, tobacco, "small stores," and occasionally a bottle of brandy or rum. The last-mentioned was carefully put away and kept for emergencies during the voyage.

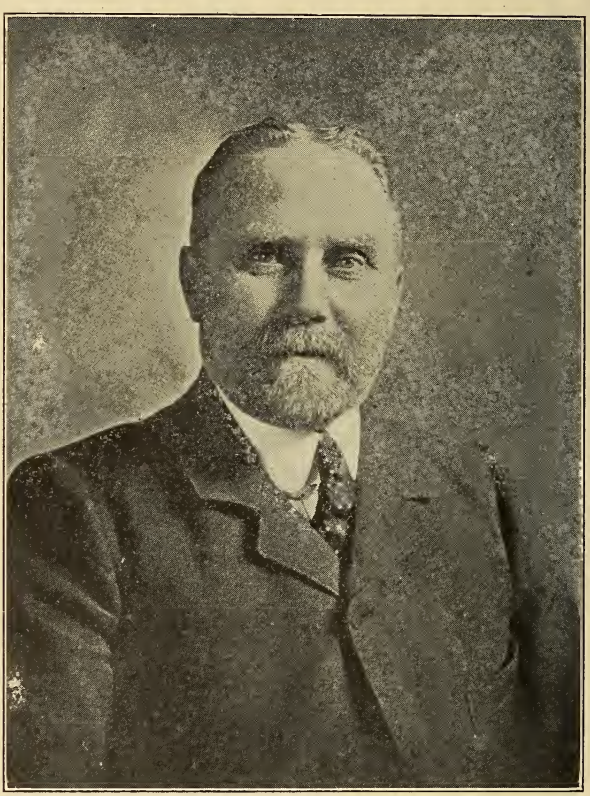
Towards the end of February the sealers poured into the shipping ports; and it was a picturesque and interesting sight to see hundreds of "silers" coming into town from outlying sections, each armed with a "gaff" or a "long-tom" sealing gun. Their belongings were trailed behind them on small sleds, made usually with two flour-barrel staves for runners, and four pins which supported the frame which held the "nunny-bag" or "turkey." Then there was a busy scene as the vessels, "Topsail-schooners," generally, made ready for the start. On March 1st the fleet began to move, then quiet reigned in town until the homecoming.

The fare of these sealers was not of a particularly attractive kind. It was solid and substantial, consisting of biscuit, pork, butter and "lassey-tea." On three days of the week the dinner consisted of pork and "duff," the latter being a mixture of flour and water with a little grease "to lighten it." This, when cooked, is not a desirable article of diet for dyspeptics. On the other days of the week the "grub" (the fishermen's term for food) is lighter, consisting of bread and butter, and seal-meat when they "strike the fat." This bill of fare is still the sealers' *menu;* and it is a remarkable fact that little sickness occurs during the sealing voyage.

THE HUNT.

"The experiences of a sealing voyage are various, being influenced by the ever-shifting condition of the ice and direction of the winds. The grand aim of the sealers is to reach that portion of the "whelping grounds" of the seals, while the young are yet in their plump oleaginous babyhood. The position of this icy-cradle is utterly uncertain, being

dependent on the movements of the ice and the force of the waves. It has to be sought among vast ice-fields. At times, in endeavoring to push her way through, the vessel is caught in heavy ice; and then dynamite is resorted to to make a clearing. Occasionally vessels are "nipped"; sometimes they are crushed to atoms; and the crew are then obliged to find a refuge on board some other ship or make



CAPTAIN KEAN, A SUCCESSFUL SEALER.

their way to land, if possible. If the sealing-ships are lucky they "strike" the seals within a few days after leaving port; and a "load" is secured in five or six days. But if they fail to find "the patch" they may roam the ocean for weeks, and return to port "clean."

When the ship enters a "patch" of seals, excitement becomes

intense; then the work of destruction begins. The seal is killed by a blow on the head from a "gaff" or "bat"; then it is "sculped." This means detaching the pelt from the carcass, which is left on the ice. When the sealer has secured a "tow" (five or six pelts) he hauls them to the ship, if she is near; but "pans" them if the ship is dis-

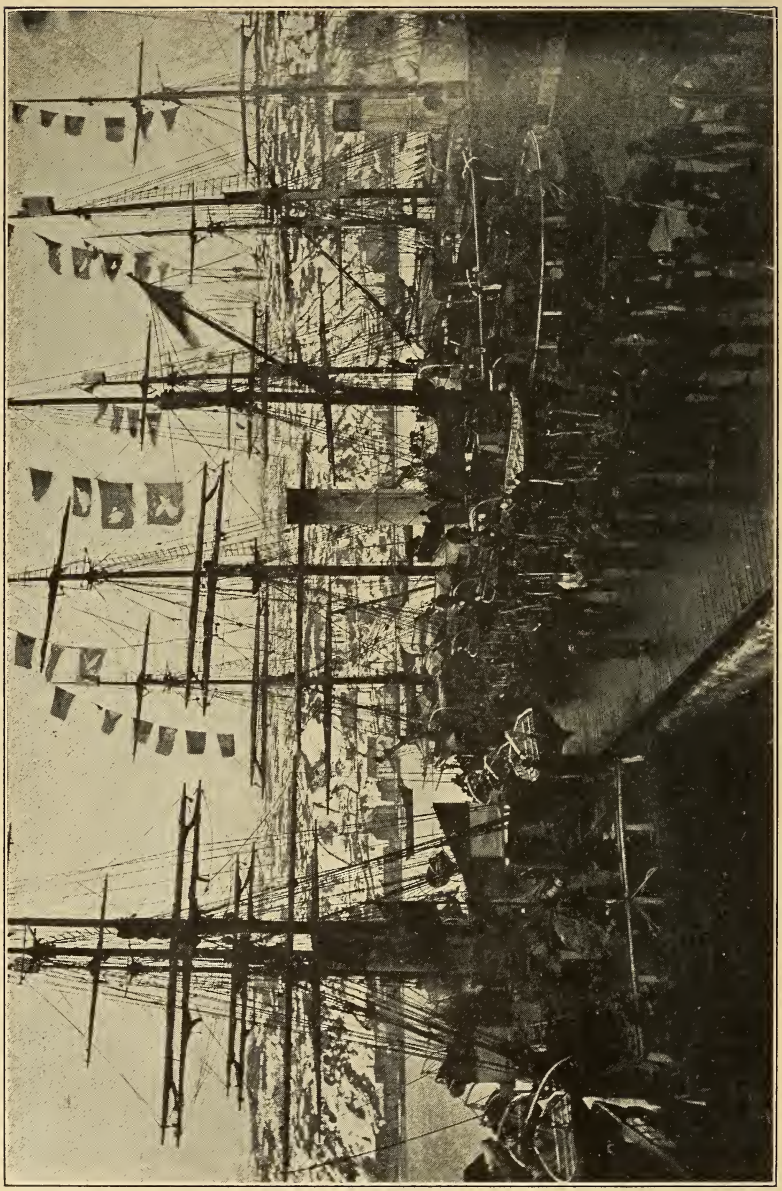
"THE BOS'N'S WATCH."

tant. When the "panning" is completed the ship picks up these "pans," and if the number panned is sufficient for a "load" she "bears up" for home as soon as the pelts are stowed in the hold.

On arrival at St. John's or Harbor Grace (these are now the only manufacturing centres), the pelts are discharged and the "skinners" have their innings; the skin is removed from the fat by means of large knives, and immediately placed in grinders, whence it passes into tanks and is there converted into oil. The skins are salted and kept in bulk till sold. Formerly sealers received one-half the catch as their share of the voyage; but under the new régime they receive one-third only; and the "bill" is never large.

WHITE COATS.

The seal brings forth one cub at a birth; and the young seal when whelped is known as the "White Coat," as it is then covered with a rich white fur. At the end of six weeks it sheds the white woolly robe, and a smooth, spotted skin appears, having a rough dark fur. When the seal has shed its coat it is known to fishermen as "Ragged



SEALERS READY FOR START.

Jacket." It then weighs about fifty to fifty-five pounds. In this condition it is known as a "Prime Harp," and is worth about two dollars. Seals are usually sold in quintals, the quintal being 112 pounds.

In early days, in the northern bays of Newfoundland, sealing was a very profitable business; and it is within the recollection of some of the "old-timers" that even the gentler sex did not disdain to go "swilin'." The following is culled from a chapter of "Reminiscences":

The seals, if I remember rightly, first struck the land on the tenth day of March. Some few men secured, that day, as high as seven or eight each, but, owing to a change of wind, had to slip their tows and run for life when within a mile from the land, as the ice was drifting from the shore.

Sad to say, one or two men died from exhaustion when within a mile from land; and one, not having strength to climb the "ballicaders," died clinging to the rocks after having reached the shore. Two were driven off and never heard of again. One man, a near neighbor of the writer, slipped his seals, with the initials of his name cut on the top pelt, about two miles from land, and after no little difficulty managed to reach *terra firma*.

On the eleventh day of March the wind blew from the southwest, and seals and ice were driven to sea. Men's spirits began to droop, and after two or three days both seals and ice were out of sight. Then it was that the hopes of all dropped far below zero.

On the fourteenth day of March the wind blew fiercely from the northeast, and joy and gladness once more were the order of the day. The star of hope was again in the ascendant.

The fifteenth day of March opened with the wind still northeast, and blowing very heavily. This continued all day; and the sixteenth day, not to be outdone by its predecessor, piped out lustily his northeaster with an equally good humor.

On the morning of the seventeenth day of March, long before dawn made her appearance in the eastern sky, hundreds of men were standing on the "ballicaders" with their ropes and gaffs all in readiness, waiting for the dawn to break. On the appearance of the first faint streak of light, the men leaped, and ran, but, good to say, not very far, as a little over one mile from shore the young harps were

again met with in their grand thousands. Then the harvest really commenced, and for four consecutive weeks there was little else, but seals! seals!! seals!!!

The man before mentioned as having his initials cut on his tow of seals, and who had to abandon them seven days previously, actually walked over the same pan of ice two miles from land and there found the tow of seals with his initials cut on the top pelt which he had to cast adrift seven days before. He took them the second time, hauled them to the land, and safely deposited them on the rocks. We might mention *en passant* that the same poor fellow was lost with all hands belonging to his schooner a few years afterwards.

The golden and greasy harvest continued over one month, and many men, a shade more fortunate than their neighbors, made, that spring, more than *One Hundred Pounds* each. Young harps, that spring, were forty-two shillings and six-pence per hundred weight—hence the large wages made by the men of Notre Dame Bay.

Day after day the sailing vessels could be sighted in the mouth of the bay; but, owing to a heavy field of ice between the ships and the seals, which proved an embargo, the landsmen had the fun all to themselves.

I feel that I ought not to close this short account without mentioning the noble efforts of two of the fair sex (notwithstanding the fact one of them was nearing the fiftieth mile post on life's journey). This woman, whose husband had, at that time, been ill for several years, and whose children were all young, actually took her rope and gaff, and, like a true heroine, earned many pounds towards feeding her little ones, and added not a few comforts to the happiness and welfare of her husband. The other, a damsel of twenty summers, followed suit, and before the CALIFORNIA came to an end, had landed with her own rope and pluck no less a sum than *One Hundred Pounds,* in good English money!

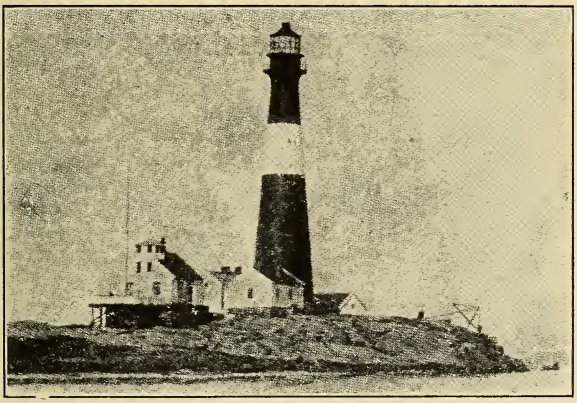
The writer can vouch for the accuracy of both items, and was on the spot during the great reaping without scythe or sickle. (Toulingater in *"Christmas Bells."*)

INSHORE FISHERY.

The seal-fishery of Labrador is possibly of more ancient date than the fishery along the Newfoundland coast, though the latter has been prosecuted for centuries. A report of

this industry was furnished, in 1802, to Governor Gambier, by Mr. Bland, of Bonavista. The writer of the report says:

"This adventurous and perilous pursuit is prosecuted in two different ways—by nets during the winter months, and from March to June in ice-skiffs and decked boats, or schooners. The fishery by nets extends from Conception Bay to Labrador. About fifty pounds of strong twine are required to make a net, and each net is about forty fathoms in length, and nearly three in depth. Four or five men constitute a crew to attend to about twenty nets, but in brisk sealing this number of nets will require a double crew in separate boats. The seals bolt into the nets while ranging at the bottom in quest of food, which makes it necessary to keep the nets to the ground, where they are made to stand on their legs, as the



THE BEACON.

phrase is, by means of cork fastened at equal distances along the head-ropes. The net is extended at the bottom by a mooring and killock fixed to each end, and it is frequently placed in forty fathoms of water, for we observe that the largest seals are caught in the deepest water. To each end of the head-rope is fixed a pole standing erect in the water to guide the sealers to the net, and when these poles are torn away by ice they are directed by land-marks, and find their nets with creepers. On the Labrador coast the seal-fishery begins about the beginning of November and lasts till Christmas.

The seals upon this coast are of many species. They are classed

and distinguished by names known only to Newfoundlanders. *Tars, Doaters,* and *Gunswails,* and many others, breed upon the rocks in the summer season, and may be called natives, but these make but little part of our fishery; our dependence rests upon *Harps* and *Bedlamers,* which are driven by ice from the north-east seas. The harp in its prime will yield from ten to sixteen gallons of oil, and the bedlamer, a seal of the same species, only younger, from three to seven.

"The entire catch at Bonavista may be estimated at ten thousand, two-thirds of which are *Harps.* The *Harps* yield thirteen shillings each, and the *Bedlamers,* seven shillings-and-sixpence."

The early French settlers and the Montagnais Indians carried on seal-fishing very extensively; and the names of many of the capes on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence are derived from the habits of the seal, e. g., *Natashquan* ("Where the seals land"), opposite the north point of *Anticosti,* and *L'anse a loup* (marins), "seal creek."

SQUARE FLIPPER.

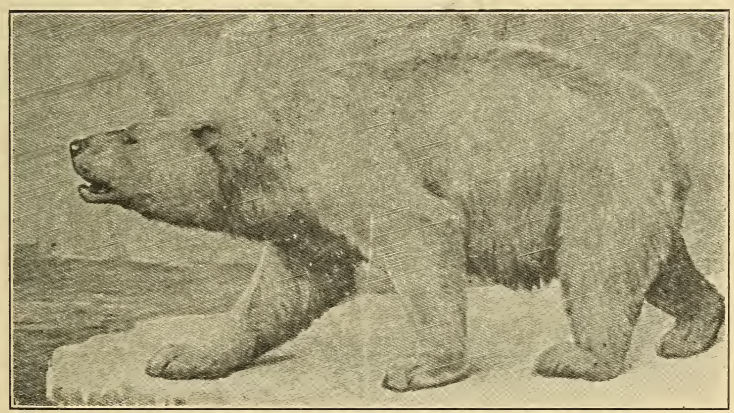
The "Square-Flipper" (*Phoca barbatus*) —the largest seal known, is occasionally taken on eastern Labrador. The young of this variety weighs 150 pounds; the adult sometimes turns the scale at 600 pounds.

The "Hood Seal" (*Cystophora cristata*) is found late in spring far out to sea by sealing-steamers. It weighs about 80 pounds when "prime"; and the old seals weigh between 300 and 400 pounds. The "Hood Seal" is so called because it has a sack or hood on its nose; when attacked, this hood is inflated, and it is almost impervious to shot. This peculiarity is found only in the male.

THE BEAR.

Bears are mentioned as early as 1498; for we read in Hakluyt (Voyages III, p. 27), in connection with Cabot's report of Labrador: "The soil is barren and yieldeth little fruit, but it is full of beares, and stagges far greater than ours." They are mentioned in the report of Cortereal's voyages; and Cartier records their presence on the coast. To the old navigators it was known as a "water-animal." Three varieties of Bear are found on the coast: the *Barren-ground Bear*

(*Ursus arctos,* Richardson); the *Black Bear* (*Ursus Americanus*), and the *Polar Bear* (*Thalasarctos maritimus*). The Barren-ground Bear is found in the northern barrens of Labrador, and skins of this large animal are frequently brought for sale to the Northern Hudson Bay posts. The Naskopi Indians have numerous tales about its size and ferocity. The Black Bear is found in the burnt districts of the interior, and several specimens have been found in the neighborhood of Hamilton Inlet. This species as a rule is confined to the coast, and rarely travels inland, except to produce its young. The young, from one to three in number, are born in holes under the rocks, lined with brush, grass, and moss, towards the end of October. At time of birth they are the size of a large rat, white in color, helpless, and with closed eyes. They are suckled for five months, the male assisting in the rearing. On the Atlantic coast



A POLAR BEAR.

the Polar Bear is occasionally found as far south as the Straits of Belle Isle, whither it is carried from the north on the ice-floes. North of Hamilton Inlet, it is frequently met with along the coast and on the islands, being common about Cape Chidley and along Hudson Strait. During the winter of 1894 the tracks of three white bears were seen close to *North-west River,* at the head of Hamilton Inlet, and a few specimens have been killed in that locality. (*Geol. Survey, Can,* 1895.)

CARIBOU.

The Caribou is one of the most useful, as well as one of the most plentiful animals on the coast; and it forms an important item in the domestic economy of the Indians and the Esquimaux. Two species of Caribou are found on the coast, though the settlers do not seem to recognize the distinction between the two varieties. The Woodland Caribou

A STAG.

(*Rangifer Caribou,* Linn) within the past twenty-five years was plentiful throughout the southern wooded region of the Labrador coast, but is now practically exterminated. On the upper Hamilton River this species is still met with in small bands, but, according to the testimony of the Indians, the numbers at present killed are only a small percentage of the numbers annually slaughtered a few

years ago. The scarcity of Caribou means starvation to the inland Indians; and some cases are recorded as having recently occurred.

The Barren-ground Caribou (*Rangifer Groenlandicus*, Linn) ranges in immense herds over the barren grounds of the peninsula. According to the information obtained from the Naskopis, this species is believed to spend the summer near the coast, where the cool sea-breezes keep down the pest of flies. In the autumn they migrate to the uplands, and return again to the true barrens in May. There are apparently three distinct herds of the Barren-ground Caribou,

CARIBOU CROSSING A LAKE.

one on the Atlantic coast, which passes the summer on the highlands between Nachvak and Nain; a second, which crosses the lower part of the Koksoak River and summers on the west side of Ungava Bay; and a third, which summers along the north-east side of Hudson Bay.

The principal hunt is made during the fall migration, when the stags are fat and have not yet mated with the females; and during this hunt the slaughter is dreadful. The Indians usually kill when the Caribou are crossing a stream. A feast follows the annual hunt,

and the haunches and bony parts are then consumed; the softer portions are cut into long strips, smoked and preserved for future use.

Many years ago, during a visit to an Indian encampment on the Esquimaux River, I was offered some of this commodity for dinner. It resembled a strip of very dirty sole leather. I declined the hospitality of mine host on this occasion; but later I discovered that the sole-leather grub was not by any means as ill-flavored as it appeared.

The Caribou furnishes the Montagnais and Naskopis with clothing as well as food; but they now seem to prefer the white man's cheap homespun and tweed, to deer-skin. The Caribou are erratic in their movements, and can never be depended upon to return to their former haunts; and when the hunt fails, the Indians are face to face with starvation. Such a visitation has occurred frequently within past years; and in 1893, 150 Indians died of starvation in the northern section of Labrador. In evidence given before the Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1851, a letter was read which says: "Starvation has committed great havoc among our old friends the Naskopis, numbers of whom met their death from want last winter; whole camps of them were found dead, without one survivor to tell the tale of their sufferings." (*Geol. Survey of Canada,* 1895.)

The Moravian missionaries on the coast also report that Caribou are fast diminishing in numbers. Here is an excellent opportunity for the philanthropy of some magnate to demonstrate his charity on behalf of suffering humanity. The wherewithal for the sustenance of the Labrador Indians may be provided by the introduction of Reindeer to offset the diminution of Caribou.

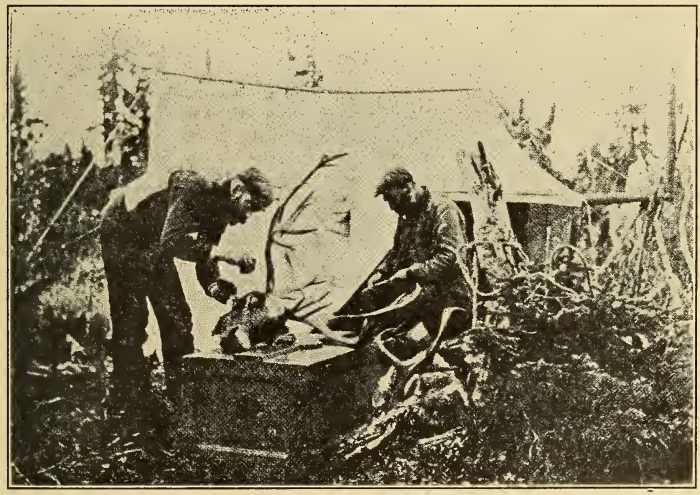
INDIAN CUSTOMS.

The Montagnais have a rather singular custom in connection with the Caribou. They always preserve the antlers of the first doe which is killed on their march inland in the fall. Before they return to the coast in Spring they place the antlers on a lake, where they sink to the bottom when the ice breaks up, and they are thus not gnawed by any carnivorous animal.

The Naskopis are said to hang the haunches of the stag first killed on the branch of a tree to propitiate the *Manitou* and secure good luck during the season.

THE FOX.

Vulpes vulgaris, Fleming (Red, Cross, Silver, and Black Fox). These animals are only color varieties of the same species. On the Moose River, in 1887, the writer found a litter containing seven kits; of these two were red, three were cross, and the remaining two black or silver, thus showing that the color of foxes no more constitutes varieties than does the difference of color in a litter of kittens of the common cat. There appears to be a greater proportion of dark-colored foxes in the northern region of Labrador than in the southern. The fox is found throughout the peninsula from the St. Lawrence to Hudson Strait, where it is taken in the barrens and along the coast by Esquimaux. Most of the skins are taken before Christmas, as the fur becomes poor early in the Spring.



CARIBOU HEADS.

VULPES LAGOPUS (ARCTIC FOX, WHITE FOX).

This variety is found most abundantly in the barren grounds. It is rarely taken south of Lake Michichikamau. Along the seaboard the white fox ranges farther south, and is plentiful about Hamilton Inlet. Most of the foxes along the southern Atlantic coasts are said to be migrants from the northern

coasts, and they are rarely caught south of Hamilton Inlet before that body of water is frozen over. The Blue Fox (Var. *fuliginosus*) is much less abundant than the white, with which it is found. It is very rare along the southern half of the Atlantic coast. (*Geol. Survey of Canada,* 1895.)

The Wolf (*Canis lupus,* Linn) is rarely seen on the coast.

THE WOLVERINE.

The Wolverine (*Gulo luscus,* Linn) is abundant throughout Labrador. This destructive animal is the *personification of the devil* among the Indians, owing to its cunning and voracious habits. It is known to French-Canadians as "Carcajou." The Indians tell some very extraordinary stories about the ferocity and intelligence of the wolverine; and it seems nothing is safe from its predations. It is seldom captured, as its cunning seems to protect it from falling into traps. If caught the wolverine usually gnaws off its imprisoned member, or takes the trap with him. "Like tame ravens, it does not seem to care what it steals, so that it can exercise its propensity to commit mischief." Mr. Ross, an agent in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, says that he "knew a hunter who left his lodge unguarded during his absence, and on returning he found it completely gutted; the walls were there, but nothing else. Blankets, guns, kettles, knives, and all the other paraphernalia of a trapper's lodge had vanished, and the tracks left behind showed who had been the thief. He set to work, and by carefully following up all the paths, recovered, with some trifling exception, the whole of his property." (Hind, *"Explorations in Labrador."*)

THE FISHER.

The Fisher, or *Pekan,* which belongs to the same family, is found rarely on southern Labrador. It is said to derive its name "Fisher" from its predatory habits, as it is a notorious thief, and plunders the bait from fox traps without detection.

The Mink (*Putorius vison,* Brisson) is found only on the southern part of Labrador; and it is now reported scarce.

The ermine and weasel are found abundantly in the wooded regions.

The Otter (*Lutra Canadensis,* Turton) is found throughout the

wooded sections of the coast, and is reported abundant on the upper Hamilton River, especially in the vicinity of "Grand Falls," where a number of Indian families congregate in spring to hunt it. Within recent years it is not found abundantly in the southern sections; and old trappers have told me that they believe it will soon be extinct unless some restriction is placed on the destruction of young broods.

THE SABLE. The Sable (Marten, *Mustela Americana*) is one of the most abundant and valuable fur-bearing animals on the coast. It is of brown color, yellowish on the throat, and its fur is extremely lustrous. The largest and darkest skins are found in the far north. The importance of the marten in fur countries may be gathered from the returns of the Fur Companies of London, which handle eighty to one hundred thousand skins annually. The marten is peculiar in its habits, and disappears periodically and it is unknown what becomes of it. The marten hunt is made after the smaller lakes are frozen, until December, and again during the months of March and April, after which the skins are of little value.

THE BEAVER. The Beaver (*Castor fiber,* Linn) is common on certain sections of the coast; but the same story is told by trappers regarding the Beaver as that of the Otter. Within the last twenty-five years the number of dams on the southern sections of the coast is being gradually diminished; and some measures are imperatively necessary to prevent the total extinction of this useful animal. Some years ago trappers in the Straits of Belle Isle reaped a rich harvest from beaver skins; but the number now procurable is comparatively small. This is perhaps the most interesting of all fur-bearing animals in its habits, as the beaver seems endowed with almost human intelligence. A beaver-dam is one of the most ingeniously constructed domiciles.

"The beavers always make their winter house on the shore above the water-level, with a road leading to it from the water; perhaps the road under the ice and in the earth is eighteen to thirty feet long. They keep their food in the water above the dam, and live in a warm house on shore. Hunters "sound" the ice close to the shore, and near the dam, to find the road to the house where the beaver

always runs when alarmed. When the roads have been found—for there are sometimes several—the ice is cut through, and the first road stopped. Then other soundings are made to discover which way the roads run, until the house is reached, when the beaver is pulled out." (Hind, *"Explorations."*)

I have never seen this process, but to me the ruined dams are a very melancholy sight. It seems a pity to disturb these wonderful workers.

THE LYNX.

The Lynx, or Mountain-cat (*Lynx Canadensis,* Demarest) is found abundantly on the coast. It is named the "dandy" of the denizens of the woods, owing to its fondness for perfumes. Its weakness in this direction often means capture. The Indians say that the number of Lynx varies with that of the rabbits, which are the natural food of this predatory animal. The Lynx is a fierce and dangerous animal; and some years ago I had an adventure with one of these treacherous brutes which I would not care to duplicate unless well armed.

The Lynx formerly played an important part in Indian mythology. The Indians supposed that the world was created by *Atahcoam,* and that a deity named *Messou* repaired it when it was old. One day *Messou* was hunting with lynxes instead of dogs; his savage companions swam into a lake and were drowned. *Messou* searched for them everywhere without success, when a bird told him that he would find them in the middle of the lake. He entered the lake to bring them back, but the lake began to overflow its banks, and finally deluged the world. *Messou,* astonished, sent a crow to bring him a piece of earth from which he intended to reconstruct the land, but the crow could not find any. He made an otter dive into the waters, but the otter was as unsuccessful as the crow. At last he sent the muskrat, who brought him a little bit, from which *Messou* reconstructed the earth as it is now. He presented an Indian with a gift of immortality, enclosed in a little box, subject to the condition that he should not open it. As long as he kept the box closed, he was to be immortal; but his curious wife, of course, was anxious to see what the box contained; she opened it, and ever since the Indians

have been subject to death. (*"Relation de la Nouvelle France, en l'annee* 1634.") The same tradition is also found amongst other tribes of Indians. (Hind, *"Explorations."*)

THE MUSKRAT.

The Muskrat, which also plays an important part in Indian legends, is found abundantly on the south coast of Labrador. To the ordinary sportsman the little Muskrat is hardly worthy of attention, but it emulates the beaver in its ingenuity. The muskrat builds a most comfortable house. In an article entitled "The Keeper of the Water-Gate," published in "Leslie's Popular Monthly," Mr. G. D. Roberts describes this strictly utilitarian structure:

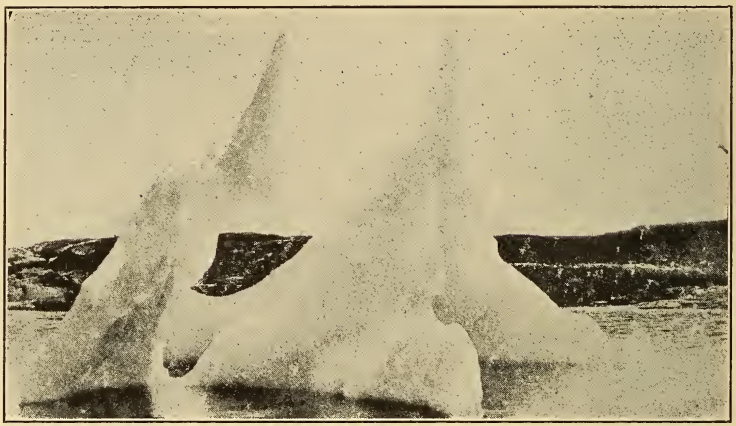
"The entrance is dug with great and persistent toil from the very bottom of the bank, for the better discouragement of the muskrat's deadliest enemy, the mink, runs inward for nearly two feet, and then upward on a long slant some five or six feet through the natural soil, to a point where the shore is dry land at the average level of the water. Over this exit, which is dry at the time of the building, the muskrat raises his house.

"The house is a seemingly careless, roughly rounded heap of grass roots, long water-weeds, lily roots and stems and mud, with a few sticks woven into the foundation. The site is cunningly chosen, so that the roots and stems of alders or other trees give it secure anchorage; and the whole structure, for all its apparent looseness, is so well compacted as to be secure against the sweep of the spring freshets. About six feet in diameter at the base, it rises about the same distance from the foundation, a rude, sedge-thatched dam, of which something more than three feet may show itself above the ice.

"To the unobservant eye the muskrat house in the alders might look like a mass of drift in which the rank water-grass had taken root. But within the clumsy pit is a shapely, small, warm chamber lined with the softest grasses. From one side of this chamber the burrow slants down to another and much larger chamber, the floor of which, at high water, may be partly flooded. From this chamber lead down two burrows, one, the main passage, opening frankly in the channel of the creek, and the other, longer and more devious, terminating in a narrow and cunningly concealed exit, behind a sub-

merged root. This passage is little used, and is intended chiefly as a way of escape in case of an extreme emergency, such as, for example, the invasion of a particularly enterprising mink by way of the main water-gate.

"The muskrat is no match for the snake-swift, bloodthirsty mink, except in the one accomplishment of holding his breath under water; and a mink must be very ravenous, or quite mad with the blood-lust, to dare the deep water-gate and the long subaqueous passage to the muskrat's citadel at seasons of average high water. In times of drought, however, when the entrance is nearly uncovered and the water goes but a little way up the dark tunnels, the mink will often glide in, slaughter the garrison and occupy the well-built citadel." (*C. G. D. Roberts.*)



SHAPES FANTASTIC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FRESH FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW.

"Flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered."

BRYANT.

The Botanical Literature of the coast of Labrador is not extensive. A Moravian missionary, the Rev. Samuel Weiz, was the pioneer of Botanical explorers; and in recent years the Rev. Arthur Waghorne did important work in categorizing the interesting specimens of field and forest growth of the coast. It was my good fortune to make several journeys with this enthusiastic lover of nature during the years he spent on the coast of Labrador; and later, he was my clerical neighbor during his incumbency of the New Harbor Mission in Newfoundland.

Mr. Waghorne's collection was the most extensive ever gathered on the coast; and to him is due much of the knowledge at my disposal regarding the Flora of the Northland. His labors extended over several years. His untimely death left a great void in scientific circles in the old home-land; and I am not aware that any other botanist has resumed the work he had so successfully inaugurated. Mr. Waghorne was the greatest enthusiast I have ever met; and during his mission tours it was not unusual to find him laden with a miniature herbarium. His advent to certain little hamlets in the old home-land was an ever-ending matter of curiosity to the housewife of the little fishers' cot where he usually put up. I have seen the good dame stand in wonderment watching the botanist select and categorize his specimens. She "couldn't see for the life of her what the parson wanted all that old rubbish for!" That "rubbish" was often a valuable acquisition to the store of the scientific explorer. Mr. Waghorne left an exceedingly valuable monograph on the "Lichens and Mosses of Newfoundland and Labrador." In the enumeration we find twenty-two species and thirty-one varieties of a lichen, or "tree-moss," which is seemingly destined to play an

important part in the domestic economy of Newfoundland and Labrador, viz., the *Cladonia rangiferina,* the favorite food of the Reindeer.

VALUE OF LICHENS.

Lichens perform an important part in the general economy of nature, and they are distributed over every part of the world. Their distribution is regulated, not only by the presence of suitable soil, but also by atmospherical and climatical conditions. It is claimed that their geographical range is more extended than any other class of plants, occurring as they do in the warmest as well as in the coldest regions. On Labrador several valuable species have been located; and the gneissoid rocks are made even picturesque by the presence of this humble growth.

"The first in order of importance is the Reindeer Moss variety known as 'Reindeer' moss (*Cladonia rangiferina*), which at every step inspires the traveller in the Laurentian country with admiration for its beauty, its luxuriance, its wonderful adaptation to the climate, and its value as a source of food to the mainstay of the Indian—the Caribou. The Laplanders not only depend upon it for their herds of domesticated reindeer, but they gather it during the rainy season and give it to their cattle. It is not unpalatable as an article of human food." (Hind, *"Explorations."*)

THE "ROCK-TRIPE."

Next in importance to the "Reindeer" moss is the variety known as "Tripe-de-roche" (*Sticla pulmonaria*), which is found on the trees as well as on rocks. Newfoundland fishermen term it "Molldow" (Mildew). This contains many nutritive properties; and it is used medicinally by the Indians; it is not unfrequently used by hunters when food is scarce. When boiled, it yields, like Iceland moss, a jelly which is not unpalatable. This *tripe-de-roche* grows abundantly on the Labrador peninsula, and may yet become economically valuable as the source of a brown dye which is largely used.

"Springing on the edges of tufts of caribou moss, the red-cup lichen (*Cladonia gracilis*) is extremely common; sometimes it gives to the surface of the rock a vermilion hue for a considerable space round the tufts, under whose shelter it flourishes.

"The vast distribution of lichens on Labrador, from the mournful 'beard-moss' which hangs from the branches of dying spruce, to the ever-beautiful caribou moss, will possibly give some importance to those rugged wastes, more especially as the applications of lichens to the arts are becoming daily more numerous.

"One of the characteristics of this beautiful class of plants is their duration; they grow with exceeding slowness, but retain their general form and vitality for many years. They are only 'time-stains,' and well do they deserve their name. They survive the most intense cold, and live during long droughts in tropical climates. From the polar zones to the equator, under all conditions of heat and cold, on the most unyielding and barren rocks, on the living and on the dead, wherever there is light, lichens grow." (Hind.)

SPHAGNUM MOSS. This useful moss is found in the deep glen and on the hillsides of the coast, and is always as "full of water as a sponge." In places it may be seen advancing like a floating garden over a dark pool, and woe betide the unwary traveller who steps too heavily on this deceptive mass. This moss might be used for many purposes: it makes excellent bedding-material, and it is much preferable to the "excelsior," or sea-weed, which is now so extensively used in the manufacture of mattresses.

LABRADOR-TEA. Among these mosses the Labrador-tea (*Ledum*) is found abundantly; and its bunches of white flowers are conspicuous and attractive. A dwarf pea is common, as well as dwarf purple iris, alpine chickweed, marsh trefoil, mountain-heath, and alpine azalea, with great bunches of fleshy-leaved sedums (Stone-crop) or live-longs, while their purple and yellow flowers reach a height inversely in proportion to the exposure of their positions. This latter plant seems particularly fond of growing on the roofs of fishermen's "tilts" and other sod-covered houses along the coast. A pretty flower looking like a violet is common, with a rosette of yellowish leaves at the base (*Pinguicula vulgaris*), and a moss-like plant, beset with tiny pink flowers, the moss campion (*"Cushion-pink."*) (Townsend.)

BAKEAPPLE.

Owing to the short season of growth, Labrador has a flora numerically rich in individuals, but poor in species, and the flora of the northland is similar in many respects to that of Norway.

For a detailed account of the flora of the peninsula, Packard's interesting volume may be consulted with advantage; here we refer only to the berries which are of such interest from an economic standpoint. The berry which is so characteristic of Labrador is the succulent Cloudberry, here called "Bakeapple" (*Rubus Chamaemorus*), which attains a size rarely seen elsewhere. This is found in abundance all over the coast; and it is gathered in large quantities

A LABRADOR HUT.

by Newfoundlanders and natives. It is supposed to be a sovereign remedy for scorbutic diseases; and is in great use amongst the Esquimaux, who call it *Akbik*. The French call it *Chicote*. Several localities on the northern part of the coast are named after it; and it is not improbable that the Newfoundland name is derived from the Indian "Bik" (apple). We find several places named *Akbik, Akbiktok,* i. e., places where the Bakeapple grows. We have also the Newfoundland fisherman's nomenclature in "Bakeapple Bight," and "Bakeapple Marsh." The flavor of the "Bakeapple," when

ripe, is not unlike a rich Gravenstein. It is then of amber color; and in the unripe stage, in which it is usually gathered, it is not unlike a *fameuse* apple in color. Within recent years there is a regular industry both in Newfoundland and on the coast of Labrador canning this delicious fruit. Its leaves are particularly attractive, in autumn; and they are often gathered for decorative purposes, and are of every hue and color and keep indefinitely.

BILBERRIES. (*Vaccinium Myrtillus*), called by Newfoundlanders and the natives of Labrador "Herts," (or *Whortz*), are found in great abundance on the coast, particularly in the southern sections, where it attains an enormous growth. I have seen specimens of this luscious fruit as large as a Catawba grape. The natives of the coast make delicious wine from the Bilberry, and I have tasted some in the Straits of Belle Isle which was more palatable than the ordinary port wine of commerce. If it is kept for a couple of years it obtains a bouquet almost as rich as *Newman's Port.*

The Curlew-berry (*Empetrum Nigrum*) is also found in great abundance in certain localities on the Southern part of the Labrador coast. It was doubtless so named because it afforded food to the numerous flocks of curlew which frequented the coast in former years. It is rather surprising to find Sportsmen (?) who contend that the curlew feeds on fish; and they allege as proof of their contention the Labrador adage, "No curlew, no herring." Herring have abandoned the northern waters within recent years, and by a singular coincidence curlews also have almost entirely disappeared. There is absolutely no connection between the two. I have shot numbers of curlew in the vicinity of "Cut-throat," at Assizes Harbor and elsewhere, and the entrails contained nothing but a large feed of the *Empetrum nigrum.* Possibly the said Sportsmen (?) were unable to differentiate the curlew from a bird which has a decided piscatorial flavor—the *beach-bird,* a species of plover.

I have seen it somewhere asserted that the wild strawberry (*Fragraria Vesca*) is "found abundantly on the coast of Labrador"; and the writer offers in evidence the name of "little port near Ailik, named Strawberry."

This is *ben trovato;* but I am sorry to destroy this little fiction.

If I am well informed, the "little port" owes its name to a fisherman on board the old brig "Rusina," more than sixty years ago. The "Rusina" was one of our vessels. The size of the harbor doubtless suggested its name, as an old expression in vogue even in my early days, to express things diminutive, was: "As big as a bit of bread and a strawberry."

PARTRIDGE BERRY.

Recently an attempt has been made by a famous botanist to propagate the Cloudberry in the Western United States, but we have not learned what success Luther Burbank has achieved. Another berry which has become commercially valuable both on the coast of Labrador and in Newfoundland is the "Partridge Berry." This is improperly called the *cranberry.* It differs greatly from the *cranberry* of commerce (*Vaccinium Oxycoccos*), which is much larger, and by no means so highly flavored as the Partridge Berry (*Vaccinium Caespitosum,* Micchel).

This berry is largely distributed over the coast, and is found practically in every settlement from the Straits of Belle Isle to Nain. It is gathered when partially ripe, and packed in barrels, for export. Formerly it might be purchased for five cents a gallon; to-day it is quoted at forty cents. The Partridge Berry is used chiefly in the manufacture of dyes. The juice is of rich crimson color, and it is very lasting. The manufacture of packages for the exportation of this ubiquitous fruit now affords employment to numbers of coopers, who in past times did a lucrative trade in the manufacture of herring-barrels. This seems rather strange, but it is a fact.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FEATHERED TRIBE.

"The birds, great nature's happy commoners."

ROWE.

The list of birds found on the coast of Labrador is large in individuals, if not in species; and the ornithological literature is extensive.

AUDUBON.

The first ornithologist who visited the coast of Labrador was the celebrated Audubon, who with a party of scientists landed at Natashquan River, in 1833. He wrote an extensive account of the feathered tribe; and he has given a graphic description of the destruction of bird life on the western part of the coast. Among the "Episodes" published in his "Ornithological Biographies," Audubon wrote a highly dramatic one on the "Eggers of Labrador," in which he deprecates the "rascally way in which 'Eggers' destroyed the eggs and breeding birds."

"Before the arrival of the white man—nature's worst enemy—the Indian, the Esquimaux, the fox and the polar bear helped themselves from the abundant feast of eggs and young prepared by the water-birds along the Labrador coast. Little or no harm was done. The multitude of birds could well spare these moderate contributions. There were a few less mouths to be filled, but this natural pruning had little effect on the birds as a whole. During the nineteenth century, however, the drain on these wonderful nurseries of bird-life was fearful, and now but a pittance of the mighty host remains." (Townsend.)

Stringent legislation should be enacted to prevent the wanton destruction of bird-life on the coast; and such is being put into effect on Canadian Labrador with good effect. On Newfoundland-Labrador, however, there seems to be no let or hindrance to the destructive tendencies of mankind. As Kipling says:

"There's never a law of God or man runs
North of fifty-three."

It is perfectly natural that the fishermen should consider the eggs and young, and even the breeding parents, as a godsend to eke out their scanty larder. Knowing every rock, as they do, along the entire coast, they can easily keep in touch with the birds and rob them of their treasures. At Windsor Harbor I saw six young great black guillemots cooped in an ancient wreck, for the purpose of fattening for the pan. Unless some penalty be imposed one cannot expect a fisherman to pass by a nest of eider-duck's eggs, or even leave the fat mother unmolested if he can shoot her. Young or moulting ducks are easily caught and make very good eating, and are no doubt a delightful change from the usual course of fish. One of the Moravian brethren spoke to me with great gusto of the delights of an omelet made of eider's eggs. (So fishermen are not the only sinners.) "The Esquimaux procure," he said, "from two to three hundred eggs of all kinds for them every spring." When I asked if he had noticed any diminution in the number of birds, he replied that he had not. My companion remarked to me *sotto voce*: "He'll never miss the water, 'til the well runs dry." (Townsend: *op. cit.*)

———

EIDER DUCK.

The Eider (*Somateria dresseri*) is still found plentifully on the eastern and northern sections of the Labrador coast; but on the southern section it is not found abundantly, as the fishermen have been indiscriminate in their slaughter of what is a valuable asset. "They are actually killing the goose that lays the golden egg." In Norway and Iceland, the eider, instead of being slain, is offered every protection and encouragement, for the sake of its eggs and for the down which the female plucks from its breast as a covering for the eggs. The people are not allowed even to fire off guns near its haunts, and in some localities meeting-places are contrived for its accommodation. As a consequence, the bird becomes very tame, and the eggs and down, which are taken under intelligent oversight, are the source of considerable profit, without causing any diminution in the stock of birds. If the people of Labrador could be made to understand this, a new industry would arise, and the American eider, instead of being a vanishing race, would again populate the numerous islands along the southern coasts of the peninsula." (Townsend.)

The Pied, or *Labrador Duck* (*Comptolaimus labradorius*), no longer exists on the coast; and it is said that it became extinct some twenty-five years ago.

BLACK DUCK. This variety (*Anas obscura,* Gmel) is not common on the coast; but it is sometimes found in Hamilton Inlet and near Domino Run.

KING EIDER. The King Eider (*Somateria spectabilis*) is also rare; but is reported by Townsend, 1907. The *Greenland Eider* (Somateria borealis) is found abundantly in the northern sections. Dr. Townsend reports

LIVEYERES.

("Along the Labrador Coast") the following long list for one afternoon, in the neighborhood of Multa: "This afternoon we count some forty razor-bill auks, or tinkers, their little black wings moving with great rapidity, and besides these, twelve of the large loons, three red-throated loons, one hundred and sixty-five black guillemots, four glaucous gulls, one great black-headed gull, six herring gulls, one hundred and two kittiwakes, two Pomarine jaegers, thirty-two Greenland eider-duck, one king eider, and sixty white-winged scoters."

The *Diver* (*Urinator lumme*) is found plentifully; and occasionally north of Domino I have seen thousands. It is known locally as the "Wabby."

THE PUFFIN. Puffins, or, as they are called in the Strait of Belle Isle, "Paroqueets," (*Fratercula arctica*), abound in the vicinity of Paroqueet Island, on the east side of Bradore Bay. They are found here in myriads; and they were seemingly as plentiful at the time of Cartier's first voyage, as he named the island "Isle aux Oiseaux." They are found abundantly along the east coast; but "Paroqueet Island" seems to be their favorite haunt. Puffins are remarkable specimens of the feathered tribe, both in shape and other characteristics. They burrow in the soft red sand-stone of "Paroqueet Island," like rabbits. Cartier mentions this characteristic. They have large red bills, and grey eye-rings, and the dark band around the neck gives them a singular appearance. I have seen thousands along the shore of the island; and so tame, that fishermen make dreadful havoc among them. Puffins are not very desirable birds to take on board the fishermen's boats, as they are usually swarming with vermin.

The Murr (*Uria lumvia*) belongs to the same group as the puffin, and is found plentifully everywhere along the south and east coasts. It is somewhat smaller than the puffin, and not so repulsive in its habits.

THE TURR. This is the local name for the Guillemot (*Cephus grylle*), and it occurs plentifully in all the eastern bays and "bights" along the coast. It is sometimes called "salt-water pigeon," and this name was doubtlessly suggested by its peculiar habit of bobbing its head in dabbling at the water, as the pigeon bobs its head in walking. (Townsend.)

"Murrs and Turrs" are always associated with the fall "gunning-time."

THE SHELDRAKE. The Sheldrake is apparently what is locally known by fishermen as the "shell-bird," and it is found very abundantly both on the east and the northern coasts of the peninsula.

THE DOVEKIE. The Sea-dove or Dovekie (*Alle alle*, Linn) is seen at all points of the coast. It is known to fishermen as "bull-bird."

THE PLOVER. The Plover (*Aegitialitis semipalmata,* Caban) is found along the strands on the south and east coasts. It is locally known as "beach-bird."

GULLS. The name of this family is legion both on the coast of Newfoundland and on Labrador. Nearly every headland has its "Gull Island," and every settlement a "Gull Pond."

The Ivory Gull (*Pagophila alba*), locally known as "Ice-Partridge," is found in the northern sections, and is always suggestive of the ice-floe. During the sealing voyage it frequents the "pans," and sealers capture it by laying a "gly" or bait on the ice. It is very voracious when seeking food, and it is said that many birds are killed by contact with the ice in their eagerness to secure the "gly."

The Burgomaster, or Arctic Gull (*laurus glaucus*), is found abundantly in the eastern bays of the coast; and in Blackguard and Kaipolok Bays. I have seen thousands during the month of September. The Herring Gull (*Laurus argentatus smithsonius*) is also abundant, especially during the latter part of July and the early part of August. Its presence is, so fishermen tell me, an indication that bait is in the neighborhood, usually herring or caplin.

The Kittiwake (*Rissa tridactyla*) is known to fishermen as "Tickelelse" ("Ticklers"). The name is said to be derived from the fact that these birds are found around the shore and in the mouths of harbors and "tickles." I am not sure that this is the correct origin; but it is given as such.

THE TINKER. "Tinker" is the name by which the *Razor-bill auk* is known to fishermen. It resembles the puffin, but is somewhat larger. It sits bolt upright on the rocks, and in the water has a habit of cocking its tail. It is found in the Straits of Belle Isle and on southern Labrador, especially Lewis' Bay.

HAGDONS. "Hagdons," the name by which the *Shearwater* (*Puffinus Gravis*) is known, are found plentifully along the southern coast of Labrador; and fishermen consider them harbingers of "bad" weather.

Townsend says in connection with his trip to the coast: "The flock of hagdons (in Lewis' Bay) extends for several miles, and we venture to estimate the numbers at five thousand. It is but an estimate, and I am inclined to think an underestimate. In this vast throng, continually rising and skimming out to sea, only three 'sooty' shearwaters can be seen. All the rest are 'greater' shearwaters. The three look as black as crows in comparison with their white and grey relatives."

These shearwaters are interesting birds, and it is only of comparatively recent years that they have been understood. Although July is our midsummer, it is with them midwinter, but not of "their discontent," if one may judge by their graceful, happy flight. They breed in the southern hemisphere, near the antarctic regions, and come north across the equator to spend their winter-summer with us. Somewhat smaller than the herring-gull, their tapering, cigar-shaped bodies, long and narrow, clipper-built wings give them grace and speed that cannot be attained by gulls. With outstretched and almost motionless wings, slightly decurved, they glide over waves, following them so closely that one momentarily expects to see the birds disappear in the foam. All their motions on the wing are graceful in the extreme. In former times when bait was scarce, fishermen used to catch them with a hook as they crowded about their boats, strip off their skins, and chop them into small pieces. They are good eating when skinned, and free from fat. The land birds of Labrador are not numerous; but the hunter may find sufficient variety to tempt him to the wilds.

GROUSE. Two varieties of *Grouse* are reported from the coast, the "Canada" Grouse (*Dendragapus Canadensis,* Linn) and the "Ruffed" Grouse (*Bonasa umbellus togata,* Linn).

The former, which is also known as "Spruce Partridge," is very abundant; and it is found throughout the wooded district and in the semi-barrens. Hind ("Explorations") reports grouse as very abundant in the western sections of the peninsula, and wonderfully tame. He says: "When we came upon a covey we gave it a sudden start, which made the birds fly up into the surrounding trees. A rod was then cut, to the end of which was fastened a noose. This was held

up close in front of the nearest bird, which generally darted its head into the noose; but if it did not do so, then the noose was passed over the head, and by a sudden jerk the bird was brought to the ground. In this way we went from one bird to another, and usually secured all we saw that were in reach. Sometimes they are killed with stones, and it is wonderful to see how tenaciously a bird will sit, however near the stone will whiz past it, until it receives such a blow as will knock it over."

The "Ruffed" variety occurs plentifully from the Straits of Belle Isle to Hamilton Inlet, especially where there is a large birch growth. It is known to settlers as "French Hen," or "Birch Partridge."

PTARMIGAN.

Two varieties of the Ptarmigan (*Termagint*) are found—the "Willow" (*Lagopus lagopus,* Linn) and the "Rock" (*Lagopus rupestris* Gm.) The former is exceedingly abundant in the North—the latter is found plentifully on the treeless areas; and Packard reports that 1,100 were killed by one family during the winter of 1863 in the Straits of Belle Isle.

CURLEW.

The bird which has always been regarded as the *special* game bird of the coast of Labrador—the delicious *Curlew* (*Numenius borealis*) is now rarely seen. Some years ago curlews were found in myriads, especially on the southern and middle sections of Labrador; but within recent years they are "few and far between." I was told by a fisherman at Independent, in 1893, that some years previously "curlews were like chicken in the neighborhood; they used to come and feed around the house. A man named Adams on one occasion shot sixty in two 'draws.'" The author quoted above (Packard) says: "On the 10th of August, 1860, we saw a flock of curlew which may have been a *mile long* and nearly as broad; there must have been in that flock *four or five thousand.* The sum total of their notes sounded at times like the wind whistling through the ropes of a thousand-ton vessel; at others, the sound seemed like the jingling of sleigh bells."

In 1893 I shot forty one afternoon near "Splitting-knife," north of Indian Harbor.

Fishermen tell me that now "you can't get a taste of curlew anywhere." A recent visitor to the coast says: "The stories of their former abundance I learned from fishermen along the coast. . . . They told me that they always kept their guns loaded at the fishing-stages, and shot into the great flocks as they wheeled by, bringing down many a fat bird. About fifteen years ago they diminished in numbers, and now perhaps a dozen or two, perhaps none at all, are seen in a season. The tale is soon told; the places that knew them once in countless multitudes shall know them no more."

"Curiously enough, the fishermen do not attribute the decrease of this splendid bird to the wholesale slaughter along the coast. They are all imbued with the idea that the curlew troubled the farmers' cornfields in the States, and hence were poisoned. . . . It has been suggested that the sudden falling off of these curlews may have been because they were overwhelmed by a storm in their long ocean trip south—some three thousand miles from Labrador to the Antilles. It is certain, however, that incessant persecution has had something to do with their diminution." (Townsend.)

THE GREAT AUK.

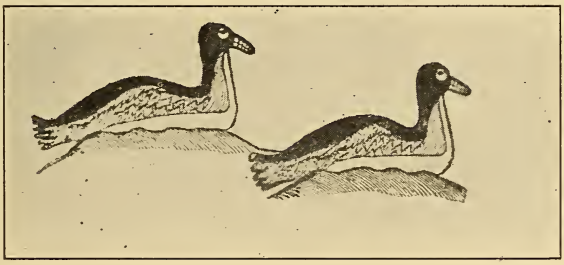
It seems that the "Great Auk" (*Alca impennis*), or *Gare-fowl*, once frequented the coast of Labrador. It certainly inhabited the "Funk Islands," and other islets along the north coast of Newfoundland centuries ago. In Cartwright's "Journal" we find this record: "We were about four leagues from *Groais Islands*, when we saw a *snow* (vessel) sailing in for Croque. During a calm, in the afternoon, Shuglawina went off in his kyak, in pursuit of a penguin (the "Great Auk" was formerly known by this name). He presently came within a proper distance of the bird, and stuck his dart into it; but as the weapon did not enter a mortal part, the penguin swam and dived so well that he would have lost both the bird and the dart, had he not driven it near enough the vessel for us to shoot it."

The last specimens of the Great Auk caught near the "Funks" came into the possession of the late Bishop Field (of Newfoundland), who forwarded one to Agassiz, the American Naturalist, another to Professor Newton, of Cambridge, and the third ulti-

mately reached the British Museum, where there is but one other specimen, brought from the Orkneys, in 1812.

"Numerous bones of the great auk have been found on the Funk Islands, and a careful search might discover many perfect skeletons."

"The Great Auk was larger than a goose. Its wings were very small, and not constituted for flight, but were admirable paddles in the water, enabling the bird to move about more swiftly even than the loon. The legs were extremely short, but powerful, and placed so much posteriorly that, in resting on the rocks, the birds assumed an upright attitude, the whole of the legs and toes being applied to the surface. It was a native of the northern hemisphere, the penguin being its relation in the southern. The causes of its extermination are not difficult to discover. Its short wings and peculiar conformation rendered it helpless on land, while its flesh and feathers were so valuable as to invite man's rapacity. There were few suitable breeding places, and when these were invaded it could not fly elsewhere, and had no choice but to die." (Townsend.)



THE GREAT AUK.

"It must have been a curious sight, two hundred years ago, to see these wild desolate islands of the north, their coasts literally swarming with these strange birds, as they waddled slowly about in an erect position, with their broad webbed feet and short wings, resembling the flippers of a seal. They were the connecting link between the fish and the bird, partaking of the nature of both. . . . Not only were the crews of fishing-vessels of those days in the habit of consuming vast quantities of these birds afresh, but they were accustomed to salt down tons of them for future use. The merchants of Bonavista and other places were in the habit of salting

and selling them, in the winter season, instead of pork, to the fishermen. . . . It is not wonderful that, under such circumstances, the Great Auk has been completely exterminated and must now be reckoned, like the Dodo, among the things 'that have been.'" (Harvey, "Newfoundland.")

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE STRAITS OF BELLE ISLE.

"Where like snow the gannet's feathers
On Bradore's rocks are shed
And the noisy murr are flying,
Like black scuds overhead."

WHITTIER, *"The Fishermen."*

Newfoundland fishermen occasionally make incursions into Canadian territory, and sometimes "runs the gantlet" by escaping the payment of licenses. Some venturesome early birds go to Harrington and the Mecatina Islands (*vulgo*: "The Mecadines") before the Canadian cruisers reach the coast, and secure good fares; but those who fish in Canadian waters at a later date invariably conform to regulations of the Dominion.

Several Newfoundland Planters have "rooms" on Canadian territory; and these, of course, are obliged to pay duties on all supplies brought from home. To obviate this handicap, however, nearly all requisites for the fishing industry are nowadays purchased in Canada.

BONNE ESPERANCE.

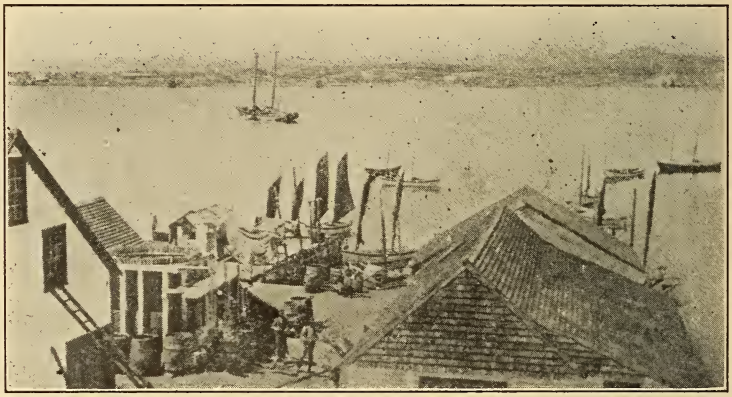
The westernmost location of Newfoundlanders is *Bonne Esperance,* situated at the mouth of the *Esquimaux River.* Here the Messrs. Whitely, of St. John's, conducts a large fishing business. Whitely's "room" is located on historically interesting territory, as here, in early days, occurred many bloody encounters between the Esquimaux and the Montagnais Indians, who finally became masters of the situation.

The last Esquimau seen in these parts was an old lady familiarly known as "Mother Goddard," who died at Esquimaux Point, in 1879. This good dame was a full-blooded specimen; and it is said that she could handle a gun and kill seals as readily as any "white" of the sterner sex.

Bonne Esperance is still visited by small bands of the nomadic Montagnais; and I once visited their encampment. It was from the chief of this band that I acquired so many interesting data concerning the habits and mode of life of these "children of the wild."

SALMON BAY.

Another large fishing establishment is located about three miles to the eastward of *Bonne Esperance;* it is called *Salmon Bay* locally; but it is really a portion of Bay St. Paul. This entire section originally formed part of the *seigneurie* of Sieur Amador Godefroy de



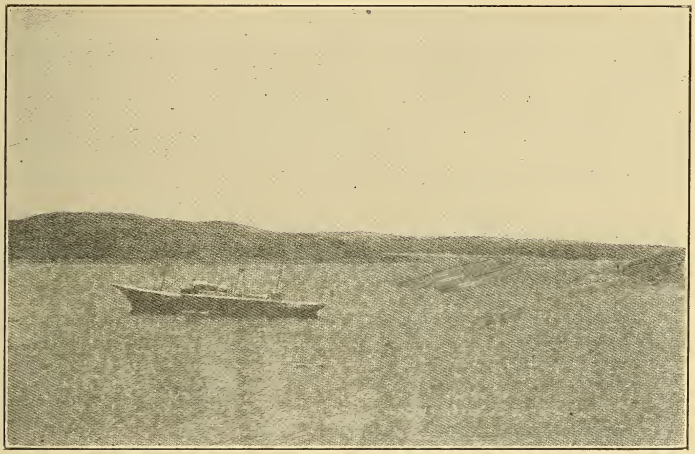
WHITELY'S ROOM AT BONNE ESPERANCE.

Saint Paul, which consisted of five leagues of territory on each side of the *Esquimaux River.* This concession was granted by the King of France to the *seigneur de Saint Paul* for the purpose "of fishing for cod, whales, seals, porpoises, and others." We still find a reminder of this ancient grant in the settlement of "Five Leagues," which lies about four miles to the eastward of *Caribou Island.*

The "room" at *Salmon Bay* is owned by the firm of Job Brothers, of St. John's, and is one of best equipped establishments on the coast. Some years ago a large Fertilizer Plant was erected within the precincts of the "room"; but financial disaster, due, it is said, to incompetent management, caused its suspension after two or three years' operation.

From *Salmon Bay* eastward my first missionary tour was made

in a yacht which the genial Captain Blandford had helped to outfit. As I was unacquainted with the shoals and reefs of the Straits, I secured the services of an old Frenchman, as pilot, whose knowledge of English was limited to sundry "cuss words," but whose knowledge of the navigation of the Straits was declared to be *la meilleure possible*. This, unfortunately, as I subsequently learned to my cost, was also very imperfect. Pierre's dominant accomplishments were his relentless persecution of our little cook, Barney, and his weakness for "whisky blanc," of which he surreptitiously obtained a plentiful supply at our various stopping-places along the coast. Pierre was extremely devout when he had imbibed freely, and when it was stormy.



SALMON BAY, STRAITS OF BELLE ISLE.

BELLES AMOURS.

Our objective point, after leaving *Salmon Bay*, was *Belles Amours* (the local fishermen term it *Belsey More*), about eight miles to the eastward. After spending the greater part of a very pleasant morning in the exploration of "Old Fort Island," we reached our destination just as the sun went down; but we had barely moored our little craft when a dense fog came in from the southeast, and with it an immense "jam" of floe-ice.

This sudden oncoming of floe-ice is a singular phenomenon; and it disappears as rapidly as it comes. Fishermen hereabouts declare

that the ice "sinks." Be this as it may, I have seen the Straits almost entirely covered with ice at sundown; and on the morning following not a pan was visible. Large quantities of silt (fishermen call it *grout*) and small boulders are sometimes seen on these floes in early spring; and this possibly suggests the *sinking* theory. The movement of the floe is very rapid; and I once had an experience in this line such as I would not wish to have duplicated. I was returning one Sunday from Bradore in a seine-boat, and after rounding Long Point we were "nipped" between the floe and a "growler." We had a very narrow escape; and the skiff was out of commission for several days.

In the vicinity of *Belles Amours* the coast is rough and precipitous. Some miles inland, to the northeast, the Laurentian Chain, capped by the *Buttes of Bradore,* rises to a height of nearly fifteen hundred feet. At the head of the harbor there is a small *glacis,* in which is located a substantial fishing-room, owned by the Buckle family, who have been here for generations.

Snow still lingered in the ravines; but there were signs of vegetation. Notwithstanding the rigors of the climate, vegetables are successfully cultivated, and the marshes produce quantities of provender which might, I fancy, be profitably utilized.

The one and only cow on the coast was seen here.

In the rear of the settlement is a magnificent "waterfall," and beyond there are innumerable pools abounding in speckled beauties.

We had not time to ply the rod, and, after a two-days' sojourn, we were released from the ice-prison and started for *Greenly Island,* which lies a few miles to the south-east.

GREENLY ISLAND.

Greenly Island (Isle Verte) is made up of two hillocks joined by a plateau, on either side of which is a cove. Both coves are frequented by fishermen from Newfoundland.

In the roadstead, on the east side, we found nearly a hundred schooners of every conceivable type and class. There were numerous old "hookers" (man-traps), western-boats, ancient fore-and-afters, and some trim two-topmast schooners from Bonavista Bay. We anchored close aboard of one of these schooners; and next morning I began the visitation of the fleet. I first visited the schooner

————, belonging to Newton, Bonavista Bay, and inquired for the "Skipper." "He's aft, sir," was the answer to my inquiry. I went aft, and was accosted most respectfully by a hale specimen of manhood, in shirt-sleeves, apparently not more than twenty years old. "I am the Skipper, sir; won't you come down below and have some dinner?" This was the well-known Captain ————, whose success as a fisherman and sailor has been phenomenal. The Captain informed me he had secured a "load," and would leave for home in the morning; and would likely "go to Chidley for a second trip."

Presumably, the cheap scribblers who write such rubbish about Labrador and the fishers, never come in contact with such types as these.

Greenly has the reputation of being an uncanny place; and it has often been visited by dreadful storms. A storm, in 1847, wrecked thirty-five vessels; and within recent years there have been serious losses. There is no harbor within reach, and the oncoming of a breeze is always a source of anxiety.

Directly north of Greenly is Paroqueet Island (*Isle aux Oiseaux* of the early navigators), where Cartier found "crows with red beaks, and red feet, which make their nests in holes under the ground like conies." These were Puffins, and they are seemingly as plentiful to-day as when the Breton mariner hoisted over the island the *drapeau* of the King of France. A few cables' length from Paroqueet Island is the site of the ancient town of *Brest,* described in a former chapter.

LONG POINT.

One mile and a half east of Paroqueet lies Long Point, which forms the northwestern entrance to the Straits of Belle Isle. The settlement is located on the outer rim of a sandy beach, which is fringed by a stunted growth of alders and willows. In early days the ridge northeast of the settlement was covered with large timber; but this has long since disappeared.

Long Point was at one time a large fishing-post; and a planter named Hamilton, of New Carlisle, carried on an extensive trade with the settlers. To-day it is a tumble-down creek whose only occupants are a few French families, presumably descendants of the

old *colons*. At a short distance from the settlement there is a small Mission Church, which is now attended by the Eudist Fathers from *Tabatière*. Formerly a missionary resided at *L'anse des dunes* (anglicized, *Linsey Din*), and a school was maintained by some benevolent French-Canadian. I am not aware that the settlers have now any such educational advantages as their near neighbors at Barrachois, on the other side of the boundary-line, enjoy.

STONE'S GULCH.

A short distance east of Long Point there is a singular creek, known as "Stone's Gulch." The "Gulch," which gets its name from a Catalina fisherman (Joseph Stone), is one of the many geological curiosities found on the Labrador Coast. It is presumably a huge furrow hollowed out of the gneiss rock by a glacier; and the evidences of the Titanic forces which gouged it out are indelibly fixed on its polished sides. The creek is barely large enough to accommodate one fishing schooner.

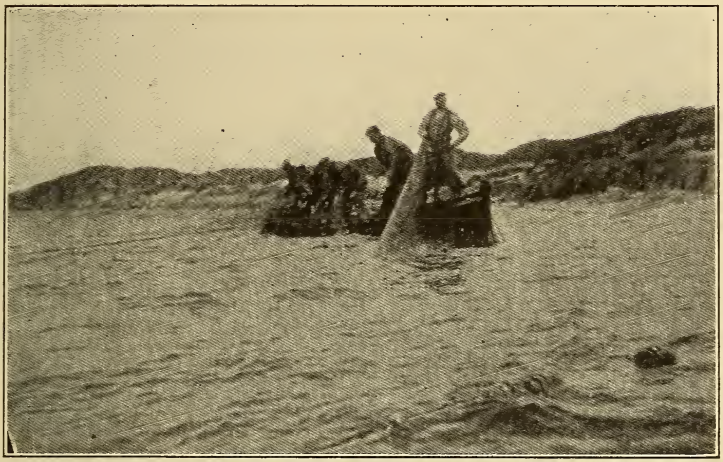
Close by the "Gulch" is a little headland known as "Lazy Point." This appellation is evidently a euphuism, as the French nomenclature suggests an insect of a very democratic nature, which is familiar to many who, like myself, have occupied a "bunk" in one of the houses or have done missionary work in the Straits of Belle Isle. The French name is *"Point à Pou."*

BLANC SABLON.

After a two weeks' tour in the west we reached *Blanc Sablon* towards dusk, and everybody was busy. "Carteel-boats" (fish-barges) were arriving hourly, laden to the gunwales with fish from Greenly Island. Fish had "struck in" that morning; and seines were reaping an abundant harvest. Next morning I visited my little flock at *Barrachois*—the little French settlement "across the river." This "river," by the way, was a little dribbling brook about two yards wide. Everything in the form of a stream is termed a river by these northern folk. During my absence *la grippe* had wrought havoc amongst the population; and many of the older members were loud in their denunciation of the *étrangers* (the Newfoundland fishermen) who had brought this affliction upon them. I had great difficulty with one old lady, who almost became insane through her

antipathy towards the proprietor of the "room," whom she termed *"un enfant du diable"*—not a very flattering epithet, surely.

The Barrachois folk have always regarded the Newfoundland fishermen as intruders upon their territory; and perhaps they are, as some of these Barrachois families are descendants of the settlers of the old régime. Previous to the invasion by the Newfoundlanders, the people of Barrachois were not hampered by customs and other restrictions; and the trader furnished them with all manner of



A TRAP.

things from Quebec. Since the establishment of a revenue officer at *Blanc Sablon* the Canadian supplies are dutiable. This, of course, is a serious matter for the *habitant;* and hence his undisguised antagonism to *Messieurs les Terreneuviens.*

Some venturesome Barrachovians do business at Bradore, and make nocturnal trips across the *dunes* to the Canadian stores.

After the epidemic of *grippe* had subsided I began the visitation of the eastern section of the Straits; and my first stopping-place was *Isle au Bois* (Woody Island). This island is of peculiar shape, and has an elevation of 170 feet. For what reason this island received its name I have not been able to ascertain. There is hardly a shrub to be seen there; the vegetation is of the rankest kind. A fisherman once told me that the island was so barren that one

"couldn't cut a thole pin for a rodney." This is a fisherman's expression for things diminutive. The island has a large fishing establishment, formerly owned by a Jersey merchant, but now in the occupancy of the Messrs. Penney, of Carbonear. The "room" is in reality a settlement, and is one of the largest and best-equipped concerns on the coast.

My parishioners on the island were not "at home" at the time of my visit; they had gone on "a cruise" to Quebec—the Mecca of all good Canadians.

During my visit I saw some very curious specimens of fishermen's letters. Evidently the writers believed in phonetic spelling. Some of them were very extraordinary; but as my portfolio of curious things met a fate similar to Carlyle's "French Revolution" some years ago, the "gems" have disappeared.

One letter was addressed:

Jonese ———
Eily By
strets
care ———

Another was somewhat better; it ran:

Josier ———
Oily Boy
Strets

There were others still more curiously addressed; and the *Isle au Bois* seems to present to Newfoundlanders orthographic difficulties similar to those which *Aix la Chapelle* offers to the average Englishman.

Notwithstanding this primitive orthography, the mail-clerk on the Labrador steamer seems able to locate the owner of the letter. Some years ago a letter was received at one of Newfoundland post-offices addressed:

Mr. James ———
4000
Saint John's.

This letter was duly delivered to a policeman—the rightful addressee—at the police barracks, *Fort Townsend.*

En route to L'anse à loup there are several settlements, some of them of considerable importance.

L'ANSE ECLAIR.

Nearest to *Isle au Bois* is L'anse Eclair (St. Clair Bay), situated about four miles west of Forteau Point. This creek is surrounded by one of the most singular formations which I have ever seen. The sea-wall—for such it is—consists of Cyclopean slabs of rock set with almost geometric regularity on a granitic foundation. Nomenclaturists are not agreed as to the origin of the name of the settlement; but I am under the impression that the name is derived from the clear water found there. Hence the correct name would be *L'anse á l'eau eclaire.* Near this creek is *Square Cove,* so called from its shape. This, too, has a Cyclopean aspect. It was here that the Elder-Dempster liner *Mariposa* stranded some years ago, whilst en route to Liverpool from Montreal.

DR. GRENFELL AT FORTEAU.

FORTEAU.

Forteau Bay lies four miles to the eastward of *L'anse éclair,* and is regarded as the best roadstead in the Straits of Belle Isle. The name *Forteau* originated with the old French navigators, and it was doubtless suggested by the strong tides found in this neighborhood. These tides are very irregular, occasionally running in one direction at the rate

of five knots close to the shore, and in an opposite direction a short distance off. Sometimes three distinct streams are met within a distance of two miles; and the tide "rips" are of considerable strength.

The bay is four miles wide; and on both sides the land rises in terraces to hills nearly six hundred feet high. At the head of the bay there is a splendid sandy beach, behind which the settlement is located. This settlement was established by French fishermen at a very early date; but its commercial importance dates only from the foundation of the Jersey firm of De Quettville, in 1795. In the northeast corner of the bay, close by English Point, is a neat Anglican Church—the oldest on the Labrador coast. It was built in 1850, by the Reverend Algernon Gifford. Adjoining the Church is a little graveyard, which has many quaint and interesting inscriptions upon the rude memorials which mark the last resting-place of many hardy toilers of the deep.

At the southeast point of the bay there is a "bight" known as *L'anse aux morts,* so called, possibly, on account of the many wrecks which have occurred in the neighborhood. This "bight" is directly northward of *Pointe aux morts* (improperly named by English cartographers, *Armour Point*). In close proximity to the cape is a singularly shaped promontory, known as the "Shallop" (a corruption of the French word *chaloupe*), owing to its resemblance to a boat under sail. "Getting round the Shallop" is a very well-known expression amongst fishermen who frequent the Straits; and it is sometimes a very hazardous job, as the tides are very rapid and erratic in their ebb and flow. In foggy weather navigation is very difficult; and not many years ago an English warship, "The Lily," was lost at Armour Point.

Forteau is very picturesque, and it has some splendid attractions for the Waltonian. Forteau Brook has been for many years the favorite fishing resort for the officers of H. M. warships. There are several salmon pools within easy reach of the head of the harbor. It has been asserted by certain historians that "the last battle between the warlike Esquimaux and the Montagnais Indians was fought in the neighborhood of Forteau." The only evidence adduced in proof of this assertion is the "finding here some years ago of a huge mound of human bones." Here, possibly, was fought one of

many battles which occurred between these tribes; but it is practically certain that the last battle between them was fought at *Battle Harbor.*

We had some difficulty negotiating the "Shallop" en route to *L'anse à loup,* and we arrived at our destination in the face of a terrific storm. We received a kindly welcome from Mr. Watson, the agent of the "room," and soon forgot the terrors of the gale.

The "room" is located at *Schooner Cove.* This is a very old establishment, and was originally operated by Jerseymen. It is now owned and operated by Job Brothers, of St. John's.

A TRAP SKIFF.

L'ANSE A LOUP.

The bay in which *L'anse à loup* is situated is about one and a quarter miles wide, and one and a half miles deep. On either side are high table-lands of sandstone, covered with moss and rank vegetation. The settlement is located at the bottom, fronted by a fine sandy beach. A large river, which is navigable for some distance, lies a little to the northeast of the little cluster of houses which constitute the settlement.

Here I found quite a number of parishioners; and here, too, I made my first acquaintance with the malodorous insect of the genus *Cimex,* whose unattractive form and habits need no description. I also had some members of my parish at the Light-house at Armour Point, whom I visited on several occasions.

L'ANSE AU DIABLE.

After a Sunday at *L'anse à loup* we started for *L'anse au Diable* (*vulgo* "Nancey Jawble"): it is well named. Whether his Satanic Majesty had anything to do with giving it the name, history sayeth not; but it is an uncanny place. Some missionary has termed it "a colony of bugs, dirt, and desolation." The settlement lies in a little *glacis,* under the shadow of the "Battery"—the singular red-sandstone formation which is not unlike the Palisades of the Hudson. There were only two parishioners in this section; but circumstances necessitated a sojourn of two days, amid surroundings which were in nowise attractive.

PINWARE.

An hour's run from *L'anse au Diable* brought us to *West St. Modeste* ("The Tickle"), which lies at the western entrance to *Pinware Bay.* "The Tickle" is a small channel which lies between a small bare island and the mainland. It is frequented by fishermen from Carbonear; and is a rendezvous for Canadian traders. This is a unique little settlement; and its people are very enterprising. Some years ago I saw here some splendid specimens of hand-made carpet, the best I have ever seen. The designs were most artistic; and one could hardly believe that such splendid articles were made from "pound-cotton," and colored with "Diamond dyes."

Pinware is two miles north of the "Tickle," near *Ship Head,* and is one of the most populous settlements in the Straits. It possesses a neat Catholic Church, a Mission Residence, and a school. It has no resident priest, but is visited, during the summer months, by a priest from Harbor Grace, and during the winter it is attended by a Eudist Father from *Tabatière* or *Long Point.* Here is found the finest "Strand" on the coast of Labrador. It is nearly two miles in length, and consists of a beautiful sea-margin of gray sand, fringed with a luxuriant growth of wild pea (*Lathyrus paluster*) and vetch (*Astralagus alpinus*). At the eastern extremity of the "Strand" is a large salmon-post, which has been in the occupancy of the same family for half a century. Game is abundant in the rear of the settlement; and *Pinware River* is teeming with salmon. This river is navigable for some distance; the pinnace of H. M. S. *Charybdis* entered it, in 1904, and found eight feet of water for the first mile, after which the water shoaled and became rapid.

Several explanations of the name *Pinware* are offered by nomenclaturists; one writer derives it from *Pied Noir*. The word is, I think, simply a corruption of *Baie Noire* (Black Bay). Everybody who is conversant with *habitant* French knows that the termination *oir* is pronounced *ere*. *Soir*, e. g., is invariably rendered as if written *Sware*, in English. Hence the transition from *Baie Noire* to Pinware, to me, at least, is easy.

Some of the most delightful days I have ever spent were passed at this little settlement; and I can never forget the kindness of its people.

SEMEDIT.

Two islands lying at the southeastern point of Pinware Bay are known locally as *Semedit*, presumably another Gallic rendering of *Saint Modeste*. They are named *Sum medit* on the maps of the old French navigators. The islands are now set down as *Nelly Island* and *Lily Island*, named after the daughters of a pioneer English settler. These islands are low and bare, and offer no shelter to vessels coasting in the Straits. They were formerly important fishing places, but are now rarely visited except by "jack" fishermen.

CARROL COVE.

Carrol Cove, which lies about five miles to the eastward of *Semedit*, was also presumably a French settlement in former days. It is said that the name is an anglicized form of the French *Querelle*, and it derived its appellation from an incident which occurred there during the old régime. This seems somewhat far-fetched; but *si non è ver è ben trovato.*

Carrol Cove has a population of about fifty people, who eke out an existence by salmon-fishing.

We had several duties to perform here; and were detained two days.

RED BAY.

We then left, under rather unfavorable weather conditions for *Red Bay*. We had hardly cleared the southeast point of the cove when a dense fog enveloped us. It was impossible to put back, and we made ready for a "bad time."

After battling with the elements for nearly three hours my pilot, whose acquaintance with the navigation of the Straits was *la meilleure possible,* informed me that he had lost his "bearings" (not only his nautical "bearings," but his physical "bearings" as well; he was *hors de combat* with grog). Here was a most awkward predicament, as a very heavy sea was running, night was fast approaching; and the wind "she blow lak hurrican'; bimeby she blow some more." Aided by our little cook, I managed to "stitch a reef in the mainsail" and we headed for the land. Suddenly an immense comber boarded us amidships, drenching us to the skin, and filling the cabin. This aroused M. Pierre from his lethargic condition (he had had a bad dousing with salt water), and his first utterance was a scream, followed by a vociferous ejaculation: *Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu; nous sommes perdus!* Just then the fog lifted, and we sighted the lantern light on *Saddle Island;* we were soon at anchor near Penney's "room" at *Red Bay.*

This is a safe, commodious harbor, consisting of two inlets, one of which is known as the "Basin."

Red Bay derives its name from the red syenitic hills which surround it, one of which, known as "Tracy Hill," which overlooks the entrance, being 600 feet high. On the eastern side there is a conical formation on whose summit there are several conspicuous boulders.

The settlement is located at the eastern side of the harbor, and consists of twenty-five or thirty houses. A neat Methodist Church is situated on the crest of the hill; and nearby are the parsonage and a school. Here also is a "Co-operative store" conducted under the auspices of the M. D. S. F.

Within the "Basin" there is another village—the winter quarters of the resident population. It is situated at the foot of a wooded mountain, which protects it from the chill northern blasts, and is very picturesque.

Our sojourn at Red Bay was brief, as there were no members of my parish amongst the fisher folk; and in the early morning, as soon as we had effected repairs to our little craft (we had sustained considerable damage in the storm of the previous evening) we started on the "long run" to Chateau, some twenty miles to the eastward. The coast-line in this section is indented by several bays—Black Bay, Fry's Cove, Barge Bay and Wreck Bay; but there are no set-

tlements. A few fishing tilts are found in the bays, which are mere "shelters" for trap-crews during the fishing season. The land in this vicinity is of grim, forbidding aspect, of reddish hue; and the formation is chiefly syenitic.

We had a splendid run to *York Point,* the western entrance to *Chateau Bay;* and here "every prospect pleases." Away to the south-east lay *Belle Isle,* its base wreathed in the morning mist; eastward was the "Devil's Dining Table," and beyond was the open sea "fresh as the trickling rainbow of July."

CHATEAU BAY.

Noon found us in *Chateau Bay*—the noblest fiord on southern Labrador. It was here that Cartier first set foot on the shores of *La Nouvelle France,* in 1534; and here were enacted some of the most stirring scenes in the history of the fisher's land. *Chateau Bay* has within its borders the settlements of *Chateau, Henley, Pitt's Arm* and *Antelope Tickle,* all of which are reminiscent of the doughty deeds of "makers of empire."

The settlement of *Chateau,* which was founded by Cartier, in 1534, and later became the home of hundreds of French *colons,* is to-day a tumble-down fishing hamlet with a summer population of ten or twelve families. Only four families reside here during the winter; and these will soon cross over to the Newfoundland shore, and locate at *Bay of Islands.*

Chateau was formerly an important business centre; and the firm of Noble and Pinson did an extensive business in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Hardly a vestige now remains of its former prosperity.

The harbor is situated in a little cove, and is decidedly picturesque. Immense hills, whose summits are hoary with arctic growths, look down upon it from every side. "Beacon Hill," at whose base it nestles in peaceful loveliness, has an elevation of nearly 1,000 feet. The outlook from this vantage point is "a panorama of shifting grandeur."

Near the hillside is a ruined graveyard, where numerous inscriptions "carved by the unlettered muse" record the life story of its early settlers.

ANTELOPE TICKLE.

Antelope Tickle, which lies on the east side of the bay, derives its name from the British sloop-of-war which patrolled this section of the "King's Dominions" when the American colonies were in revolt against the motherland.

In 1780, the *Antelope,* whilst patrolling the Labrador and Newfoundland coasts, overhauled the American packet *Mercury,* having on board Lawrence, the American envoy to Europe. As the vessels came to close quarters Lawrence threw overboard from the *Mercury* a packet. A sailor from the *Antelope* dived from the deck of his ship and rescued the packet, which contained *the secret negotiations then being conducted* between America and the Netherlands.

HENLEY.

The name Henley is applied to a harbor and the island under whose shadow the harbor rests. At the time of our visit it was crowded with small schooners, and it appeared to me under almost the same conditions as those so graphically described by a former visitor. (Dr. Packard.)

As we entered the harbor the scene was unique; the harbor had been packed with ice some days previously, and remnants were still stranded along the shore. The outlines of some of these clumps were beautiful; many of them were painted with green tints while the sun was high; but later in the afternoon the greens were succeeded by bright azure blues, contrasting with the almost cobalt blues of the distant Laurentian hills. The entrance to the harbor is very interesting, the sea-cliffs being over two hundred feet high, while behind were the peculiar outlines of the Laurentian hills, rising in long swells like whales' backs to the height perhaps of five or six hundred feet.

PITT'S ARM.

Pitt's Arm is by far the best harbor in Chateau Bay. It is about a mile deep and from half to three-quarters of a mile wide, is roomy and well sheltered. The harbor was named by Governor Palliser, in 1767, after William Pitt—the first Earl of Chatham.

Palliser built here the fort—"Fort Pitt'—whose ruins are still visible, though they are being fast obliterated by an overgrowth of alders and willows.

The fort was erected in order to protect the Esquimaux and other British subjects in this portion of the "King's Dominions" against the predatory incursions of the French and the Montagnais Indians who frequently harassed the settlers on this part of the coast. *Fort Pitt* was at one time the temporary residence of Governor Palliser, and he issued several remarkable Proclamations from his Labrador headquarters.

The following was issued in 1767:

"By His Excellency Hugh Palliser,

"Whereas the woods are frequently set on fire upon this coast by the crews of whaling vessels from the plantation, and the same is an offence against the Statutes 10th. and 11th. of William III, and is equally prejudicial to the public, whether done wilfully or negligently, notice is hereby given that, if any persons by any means whatsoever shall set fire to any of the woods within my Government, they will be apprehended and brought to Saint John's to be tried for such offence against the said Statutes.

"Given at Pitt's Arm, Labrador, 23d. July, 1737.

"HUGH PALLISER.

"By His Excellency's command.

"JAMES HORSNAIL."

Fort Pitt was besieged by the American privateer *Minerva,* in 1778; and bombarded by the French, in 1796. The garrison fired the fort, and retreated into the country. It was never rebuilt.

DEVIL'S DINING TABLE.

Towering in lonely majesty above the harbor is the precipitous, basaltic cliff of the "Devil's Dining Table," which caps *Henley Island.* The island is a mass of columnar basalt rising to an elevation of 225 feet.

As we had no ministerial work to occupy us we made the ascent to the "Dining Table." The task was arduous; but on reaching the summit one is amply repaid, as the panorama outstretched to your gaze is sublime. Southward lies Belle Isle, and in the near foreground is an iceberg whose form recalls a castellated keep of mediæval times. Beyond is the broad Atlantic—"old ocean's vast and

melancholy waste"—dotted with the snowy sails of craft bound north to the haunts of the festive cod. At your feet nestles the harbor, literally alive with fishermen.

As the afternoon waned the atmosphere became hazy, and then suddenly it cleared. "Whether his Satanic Majesty was concerned in the transformation we do not say; but as the sun went down in a blaze of glory, the mountains and rocks seemed to dwarf; an indescribable tint o'erspread the landscape, and a brownish mist came in from the sea and settled over the hills, giving them a sinister appearance."

Sed revocari gradus; hic labor, hoc opus est. Really Virgil must have had such a place as this in mind when he set his stylus to inscribe this phrase; for the descent from the "Devil's Dining Table" was more difficult than the ascent. We succeeded in reaching the base of the cliff without any mishap; but the low mutterings of the pilot would not bear transcription.

GREVILLE'S FORT.

Just a little to the north of Henley Island may be seen the ruins of an old fort, about which very little of a definite nature can be ascertained. It is called "Fort Greville," and some writers assert "that it was built to protect the Acadian colony of Labrador from the attacks of the Esquimaux." This cannot be verified, for the simple reason that "no Acadian colony settled on the coast of Labrador previous to 1843." At that date some families located at Natashquan, farther up the gulf. The fort near Henley was possibly erected by an old planter named Greville, about 1725, as at that date there was a large colony of Bretons in the vicinity of Chateau.

FANATICISM.

The only instance of religious fanaticism of which there is any record occurred at Henley Harbor, in 1884. The Church yacht, "Star of the Sea," having on board the Rev. T. E. Lynch—the missionary doing duty on the coast for the season—anchored there one evening in July, and during the night some miscreants came on board and besmeared the deck, sails and cabin with a slimy mixture whilst the crew were asleep. True, sectarian feeling ran high amongst the

fishing colony in Newfoundland at the time; but this act was unworthy of fishermen.

The residents of Henley were not party to this unseemly transaction, and tendered to the good father and his crew an apology early next morning.

During our visit to Henley we were the recipients of the most lavish kindness on the part of both "liveyeres" and transients; and when we were leaving the harbor they gave us quite a "send off." Our next port of call was *Chimney Tickle,* some ten miles to the eastward.

CHIMNEY TICKLE.

The shape of this harbor presumably suggested its name; but, though it seems paradoxical, the place is sometimes called "Hole in the Wall." Here we found three parishioners, salmon catchers from Conception Bay, who were keeping "bachelors' hall." Needless to say, the *entourage* of their "tilt" was not remarkable for cleanliness. Here, after attending to the spiritual needs of these "stray sheep," I had an opportunity to "whip the waters," and succeeded in landing several dozen splendid trout. The weight? "That's another story." They were large; and my expedition seemed to cause a great deal of amusement to some old fishermen, as I had no *bait*—this was the first time they had seen an artificial fly. For the benefit of Waltonians, I may say that the "Brown Hackle" is a very excellent fly on certain parts of the coast.

THE CAMPS.

We left *Chimney Tickle* with a flowing tide and a "close-reef" breeze for the next "station" on our itinerary—the *Camp Islands,* otherwise known as the "Camps"; and we arrived there during a busy "spurt." Everybody was "as busy as can be"—so the patriarch of the settlement informed us. Everybody "knocked off" early in the evening to pay his respects to our humble self; and after the social ceremony was over we had evening prayers and a little sermon at the house of the patriarch. Next morning at four o'clock we held a "station," at which everybody assisted. The congregation was not large, numbering fourteen persons, all told, most of whom were members of the household, in which I had my quarters. From the "Camps" to

our next port—"Cape Charles"—was but a short trip, so we spent a very pleasant time with mine host, who had taken a "day off" in honor of the visit of the priest. The respect and veneration those old people have for "the cloth" are truly very touching. During the day I heard many quaint and racy stories of the "doin's of the ole 'habitants"; and my diary received some very valuable additions to its already crowded pages. The *modus dicendi* of my old parishioner was unique. The settlement at the "Camps" has a very interesting history. It was once the rendezvous of the Frenchmen from *Croque* and *St. Julien;* and several *batteaux* came across every summer to fish around *Niger Sound* and the *Camp Island* shoals.

This French fishery began presumably after 1763 (the date of the Treaty of Paris) and continued till the early part of the last century. At that time Newfoundlanders, who had been chased off the so-called French shore, began to establish rooms on the upper part of the coast, gradually moving to the northward.

INDIAN COVE, CAPE CHARLES.

CAPE CHARLES.

The run to Cape Charles was a record for our little craft; but we experienced some difficulty in rounding the "Fish Rock" (a place with an evil reputation), as we were carrying too much sail. Our old friend at the "Camps" had warned us about the "squalls

off the high land," but we did not realize the truth of the old fisherman's warning until we "tacked" to make *Indian Cove.*

Our arrival was the source of much speculation on the part of the Covers; but when they discovered " 'twas the clargy's boat," their curiosity was intensified. We had no difficulty in "makin' fast" to a substantial stagehead. Several stalwarts came on board to inspect the new arrival, much to the disgust of Pierre, who made sundry very uncomplimentary remarks, in French, of course, about *"les salots."* I was forced to administer a strong rebuke to my Gallic factotum; and he subsequently assumed a very penitential mood.

The settlement of *Cape Charles* has a very interesting history. It was founded by Nicholas Darby, in 1768, who held unrestricted sway until the arrival of Cartwright, in 1778. Cartwright had previously settled at *Chateau Bay,* but his trading post was plundered by the American privateer *Minerva,* whose pilot was one Dominick Killen—one of Cartwright's servants. Cartwright's losses are said to have reached the sum of *fourteen thousand pounds.* He then moved to *Cape Charles,* and located at *White Bear Bay,* where the ruins of Cartwright's establishment are still visible.

This establishment must have been very extensive, judged by Labrador standards, as we learn from Cartwright's "Journal" that his house "measured seventy-five feet by twenty-four, and contained a kitchen twenty-four feet square, a dining room twenty-four by sixteen, six bedrooms on the ground floor, for fear of fire."

There is now no large place of business at Cape Charles, but in the neighborhood there is a whale factory, at "Antles' Cove," operated by Bowring Brothers, of St. John's.

The people of Cape Charles are a thrifty lot, and they supplement their summer's earnings by "furring" during the winter months. They move "up the bay," where wood is easily procurable, and the caribou and other denizens of the forest roam wild and free.

There was little to be done in the way of clerical work at Cape Charles, so we proceeded to *Battle Harbor,* through " 'Sizes' Harbor Run" (this is the local designation for St. Charles' Channel). On the west side of the "Run" is a famous waterway leading into Lewis' Sound; this is known as "The Lodge." Whence the name is derived, I have not learned.

ASSIZES HARBOR.

Assizes Harbor, or, as it is called by fishermen, "'Sizes' Arbor," which is entered from the southward between *Copper* and *Hare Islands,* is the greatest rendezvous on the coast. Nearly every schooner going to the coast and returning "heaves up" or anchors at "Sizes." A kind Providence seems to have so arranged the coast of Labrador that vessels may find a "shelter" at the end of every day's run. It is not unusual to find a hundred or more craft here at one time. I have counted one hundred and twenty.

Assizes Harbor naturally suggests the judiciary; and there is no history so brimful of episode and curiosities as the administration of justice amongst the fishers in Newfoundland and its one and only dependency—Labrador. If some literary disciple of Themis were to give us in detail the records of the Newfoundland judiciary it would be a more fascinating story than Montague Williams' "Leaves from a Life."

The Newfoundland judiciary was established in 1792, under the title of: "The Court of Civil Jurisdiction of Our Lord, the King, at Saint John's, Newfoundland."

Previous to the establishment of this court, justice seems to have found no place in the colonial dictionary.

In early times "the power of preserving order and the repression of crime" was vested by star chamber enactments in the merchants and ship owners of the West of England; thence it passed into the hands of that unspeakable tyrant—the Fishing Admiral. As an illustration of the iniquities of the ancient code, the following is submitted:

"If a man *stole to the value of forty shillings* he was to be brought to England, and the matter was to be tried by the Earl Marshal; and if the fact was proved by two witnesses, *the offender was to be put to death.*

The Fishing Admirals were "consummate knaves," and had little respect for the dignity of justice. They held court on the quarter deck of a fishing schooner or in a fish store, where an inverted butter firkin served the purpose of a judicial seat. Their decisions were regulated by the size of the bribe which the suitor could tender; and they inaugurated the process usually with a bowl of *calabogus* (a decoction of spruce beer and rum).

They invariably tried their own cases first, and, of course, usually decided against the fisherman.

They fined, triangled and whipped at pleasure every unfortunate who happened to fall within their clutches.

The Surrogates were not a whit more humane than the Fishing Admirals, as the following records prove.

In 1777 the following sentence was pronounced upon Lawrence Hallahan, who had been found guilty of forging a bill of £8:

"That you be carried back to the place from whence you came, and thence be led to the place of execution and there to be hanged by the neck until you are Dead, Dead, Dead, and the Lord have mercy on your soul."

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S.

Lawrence Dalton, for forging two orders of 20s. and 17s., received a similar sentence; and one Patrick Knowlan, for stealing a counterpane valued at 10d. (20 cents), received the following:

"That you be whipped by the common whipper with a halter around your neck, that is to say, you are to receive on your bare back twenty lashes at the common whipping post, then to be led

to the Publick Path and receive twenty lashes more, and then be led by the halter as before to the Vice-Admiral's Beach and receive twenty lashes more; to forfeit all your goods and chattels; to pay the charges of the Court, and to depart the island by the first vessel bound for Ireland, never to return on pain of having the same punishment repeated every Monday morning; to be kept in prison until you go on board."

One of the magistrates who presided at this *humane* performance was a minister of the gospel—Edward Langman.

In 1786 Prince William Henry, who later ascended the throne as William IV, exercised the function of Surrogate at Placentia; and he ordered the whipping of an unfortunate fisherman whose crime was a slight breach of the peace. The sentence was *one hundred lashes;* but the victim succumbed after receiving eighty. Next day his highness "inquired into the facts of the case, and discovered he *had condemned the wrong man.*"

In 1791 one William Pitcairn, at Placentia, was arraigned for stealing a *piece of pork,* value *one shilling,* and two pieces of *ham,* value *two pence.* Pitcairn was condemned to receive *thirty-six stripes on the bare back* and he and his family to be *sent out of the country.* Some waggish writer remarks: "What would have happened to Pitcairn if he stole a barrel of pork or a whole ham!"

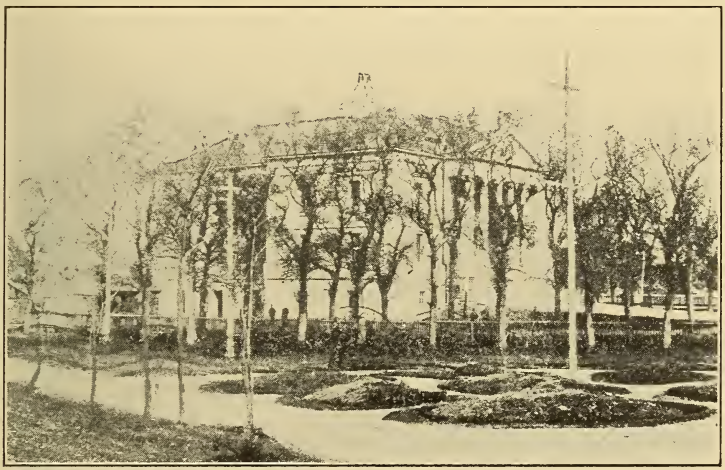
But it is not necessary "to search the records of the ancients" for anomalous judicial happenings amongst the fisher folk; for within our own recollection the "Supreme Court on Circuit" was known as *The Circus Court* (so named, I believe, by a facetious member of the legal fraternity, who might have added, *quorum pars magna fui*).

In my early missionary days an itinerant justice *adjudicated* upon a case from the window of a railway carriage. The hearing of the case lasted three minutes—the time allotted for a train crossing; and as the train pulled out of the station His Honor poked his head through the window, and in very audible voice said to the constable who was standing by: Officer, fine that beggar—ten dollars, and tell him not to do it again" (the *it* was a breach of the License Law).

Another case was decided by the same justice in quite a Solomonic (?) manner.

A friend of his had shot some partridges out of season; the judge *confiscated* the game by inviting his friend to dinner, at which the partridges were *put in evidence,* and washed down by copious draughts of Amontillado and Newman's Port.

The Court of Labrador, whose first sittings were held at Assizes Harbor, was established in 1826, and the first presiding judge was William Patterson, Esq., R. N. There was really no serious business for the attention of the court, and the only transactions of the first sitting were the granting of some licenses to sell "Booze" and the adjustment of some fishing accounts.



PARLIAMENT BUILDING, ST. JOHN'S.

The Labrador Court was discontinued in 1833, as there was no business to occupy its attention, and remained in abeyance until 1863, when the Local Legislature established "The Court of Limited and Civil Jurisdiction." The last "Circuit" of the Labrador Court was held in 1873. At the present time justice is administered on the coast by J. P.'s; and these are as numerous as "Kentucky colonels" in a neighboring country.

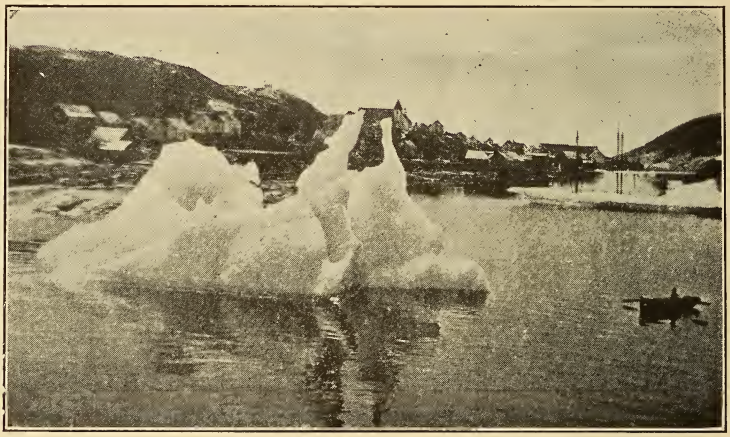
Grave offences are rare in the fisher's land, and only one case of a serious nature has occurred within recent years.

The frequenters of the coast are a phenomenally law-abiding people, and there is perhaps no other country on earth where there are fewer matters for adjustment by legal tribunals.

But *revenons à nos moutons:* we did not remain long at Assizes Harbor. We moved on to the metropolis of the coast—*Battle Harbor,* about four miles distant.

On arrival at *Battle* I met two clerical confrères—one of whom had "done" the northern section, the other was going to winter in the Straits.

I paid off my "crew," and awaited the arrival of the S. S. *Conscript,* to proceed to pastures new in Newfoundland. Whilst awaiting the arrival of the steamer I had ample time to further explore *Battle Harbor.* (I had visited it before, but then my time was exclusively occupied with mission work.)



OFF BATTLE HARBOR.

BATTLE HARBOR. Battle Harbor is formed by the expansion of a "Tickle" between *Battle* and *Great Caribou Islands;* the eastern entrance is not navigable for vessels, but the southernmost of the two western approaches has sufficient depth of water for large steamers. This entrance is narrow and sinuous, and the mail steamer on berthing actually *scrubs* the cliff on the starboard side. The geological formation of this cliff is a scientific puzzle, as gneiss, syenite and doleritic basalt are mingled promiscuously.

The harbor is said to derive its name from a great battle fought between the Esquimaux and Montagnais Indians. Here presumably the Esquimaux made their last "stand" against their formidable rivals on Southern Labrador. The "last battle" has been located at several points in the Straits of Belle Isle; but, from reliable data, I think Battle Harbor is rightfully the claimant to this distinction.

It is certain that, even as late as 1857, there were several Esquimaux families in this neighborhood: from Bishop Field's "Journal" we learn that in 1857 "the first Esquimaux were confirmed and admitted to communion at Battle Harbor."

An Esquimaux settlement existed at *Fox Harbor,* across *Lewis' Sound* in 1860; but no Esquimaux (at least, none of the full-blooded type) are now found south of *Long Tickle.*

Indian Cove, near Battle Harbor, had several half-breed families amongst its population about 1865.

It was presumably from this neighborhood that Bishop Field brought the young man Gibbons, who, after a very successful career at King's College, Windsor, N. S., entered the ministry of the Anglican Church. If I am well informed, he died at Parrsboro, in 1893.

BATTLE HARBOR ROOM.

The settlement of *Battle Harbor* is situated on a small rocky slope on the west side of *Battle Island,* and it has a resident population of about one hundred and fifty souls. It possesses a neat Anglican church, a parsonage, a school, a hospital, and the "room" of Baine Johnston & Co., of St. John's. This "room" is one of the oldest on the coast, and does a very extensive business. It was established by Slade, of Twillingate, in 1795, and it still retains many features of the old English foundation.

The houses connected with the "room" are substantial erections, and the arrangements for handling fish are quite up to date.

At the time of my early visits to the coast this "room" had a resident agent who was "the guide, philosopher and friend" of the entire community.

A little story is told which emphasizes the supreme position occupied by this old Englishman. During the tour of the census enumerator some years ago this worthy gentleman asked (as is customary for Newfoundland census takers) the religion of each family. One good housewife (whose husband was "in the bay a-rindin' ") told the enumerator that "she baint sure what it be, but s'posed 'twas Mr. ———'s religion."

THE LARGEST FISH-DRYING FLAKE IN LABRADOR.

During my explorations around the harbor I had an opportunity to examine some old account books of the Slade régime; and they were certainly unique in the matter of penmanship and—charges. I regret that I am not able to submit any of these old accounts just now, but from "truck" prices obtaining elsewhere it is obvious that they were somewhat exorbitant.

The following are taken from published accounts of one of the old supplying houses:

Bread (hardtack), 40s.—$8; flour (No. 2), 77s.—$16; molasses, 7s.; pork, 130s.

Other goods are priced in the same ratio, i. e., *one hundred per cent.* beyond the regular cash price.

The old Labradorians must have been rather stylish folk, as I noticed in the list of "remains" for the year 1840 several dozen *beaver hats* and *silk handkerchiefs.*

Money was unknown even in Newfoundland outports in the early days, and many fishermen never "saw the color of a dollar" and remained in debt to the merchant from the cradle to the grave.

The "room" does a very large export trade (its exports for the year 1907 amounted to $112,584).

The "transients" at Battle Harbor (chiefly small crews from Carbonear) are located on the opposite side of the harbor, on *Great Caribou Island,* whose rocky cliffs rise almost perpendicularly to a height of nearly two hundred feet. The houses (which suggest the "cliff dwellings" of ancient days) are built on piles (*posten shores,* in the vernacular of the coast), set in crevices of the cliff, and are reached by a series of platforms made of *longers* (small poles) covered with sods. The houses from without do not look inviting, but within many of them are marvels of cleanliness.

The view from the top of the ice-shaved hill which rises to a height of nearly three hundred feet in the rear of the settlement is delightful.

Looking westward you see the gray, time-worn summits that look down upon the St. Lewis River; to the northward lies the dark-hued syenitic bluff, which forms the westward entrance to the "Sound"; to the eastward lie the "Ribbs" and *Double Island,* on which now stands the beacon which guides the tempest-tossed fisher to a haven of refuge. The prospect is ever changing, and there is always something novel to arrest one's gaze—the colors of the rocks, with their stunted patches of vegetation, the surf beating furiously against the beetling crag, the ever-varying color of the sea and sky, the azure tints of the iceberg, the glorious sunsets can only be described by the artist's brush and pencil.

The rocks of Battle Harbor are archaic granites and gneiss, gray and pink, with numerous outcroppings of dolerite. Veins of white quartz run in every direction, forming bands like ribbons woven in the gneissic cliff. Everywhere there is evidence of Titanic force in the shaping of the hills and valleys; and, in strange contrast to

all this, one sees at various points the marks of the ice cap in the striations which run in a northwest and southeast direction on the southern section of Great Caribou Island.

The cliffs which mark the approach to the landing place at "Murphy's Cove" are buttressed as symmetrically as if human hands had been engaged in the work, and there are other geological curiosities which arrest the attention of the observant.

The *Conscript* arrived rather unexpectedly, so further exploration was impossible. Within six hours from her arrival we were homeward bound; and a week later I became the first incumbent of the only inland town in the ancient colony.

HUTS AT BATTLE HARBOR.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"UP THE SHORE."

Battle Harbor to Domino Run.

"The sea is a jovial comrade,
He laughs wherever he goes;
His merriment shines in the dimpling lines
That wrinkle his hale repose;
He lays himself down at the feet of the sun,
And shakes all over with glee,
And the broad-backed billows fall faint on the shore,
In the mirth of the mighty sea."

("Wind and Sea," BAYARD TAYLOR.)

Two years passed ere I made another trip to the coast of Labrador; and this was made under agreeable conditions. A splendid steamer, the *Grand Lake,* had just been placed on the Northern Coastal service—and her captain was my old friend, the genial Captain Delaney, now commander of the *Bruce.*

A voyage with Captain Delaney is one of the most enjoyable things imaginable, and those who have had such an experience will ever remember it. We had a delightful trip to *Battle Harbor,* and regretted to part company there with the captain and officers of the *Grand Lake;* but the fact that we were to have such a skilful mariner as Captain Drake to take us north in the *Windsor Lake* was welcome news.

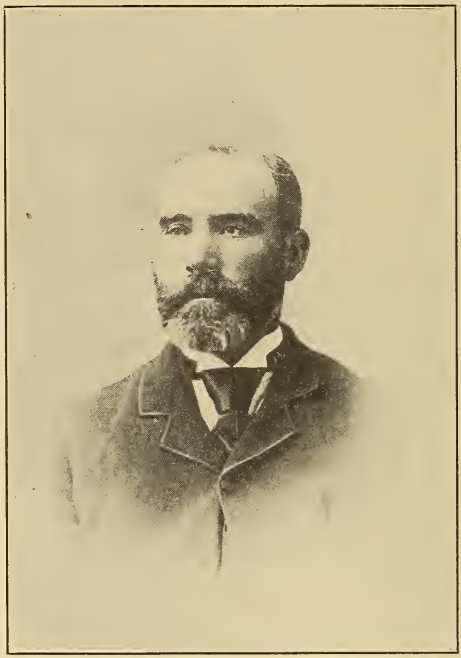
THE COASTAL COMPANY.

The history of the Newfoundland coastal service, to which both steamers belonged, is perhaps one of the most interesting in marine annals. The service has been in operation for nearly sixty years, and no loss of life has been recorded in its history.

The inauguration of a steam coastal service in Newfoundland was effected mainly through the efforts of the Roman Catholic

Bishop of St. John's, Rt. Rev. T. J. Mullock, who, in a famous pastoral letter in 1860, denounced certain procrastinating local politicians as being unmindful of the crying needs of the people in the Newfoundland outports.

Amongst other things it says:



CAPTAIN DELANEY.

"I solemnly declare that without steam communication the people must remain poor, degraded and ignorant . . . How does it happen that an enormous revenue, wasted in providing useless places for *State Paupers,* cannot afford the sum of £3,000 a year for outport accommodation . . . We pay heavy taxes, but get comparatively no return; almost all goes in salaries and pretended compensations, and I have no hesitation in saying that the collection of revenue under the present system is nothing but legalized robbery . . . I repudiate any connection with a party who take care of themselves, but do nothing for the people.

"This is not a political or a religious question, it is one of civilization, in which Catholics and Protestants, priests and ministers are equally interested."

Newfoundland owes a heavy debt of gratitude to Dr. Mullock, who was not only the active promoter of steam communication, both local and transatlantic, for the colony, but was the first to advocate a railway to Harbor Grace, and telegraphic communication. To him is due also the conception of the *idea of the transatlantic cable;* but *tulit alter honores.* It is a singular fact that even in more recent times great opposition was offered to steam communication with the outports; and I have on more than one occasion heard local merchants denounce all and sundry connected with it, *because this service demoralized the people; it made them too independent!* These merchants are sticklers for the *fish-flake régime,* when moleskin and canvas jackets were the fishermen's Sunday garb; and the normal condition of the toiler debt and degradation. The first steamer engaged in the coastal service was the *Victoria,* Captain Cudworth, which made monthly trips to the north in 1860. In 1863 the *Ariel* went into commission; later the *Tigress* and *Leopard* were engaged, and fortnightly trips were made north and south. In 1877 these were supplanted by the *Plover* and the *Curlew* (the name of the latter being subsequently changed to *Windsor Lake*).

These ships being found inadequate for the ever-increasing traffic, were replaced on the Newfoundland coast by the *Volunteer* and the *Conscript.* The former was lost at Englee, in 1891; and the latest achievement in local marine architecture—the *Grand Lake*—took her place. Within recent years there has been a further improvement in the coastal service; and two palatial vessels—the *Prospero* (Captain Fitzpatrick) and the *Portia* (Captain Kean)—are now engaged in the coastal trade. These ships are 1,000 tons register and are admirably equipped.

BATTLE HARBOR.

Battle Harbor had undergone a great change since my former visits; the business of the "room" had been curtailed owing to the financial catastrophe of "Black Monday" (it has since regained its former activity); but a new institution had arisen—the Hospital of the Deep Sea Mission. The hospital now consists of

two connecting frame houses surrounded by a piazza. The buildings are two stories in height, neatly painted, with a text from the Bible in large white letters on a green background running across the fronts: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

There are comfortable accommodations for the nurses and for about twenty-five patients. There is also a neat dispensary, where out-patients coming from the fishing vessels or brought from the

BATTLE HARBOR HOSPITAL.

nearby harbors are attended to. There is an excellent operating room, where some delicate operations are performed. The resident physician has neat quarters in an adjoining cottage. The *Windsor* had been detained north by storms, so we had a prolonged stay at Battle; meanwhile we were not idle, and made daily visits to Matthew's Cove for religious exercises and instruction.

Returning from the cove one morning, I descried the smoke of the steamer rounding Lewis' Cape, and two hours later she arrived. There was considerable cargo to handle, so it was far into the next day before we started northward.

Hardly had we left our moorings when we ran into a dense fog, and a Labrador fog is by no means enjoyable. We were groping our way through ice and breakers, when the lookout reported: "Land ahead, sir!" Straight ahead was a grim, menacing promontory wreathed in fog; it was Cape St. Lewis. "Port a little!" and then a shrill blast from the whistle. Were we making a harbor? No, the captain was locating the land by the echo! Wonderful men these Newfoundland master mariners! Somebody says "they can even smell the land." We were moving "dead slow." At intervals there came the command to the helmsman, "Starboard easy!" "Steady as she goes," and within half an hour we had anchored. Where are we? asked some anxious American tourists. We had anchored in a little nook whose name suggests its size—Petty Harbor (another of those old fishing haunts of the Frenchmen).

Here we landed Her Majesty's mails, not a particularly large bundle, a dozen letters, possibly, and sundry small parcels—"mitts," the genial mail officer informed me.

THE MAIL SERVICE.

The mail service on the Labrador coast is a busy, if not always a very important service. The mail officer lands a mail bag at every stopping place, and I have sometimes seen the contents consist of a letter or two and a postcard. This officer seems to have the patience of Job and the memory of a Mezzofanti. There are about two hundred places along the coast, and possibly one thousand schooners between Nain and Battle Harbor, to which letters are addressed, and fishermen's caligraphy is not always very legible.

The postmaster is supposed to know the whereabouts of every *Mary Jane* or *Shining Star* which sails the coast, and he generally manages to locate them. It is not unusual to see the steamer's deck crowded with fishermen whilst she remains in port, every one of whom expects a letter. He is a marvelous man, this genial postmaster, and when distinguished-service medals are being conferred on Newfoundland officials, the mail officer of the Labrador service is the rightful claimant to the first.

The ship's boat had returned from the shore, and the passengers who had ventured ashore "to explore" the settlement had barely

reached the deck, when a blast from the whistle announced that we were off, bound for Spear Harbor, some distance to the north. The peculiar feature of these Labrador harbors, or ports of call, is that they are almost invisible until one is actually in them.

The steamer suddenly rounds a bluff head or passes through a series of "tickles" into a snug little nook surrounded by precipitous cliffs, where you find perhaps a dozen or more "tilts," a similar number of "stages," and five or six schooners—this is the harbor. We had anchored in one of these nooks—Spear Harbor (another Frenchmen's retreat—*Havre d'Espoir*—in former days). Here I bade good-by to my friends of a day, the genial officers of the *Windsor Lake,* and to the comforts of the "gastronomic south": One's tastes on the coast of Labrador must not be epicurean where fresh beef is almost unknown, and milk—even the "tin cow" (the condensed variety)—is a luxury.

SPEAR HARBOR.

Spear Harbor is a small, insignificant fishing settlement consisting of five or six families of "transients."

It was formerly an important fishing post, and there, so I was informed by an old fisherman, "you could hardly get room to drop a grapnel."

It was the favorite resort for American fishermen from the Massachusetts coast, and in 1830, thirty vessels from the United States "moored" here. Now, not a schooner is found fishing at Spear Harbor.

Close by the harbor there is a large tarn-like body of water known as "Salt Pond," connected with Spear Harbor by a marshy isthmus; and at high tide the water overflows the isthmus and boats row over it. Ere many years it will likely be an independent body of water, as the land in this section of Labrador is said to be rising at the rate of six inches a year.

A SMALL POST OFFICE.

The smallest post office, perhaps, in existence is found at Spear Harbor. It does a business of about two dollars a year.

There were no members of my "parish" here, so I secured the

services of two stalwart fishermen to convey my baggage, consisting of a little "chapel" and my personal belongings, to the next settlement—Murray's Harbor—which lay about three miles distant.

The sun was sinking in a blaze of golden splendor as we reached the brow of the hill which overlooks the little harbor; and soon the

> "Sun is set; and in his latest beams
> Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold,
> Slowly upon the amber air unrolled,
> The falling mantle of the prophet seems."

And before we had reached the little glacis in which the harbor lay the day had passed into the land of dreams.

MURRAY'S HARBOR.

Murray's Harbor is known to fishermen as "the home of the two-eyed beefsteak" (the herring); and in olden times it was the greatest herring post on the shore. Within recent years the herring fishery has almost reached the vanishing point.

The harbor is a safe retreat for fishing vessels, as an island protects it from the northeast winds. There are two entrances—Lamb's and Main Tickles.

It was originally settled by Devonshire fishermen, who returned every fall to the "old country"; but in the early thirties it was frequented by fishermen from St. John's who established permanent rooms. The earliest planter was one Motty, who carried on an extensive trade in herring and salmon.

I had very comfortable quarters at Murray's Harbor with the patriarch of the settlement—Skipper Solomon Clarke, from whom I learned a great many traditions about the people and the early fisheries.

Skipper Solomon was one of the types whom tourists caricature so unblushingly. True, the tourist sees the fisherman under very unfavorable surroundings; his domicile is perhaps a "tilt"; but withal there is something noble even in the lowliest amongst these old fisher folk. Such hospitality! Such unselfishness! Such innate manliness! These "old-timers" are not *cultured* (according to the standard of the writers of "wondrous tales"), but they possess that which is more ennobling than the coronet.

What a fund of information these old men possess! I have met some of them whose reminiscences, if procured, were a veritable treasure trove.

I obtained some interesting data from my old friend, who had spent nearly fifty years on the coast. Amongst other things, I learned that in former years fish sold at Murray's Harbor for seven-and-six-pence a quintal; but on one or two occasions it "fetched forty shillings"; that seal oil "brought" forty-five pounds a ton, and flour sold at $20 a barrel. This must have been in the days of "Arcadian simplicity, when Newfoundland had no public debt and port wine was a shilling a bottle!"

A "HOUSE ON SHORES."

After holding "stations" for two days at Murray's Harbor, I bade good-by to the genial old skipper, and started, in a skiff manned by seven young fishermen, for St. Francis Harbor. More types! These young toilers were the perfection of rugged manhood, and their services on the coast are always given gratuitously.

To offer them any monetary recompense were an unpardonable insult. There is no discrimination in the fishermen's generosity;

they help the priest or the parson indiscriminately. These noble characters seem to have no word for "fear" in their vocabulary; distance or privation is never reckoned. I have known a "crew" to make a journey of seventy miles in the depth of winter to bring a clergyman on a sick call. Little they recked the toil, for it was a service of charity. There are no people on earth more self-sacrificing when there is question of rendering service to their brethren or their clergyman, than Newfoundland fishermen. Not many years ago a brave crew and a noble apostle—the beloved Father O'Regan —were lost on the south shore of Newfoundland, somewhere between Rose Blanche and Channel; and this is not the only instance of the drowning of heroic men and missionaries recorded in the annals of the old homeland, whilst engaged in missions of mercy.

The trip from Murray's Harbor was delightful, and we had a splendid view of two harbors which were doubtless named by an enthusiastic Englishman—Port Charlotte and Mecklenburg. As we crossed the mouth of the *Alexis River* the sun sank slowly behind the distant hills; and then,

> "Into the darkness and the hush of night
> Slowly the landscape sinks and fades away,
> And with it fade the phantoms of the day
> And ghosts of men and things that haunt the light."

It was very dark when we entered *Francis Harbor,* but every stage was aglow, as it had been "a big fish day." My "crew" returned to their home at Murray's as soon as we had finished a substantial meal of good solid fisherman's fare. I wondered why they had left so abruptly; but my host informed me: "They didn't like the way the sun went down." To me it had seemed a glorious sunset, but to them there were signs in the heavens which I could not discern.

They did wisely, as at midnight a storm came up from the northeast and it "rained cats and dogs." At intervals during the early hours I could hear the roar of the storm and the plashing of the water beneath my windowpane. It was a dreadful night, and the moaning of the sea was melancholy. I was up betimes, and peering through the eight-by-ten window, I saw that the storm had left reminders of its fury; wreckage was strewn everywhere, and

at *Pigeon Island,* which lies at the mouth of the harbor, a vessel was "high and dry," but uninjured. No lives were lost, but the crew of the schooner had had a very narrow escape.

I had a large congregation at the "stations," notwithstanding the havoc of the gale; and during the day, which was a "fishermen's holiday," I had an opportunity to obtain many interesting data concerning the settlement.

The "room" was founded by the firm of Slade, of Twillingate, in 1790, but later it passed into the hands of Ridley & Co., of Harbor Grace, from whom it was purchased by the present owners, the Messrs. Rorke, of Carbonear.

CULLING FISH.

The island on which it is located—*Granby Island*—is a huge mass of syenite, barring the outlets of two large rivers, the *Alexis* and the *Gilbert,* both of which, at some distance from the estuaries, are good fishing streams. But we had no time for whipping the waters; we were away next morning for "The Bight," which lies just around the cape, where we had a large number of parishioners. Two days were spent here, and then a fishing schooner offered a chance to get north to *Dead Island.* There was a stiff breeze from the south-

west, and we hugged the shore under small canvas. The coast line in this section is rugged and precipitous, and there are some very singular land formations. Near *Occasional Harbor* (vulgo "Occasionable" Harbor) there is a series of immense caves hewn out by the sea; and just north of the promontory called *Ship Harbor Head* there is a great arch of rock through which you see the green of the forest beyond. Crossing *St. Michael's Bay* ("Scrammy Bay," as it is known to fishermen), we were caught in a squall and lost some "headgear," which necessitated our putting in at *Square Island Harbor*. This interesting creek has three "tickles"—leading to a little harbor not larger than a mill pond. The island in which the harbor is situated is absolutely bare on the summit and rises to a double truncated hill, one section of which is about six hundred feet high. The view from this vantage point is magnificent, especially just before sunset.

Away to the westward the sun sank in a blaze of glory, and as it went down it looked like a huge ball of crimson.

Its rays were at intervals transformed into red and bronze, and the "skiers" and little islets in the offing were bathed in a glow of indescribable tint; the scene was bewildering in its grandeur.

The eastern point of the island is 220 feet high, and it is called *The Sugar-loaf*. As the "repairs" detained us till the following afternoon I had an opportunity to examine some of the many interesting features of this peculiar little haven. The hilltops are strewn with bowlders, some of them of immense size, but seemingly of more recent origin than those seen farther south. Many of them are angular and are gradually disintegrating.

The hilltops have evidently been moulded by ice, and the *roches moutonées* are very distinctly marked.

Around the harbor the formation is varied by the presence of dark syenite, due to the presence of *Labradorite,* which here replaces the flesh-colored feldspar of the syenite farther south; there are also large masses of actinolite, with a little quartz and some iron pyrites. Barren and desolate though the settlement appears, there are some small patches of vegetation, and the "landwash" terminates in a little green fringe. In the ravines beyond there were several patches of bronze-green foliage.

The settlement was crowded with "tilts" and "stages," and the

people seemed happy and care-free. It boasts of a little school which is conducted by the Methodist church, and it is evidently a great boon to the dwellers in this lonely spot.

Our craft was ready for sea on the following day, and at an early hour in the afternoon we made sail for *Dead Islands,* a few miles to the north. But we were doomed to disappointment as the wind came up from the northeast in a "flurry," and we were forced to put in at *Nowlan's Harbor,* where I bade adieu to the skipper who had so generously accommodated me.

NOWLAN'S HARBOR.

This little harbor is settled by people from Conception Bay, all of whom are descendants of the energetic Irish emigrants of 1820, and practically every cove in the neighborhood has a Celtic name. Here I met Captain Fitzgerald, the learned and entertaining planter, who has given us such a fund of information about "spooks" and sundry other things concerning the Labrador settlements. The captain has also several acts of heroism to his credit, but he invariably eliminates the personal ego from his recitals.

Numbers of mariners have received imperial decorations for less heroic services than his. One of these acts of bravery was the rescue of the Keefe crew in 1867. The vessel which Captain Keefe commanded had been driven to sea from Corbett's Harbor in a gale which swept the coast on the 9th of October. Captain Fitzgerald rescued the crew from the sinking vessel some miles southeast of *Belle Isle* several days later, when only the forward part of the vessel was above water. The crew and freighters were huddled together, awaiting their doom, when they were rescued from a watery grave by the heroic action of the valiant captain.

DEAD ISLANDS.

We remained at *Nowlan's Harbor* until the storm abated, and then proceeded through the "Tickle" to *Dead Islands.*

This settlement is an archipelago consisting of two large and several small islands, the group covering an area of nearly two square miles. *West Island* is the largest, being about two miles long and 250 feet high. *North Island* is smaller, and is separated from *West Island* by *Stove Tickle.* The settlement, one of whose

first planters was my grandfather, gets its name from the finding of a dead body on the North Island shore, by one of the early fishermen. This locality was very familiar to me in name, as in my younger days, as soon as I was capable of doing office work, I made out a great many "shipping papers" for sharemen and crews who had accounts with our Labrador business.

The next "port of call" was *Snug Harbor,* which we reached in a "jack" manned by a crew from our own establishment.

The weather was delightful and en route we had an opportunity to explore *Cape Bluff,* a very prominent headland, rising steeply to a double-peaked hill 719 and 695 feet high, ending in bluff cliffs. At the southern end of the cape is a small rocky peninsula 110 feet high, which shelters a small cove. Here we landed to "boil the piper" (a tin kettle used by fishing boats). Immediately north of *Cape Bluff* is a singular island known as "The Gull"; it is almost snow-white, and shows a marked contrast to the mainland, which is of a leaden hue, being composed of syenite. We entered *Snug Harbor* to the northward of *Murray Point.*

SNUG HARBOR.

Snug Harbor is well named, as it is located in a placid basin surrounded by great rocky walls. At its mouth lies "Cooper Island," a steep, precipitous hill nearly five hundred feet high, at whose base is a little *glacis* in which lies "Green Cove." Snug Harbor has a large fishing "room," established by a planter of Harbor Grace—Captain Ryan, in the '50's, but now owned by the firm of Munn & Co. There are several interesting places in the near vicinity of *Snug Harbor,* and many of them are suggestive of settlement by sons of the Emerald Isle, as the names are decidedly Celtic—e. g., "Durneen's Cove," "Corragh-na-buss," "Corragh-na-graw." Close by *Snug Harbor* is a little creek known as "Tub Harbor," whose name was evidently suggested by its resemblance to the democratic utensil of that name. In connection with this settlement a very interesting story is told in Dr. Grenfell's "Vikings of To-day." The incident occurred in connection with a lawsuit regarding the stranding of the English schooner *High Flyer* in the 80's. The case was being adjudicated in the Admiralty Court of Great Britain, and the learned judge asked the counsel for the plaintiff: "Where is

this Tub Harbor?" The counsel answered: "In Labrador." And then His Lordship asked: "Where is Labrador?" The counsel gravely replied: "In Tub Harbor."

Some racy stories are told of the Snug Harbor "concern," amongst them the following: After the failure of a well-known business firm some years ago, an expert accountant was sent from England to "examine the books." He spent several days at *Snug Harbor,* but he was unable to unravel the tangled web.

He is said to have remarked that he formerly believed the "Gordian Knot" incident related in ancient history to be a myth, but he no longer thought so, for here was a modern instance; and as "he was not gifted with the prowess of Alexander the Great, he could not disentangle it." He knew something, presumably, of classic literature, but evidently little about fishing accounts.

VENISON TICKLE.

VENISON TICKLE.

After a pleasant stay with the genial agent at Snug Harbor, we were again en route, and went northward to *Venison Tickle*—an important fishing centre, situated on the southeast corner of *Stony Island.*

On the summit of the island is a "lookout," surmounted by a flagstaff which serves as a landmark to fishermen. *Venison Island* has a large "room," established in 1795 by the same firm which did business at Battle and St. Francis Harbor—Slade, of Twillingate. Within the precincts of the "room" is a neat school, which is in operation during the summer months. The school also serves as a church on Sundays.

HAWKES HARBOR.

After leaving *Venison Island* we passed close by the "Skerries" and "Eddystone" islands, and reached Hawkes Harbor, a busy little port situated at the south end of Hawkes Island.

The island has several craggy hills on whose summits and slopes are bowlders of enormous size, and some of the peaks rise to a height of six hundred feet.

From *Hawkes Harbor* our journey was made in a small skiff, and the visitation included *Styles' Penguin, Boulter's Rock* and *Seal Islands;* but further progress was arrested by a northeaster which detained us at *Punch Bowl.* The scenic features of the coast in this section are not particularly interesting; the land is low and the formation is practically the same as in the neighborhood of *Square Island.*

PUNCH BOWL.

Whether the shape of the harbor gave this settlement its name or whether its early occupants indulged in the "flowing bowl," I have been unable to ascertain. It is an uninviting place, though its people are extremely hospitable. The following paragraph is a very accurate description of the coast within the neighborhood:

"While the deep fiords extending into the land, and the numerous islands along the coast, all point to a former subsidence of the land and constitute 'drowned' valleys and coast, there is also a palpable evidence of recent elevation of land. At frequent intervals all along the shore there are splendid examples of 'raised beaches.' At one locality above the present beach of rounded pebbles and cobblestones there is a green patch, above which is another distinct cobblestone beach. Here there is a stretch of turf, and again another distinct

beach, elevated sixty feet or more above the present level. Everywhere the rocks belong to the archaic group of granites and syenites, and are crossed in many places by trap dykes.

These dykes stand out black and forbidding, but are usually worn back into chasms where they cross the hillsides; they appear at times like straight green roads, in a country where roads do not exist. (There is not a mile of road properly so-called along the whole coast line.) In the shelter of the depression caused by the erosion of the dykes, fir and spruce and Labrador tea and laurel manage to exist while all around is wind-swept rock, naked except for the lichen growth which stains its rugged sides." (Townsend.)

Near Punch Bowl is a little settlement which was on our visiting list, and we succeded in reaching it after the storm had subsided. We arrived at a time when the sea was breaking furiously over the sunken rocks and shoals, but we gave these angry splutterings a wide berth. At our stopping place—Corbett's Harbor—we had one of the most comfortable quarters ever occupied by a traveller in Labrador. The exterior of this fishers' cot was not pretentious, but within everything was tidy. *Corbett's Harbor* is a very old fishing settlement, and it was established in 1835, by a fisherman named Michael Corbett, of ———— Bay, who had been driven off the Newfoundland north coast by French warships. He was fishing in the neighborhood of La Scie, on the French shore, in 1834, and he was chased away by the French man-of-war in a very unceremonious manner. The attitude of French *commandants* towards Newfoundland fishermen, on the so-called French shore, was the first step towards "settling" the upper part of the Labrador coast.

It seems rather anomalous that French warships should chase fishermen off their native coast; but by virtue of the provisions of the Treaty of Utrecht (1713) the French obtained rights of fishing on certain sections of the coast of Newfoundland; and by an unwarranted interpretation of the treaty they later claimed exclusive right. This was for many years a *questio vexata* between the French and British authorities; but the question was adjusted in 1904. England paid an indemnity to French "roomholders" on the French shore and ceded to France some territory elsewhere in lieu of the latter's supposititious rights. A little cove in the vicinity of *Corbett's Harbor* called Orleans is still suggestive of the Gaul.

The storm which had detained us at *Punch Bay* wrought havoc in the neighborhood. It is a difficult and dangerous avocation truly, this life of the Labrador fisherman, for in a few hours the entire "summer's voyage" may be swept away. Every gale means serious losses to those who have "twine" (this is the term used by fishermen for traps, nets and seines), as it is usually badly damaged by these dreadful northeasters which are so prevalent on the coast. We were loath to leave this comfortable nook, but must needs, and evening found us at *Webber's Cove.*

WEBBER'S COVE.

Webber's Cove is an uninviting section, and only a few fishermen are located there. It is a very convenient point for *collections* (not church collections, but collections of fish!). *Webber's Cove* has a large "Barter Shop."

These institutions, which are known all over the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador, are not usually very pretentious establishments, but they do considerable trade, as they are furnished with all sorts of commodities for fishing and household purposes; and you may procure anything from a puncheon of molasses to a skein of thread. They even have a "candy department," to attract the younger members of the fishing community who deal in "scrawds."

Some years ago I journeyed along the coast with some American tourists, and a lady in the party asked the manager of one of these "Barter Shops" for a package of Huyler's chocolates. The manager, who was a consummate wag, said he would "run over to the factory and fill her order." The lady waited patiently and nearly "lost her passage." There *was* a factory in the vicinity, but it was an *oil factory.* These barter shops do little cash business, but they exchange their wares for fish, salmon, furs and even "rounders" and "laggies." Needless to say, the prices charged for the wares are not *city prices. Webber's Cove* didn't offer any inducement for a prolonged visit, so we were en route to *Batteau* in the early morning. Our trip was an unpleasant one; it rained and stormed dreadfully. After a severe drubbing we reached *Batteau* in a very dilapidated condition. I was garbed in a suit of yellow oilskins when I landed at the "room," and presented presumably a very bedraggled appearance. A large store was being erected for Ryan & Co. by some

carpenters from a little town in Bonavista, and the foreman was John ———. I went into the store, of which the upper floor was being laid, and I told John that the priest had just arrived from Webber's Cove. He had not seen me before, and, clad as I was in oilskins, I did not present a very clerical appearance. He replied: "Waal, dem clergy is like Mudder Carey's chickens—you ken always expec' a blow w'en dey comes." He added some further adjectival expressions regarding the *sanity* of the clergy. Meantime I had removed my sou'wester and oil jumper. John suddenly disappeared, and he was not visible for the remainder of my visit to *Batteau.* Next morning, when I received the collection which the proprietor of the "room" had kindly taken up, the first name on the long list of contributions was that of my friend the foreman—John, $5.00. (John doesn't like to have this incident related.)

Batteau, as the name suggests, was settled by French fishermen in early days, but no traces of their occupation now remain. It is a decidedly busy place, and is usually crowded with schooners. It is regarded as an excellent fishing post, and there is a Labrador expression which ranks almost as a proverb: "Batteau never fails." I have seen one hundred boats and schooners anchored there, amongst them three "foreigners," awaiting fish cargoes for European ports. Batteau in former years had an unsavory reputation for "Sheebeens" (places where liquor was sold surreptitiously), but within recent years, thanks to the vigilant measures of the proprietor of the "room," a man can't "raise a thirst."

We had two other settlements on our itinerary, immediately north of *Batteau—Black Tickle* and *Salmon Bight.* The former is an important shipping centre, and vessels load here for foreign markets. The latter in olden times was headquarters for a traffic which happily is fast disappearing from the coast—illicit retailing of grog.

A short walk across the hills brings us to *Domino,* at the entrance to *Domino Run.* This is a section of the coast which has special attractions for the geologist, as it gave a name to a formation known as "Domino Gneiss."

This formation, which is first seen at the eastern extremity of the *Island of Ponds,* on which *Domino* is located, is presumably the formation which some geologists have named *Labradorian.*

CHAPTER XXVII.

"GOING NORTH."

Domino Run to Indian Harbor.

"I hear the howl of the wind that brings
The long, drear storm on its heavy wings."
("The West Wind," WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.)

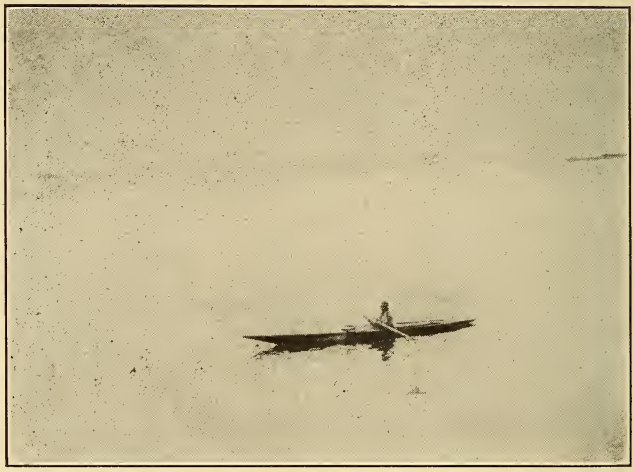
DOMINO RUN. *Domino Run* (Latitude 53 degrees 29 minutes north, longitude 55 degrees 46 minutes west) was seemingly the "landfall" of the Icelandic discoverers of the tenth century. It tallies admirably with the description of "Helluland." *Domino Harbor,* at the entrance to the "Run," is a broad, deep fissure which nearly divides the *Island of Ponds* in two. The plain which stretches away to the westward is worn smoothly; scattered over it are patches of cobblestones, which indicate that it was once a raised ocean bottom, now at least 125 feet high, which reached to the base of the angular masses of trap rock capping the gneiss elevation.

When you strip off the scattered masses of matted growth of curlew berry and cranberry (Partridge berry), the smooth, wave-worn, pebbly surface seems as if it was but yesterday won from the dominion of the sea. There is not a tree or a bush to be seen in any direction.

SPOTTED ISLAND. Lying to the north of *Domino Run* and forming its northern boundary is *Spotted Island* (the breadth of the "Run" here being five cables—approximately, half a sea mile). The island is about four miles long, with an average breadth of one mile and a half, and its summit has an elevation of three hundred feet. It derives its name presumably from the peculiar formation visible on its eastern side, an alternation of black and white cliffs. The seaward side of the island is composed of trap rock, and on the west the gneiss rock is low and very slopy towards the channel which

separates it from the *Island of Ponds.* Going ashore and ascending one of the trap hills, evidently the remnants of an old volcanic crater rising out of the surrounding gneiss, you get a splendid view of the whole island, which is dotted with trap hills rising out of the gneiss plain. At intervals you see numerous shallow pools and lakes sunk in the peat formation which overlays the gneiss. It is low and flat compared with the coast farther south, while northward this lowland or basin stretches away for several miles.

Spotted Island must have originally been settled by Irishmen, as *Griffin's Harbor, Farmer's Cove* and *Dooley's Ledge* were named by fishermen who prosecuted the fishery here in bygone days. The little island which forms its eastern boundary is known as *Castle Dermot,* and *Grog Island* is in the immediate precincts.



A KAYAK. *Copyright, Outing Pub. Co.*

Grog was a regular institution on the Labrador "Rooms" *in diebus illis;* and the old planters usually kept a barrel of rum on the premises for the use of the crews, who received their daily " 'lowance" as regularly as the jackies of H. M. warships received their noggin.

A signal act of heroism is recorded of *Spotted Island* during the terrible gale of October 9, 1867. Captain William Jackman, the veteran seal killer and master mariner of St. John's, saved by his almost superhuman bravery twenty-seven lives. No greater act of

heroism than this has ever been recorded of the coast of Labrador. In recognition of his bravery Captain Jackman was presented with a medal and parchment by the Royal Humane Society in 1868.

Griffin's Harbor, which is situated on the northeast corner of *Spotted Island,* was originally settled by Irishmen from St. John's—"The Riverhead men," as they were usually called. They were a sturdy lot, and some of their descendants are still prosecuting the fishery on the coast.

A little cove on the southeast corner of the island is remarkable for its splendid "skin boots"; they are superior to any other make and are much sought after by sealers. The few families of settlers there seem to possess the secret of this trade, and their products are in constant demand. This little cove has a "barter shop" which does an extensive business.

Our next landfall was *Indian Tickle,* ten miles to the westward of *Griffin's Harbor,* and our journey was not an agreeable one.

Everything in the vicinity of *Spotted Island* seems Irish, even the weather; for soon after we left Griffin's Harbor, with a splendid crew of "Riverhead men," we ran into an Irishman's hurricane—"plenty of rain, but no wind." It rained for the entire trip, and when we reached *Indian Tickle* we were literally soaking with water.

INDIAN TICKLE.

Indian Tickle lies between *Musgrave Land,* on the west, and *Indian Island,* on the east, and was formerly a very important settlement. In early days it had a large "room," owned and operated by Warren, of London, England. When Warren retired from business on the coast, the "room" passed into the hands of Captain Hennebury, of Port-de-Grave, who "made piles of money there."

Across the "run," at *White Point,* the northern end of the "Tickle," a lighthouse has recently been erected by the Newfoundland government, and it is doubtless a boon and a blessing to the thousands of fishermen who frequent these shores. It is a white, square tower, exhibiting a *white occulting* light, which is visible in clear weather for a distance of twelve miles. We were "stalled" at the "Tickle" for a while, as the only available means of reaching our next port of call (Grady) was the mail steamer—*Windsor Lake* —due from the south "at any time."

She arrived within a couple of days, and we were glad to meet again our old friend Captain Drake and the genial mail officer who had a large bundle of mail to our address.

Needless to say that no time was lost in devouring the contents of the bundle. Ere the contents had been examined we had crossed *Table Bay*, passed *Mullin's Cove*, and had reached *Black Island*, the outpost of Grady. Within an hour the ship had anchored, and we were soon under the hospitable roof of the kindly manager of the Grady "room"—Mr. McRae. Grady has an extensive fishing plant, and it is "headquarters" for fishing vessels on middle Labrador. Grady Island, on which the plant is located, is a forbidding place. It rises to a height of nearly four hundred feet, and on its summit is a large cairn of stones. These cairns, of which there are several along the coast, are called by fishermen. " 'Merican men." These cairns serve as landmarks for the fishing schooners, many of which are captained by men who have little knowledge of navigation, but who possess a nautical instinct which compensates for the lack of "book l'arnin'."

Numbers of these schooners have no charts, and they are navigated by the "rule of thumb." They rarely run at night, and a kind Providence has so fashioned the coast of Labrador that harbors are found at the end of every day's run. It is not unusual to see a hundred and fifty of these little schooners at *Assizes' Harbor*, at *Domino, Dumplin* or some other rendezvous at one time. When these schooners are running in the daytime you see a man in the forerigging who directs the movements of the vessel; and if you are within hailing distance you will hear him shout at times, "Keep 'er away a bit," or "luff up." How these schooners escape disaster on the coast is a mystery to me.

Grady has an interesting but doleful history. It seems to be the storm centre of the coast; it has been visited by dreadful gales, and no other harbor on the coast has such a record of disasters. The last great storm visited it in 1885 and the death toll was appalling.

Two English firms did business here in the early days of the last century—Hunt & Henley and King & Larmour, of Plymouth. Grady is said to have derived its name from the "gready proclivities" of these fishing Shylocks.

They certainly were a most exacting lot, these old merchants; hence, doubtless, the name given to the place by Newfoundland fishermen who first visited it about 1830.

Through the courtesy of the agent I was able to make an excursion to Cape North and *Curlew*—two localities not usually seen by the tourist or visitor to the coast.

CAPE NORTH.

Cape North is a peculiarly-shaped headland about four hundred feet high; it is really an isolated hill connected with the mainland by a flat marsh which lies between two shallow coves. It is faced with rude, jagged, trap rocks and within, it is composed of gneiss. On the south side is a low, raised beach of very remarkable structure. An island stands like a sentinel to the northeastward of the cape, and it is not discernible as such until you are quite near it.

CURLEW HARBOR.

Curlew Harbor, so called from the presence there in large number of the bird which bears this name, is a splendid roadstead, and it was at one time a favorite resort for Conception Bay fishermen. It has a tragic history, and was the scene of a terrible marine disaster in 1867, when a vessel owned by Captain Delaney, with twenty-nine souls on board, was lost there; in the gale of 1885 there was also great loss of life. A remarkable incident occurred during the gale: a vessel was blown "into the woods," fully two hundred feet from the beach, and next day she was hauled back to the harbor, *uninjured.* In the bottom of the harbor are still visible the skeletons of some of the vessels lost in the earlier part of 1867. Not wishing to spend the night among such lugubrious surroundings, we "made" *Long Island* just as the sun was setting. And such a sight! Labrador sunsets are superlatively lovely, but I do not remember ever having witnessed anything more beautiful than on this occasion. It was perfectly calm; away in the distance was the dim outline of the mountains across *Sandwich Bay,* and in the near foreground lay *Huntingdon Island,* bathed in sunshine. It was truly a marvelous spectacle, as

"The dying light,
Ere it departed, swathed each mountain height

In robes of purple; and adown the west,
Where sea and sky seemed mingling—breast to breast—
Drew the dense barks of ponderous clouds, and spread
A mantle o'er them of royal red,
Belted with purple—lined with amber—tinged
With fiery gold—and blushing-purple fringed."

At *Long Island* we received a hearty welcome from the proprietor of the "room," and we felt *chez nous* under Captain Dalton's hospitable roof.

The following day was stormy, and after the "stations" there was time to glean something of the history of this exceptionally fine establishment.

Long Island was established by the firm of Hunt and Henley about 1830, after their removal from Henley Harbor. It was a valuable salmon post, and they did a large and lucrative trade. Hunt and Henley had a special "packet" plying between Nain and Long Island which collected their produce and conveyed the crews to the salmon posts and fishing rooms. They conducted a system of fishery which is no longer known on the coast of Labrador, and their fishermen were known as "gentlemen sharemen." These "gentlemen sharemen" received no wages; they paid for their "keep" and supplies and retained all the fish caught. It was not unusual in these days for a boat to secure four hundred quintals, or two hundred quintals per man. This catch was sold to Hunt and Henley at one shilling less than the "current price." Needless to say, the firm "coined money"; they took no chances, but reaped a certain harvest.

The island itself is a very interesting study for the geologist, but we had little time for work of this kind, so we started at the earliest possible moment for a trip across *Blackguard Bay* to *Cartwright*.

CARTWRIGHT.

Cartwright to-day is a Hudson Bay "post," and the magic symbol, H. B. C., is everywhere in evidence. "What a wealth of history is hidden beneath these magic letters!" says a recent writer.

Yes, and what a record of exactions they unfold! "Lo, the poor Indian" and the hapless liveyere!

The settlement which lies in Sandwich Bay was established by the gallant Major Cartwright, whose name is already familiar. He

had grown tired of competition with hated rivals in the little settlement of *Cape Charles,* so he bade farewell to the southern settlement "to protect and befriend the natives of these benighted regions."

So runneth the inscription on the monument found within the precincts of his former place of business. But George Cartwright's object was none other than trade. This he pursued successfully; and after the transfer of his interests on "dreary" Labrador to Hunt and Henley (who later sold out to the Hudson Bay Company), Cartwright returned to England with a handsome fortune.

DOGS AND KOMOTIK.

The H. B. C.'s plant at *Cartwright* consists of several well-kept houses and stores, and everything around the premises suggests neatness and order. In the store of the company you may purchase everything (except furs). The Pelterie is sent across the water, and often sold at prices which would astonish the unsophisticated natives who gathered these trophies from the wilds. At Cartwright there is a neat Anglican church. At present there is no resident minister, but a school is in operation (the schoolmaster performing the duties of a lay reader when necessary).

From *Cartwright* we proceeded to *Independent,* passing the northeast point of *Huntington Island* en route. This island is an immense mass of trap about five hundred feet high; and in the cove may be seen an ever-green growth of small glaucous willows and larches. The famous rendezvous called *Dumplin* is located on the east side of Huntington Island, and it is said to have been christened by an old fisherman who found several specimens of "stoggers" floating in the harbor. "Stoggers" and "Alexanders" are huge balls of dough. I was really unaware that fisherman's *dumplings* would float. Any of them which I saw during my Labrador visits were more like cannon balls than articles of food. Dumplings and "duff" (dough) are pretty hard propositions, but as an old father remarked to me many years ago when relating some of his Labrador experiences: "Faix, they are not bad when you're hungry." One realizes the truth of the little phrase which puzzles the youthful climber of Parnassus: *fames optimum condimentum,* when trying to dine off "stoggers." The "sauce" served with the paste-ball is known as "Codey." I have not been able to ascertain the origin of this commodity. At *Dumplin* there is splendid salmon-trout fishing; in the larger pools which abound on the island, there is said to be an abundance of mud-trout. We arrived at our destination—*Independent*—just in time for the "mug-up." This is the eleven o'clock collation which precedes the fishermen's dinner. We were glad to be in the land of plenty, as a five hours' journey in a trap-skiff develops an abnormal appetite.

INDEPENDENT.

Independent is located on an island of the same name, and is a fairly safe harbor. Here there is a phenomenon rarely seen on the coast—an islet actually covered with a growth of grass-green vegetation. At Independent we had very comfortable quarters amongst some parishioners of former years.

From *Independent* to *Pack's Harbor* is only a short journey, and we were there betimes next morning.

PACK'S HARBOR.

Pack's Harbor is situated in a "tickle," between *Henrietta* and *Pack's Island,* and it owes its name to the fact that the first settlers here were dealers of the firm of *Pack, Gosse & Fryer,*

merchants of Carbonear and Porte-de-Grave. *Henrietta Island* is also named after a member of the family of Pack. Here I had an opportunity to see some old fishing accounts; they were certainly very interesting, and were further evidence, if such were needed, that some of the old mercantile firms of Newfoundland had no conscientious scruples when there was question of "fishing-account prices."

For example: 1 gross hooks (cash 45 cents), charged $1.50; 1 barrel flour (cash $5.00), charged $11.00; 1 barrel pork (cash $17.00), charged $40.00.

The original account is £ s. d., but we have given the amount in the present standard. Other things were, as an old fisherman remarked, "fifty times worse." Little wonder then that the ancient merchant grew rich, whilst the hardy toiler remained the "hewer of wood and drawer of water."

MEALY MOUNTAINS.

It seemed as if our visit to Pack's Harbor were to be indefinitely prolonged, as our next mission—*Indian Harbor*—was nearly fifty miles distant; but on the day following the "Stations," a trim two-topmast schooner hove in sight. It was the Government Revenue Cutter *Rose,* bound for Hamilton Inlet. The captain very kindly offered me a "passage" across the bay, and as I had seen *Rigolette* under very unfavorable circumstances during former visits I was glad to have an opportunity to see more of this famous Hudson Bay post. We had a delightful trip, and as we passed some distance from shore, we had a splendid view of the *Mealy Mountains.* This chain extends from *Sandwich Bay* to *Hamilton Inlet,* and some of its hills are said to be more than two thousand feet in height. The range runs in a northwest direction. To the highest peak of this range, the name *Mt. Cabot* was given by Dr. Packard many years ago. We passed within close range of *Mount Porcupine,* whose double-peaked summit rises to a height of nearly four hundred feet. This is sometimes called by fishermen "Sandy Beach Hill," as the beaches on both sides of it are composed of fine gray sand. Ten miles north of this promontory we passed an island which bears the name *Tumble-down-Dick.* Whence the name? History sayeth not. It is a conspicuous formation, and it

has a perfectly round hillock at its summit. One of the most peculiar headlands seen on the coast was seen *en route;* a lofty basaltic cliff with human profile, the nose distinctly Roman and the forehead retreating. It forms the outer point of *"Horsechops."*

Near the northern point of the "Horsechops" is a small, low, flat island, named after one of the most enterprising of Newfoundland planters—Captain William Munden, of Brigus. Captain Munden was "one of the most remarkable personalities" of his time. He carried on an extensive fishery at Partridge Harbor; and his "catches" were phenomenal. Captain Munden was the first to employ a large vessel in the prosecution of the seal-fishery.

He built the "Four Brothers," 104 tons, at Brigus, in 1819, naming her after his four sons, one of whom, Captain Azariah Munden, brought in the largest trip of seals, according to the tonnage of the steamer, which has ever been recorded. This vessel—"The Four Brothers"—was the wonder of her time; and it was believed by old skippers that she would never be able to *turn round in the ice* on account of her size. These prophecies came to naught, as she was most fortunate. The old schooner "Four Brothers" lasted for many years, and after Captain William Munden's death his son rebuilt her and renamed her after his own three daughters. As the "Three Sisters" the vessel also had a very successful career. A photograph of this remarkable vessel is reproduced in a former chapter through the courtesy of a grandson of Captain Munden, W. A. Munn, Esq., of St. John's, Newfoundland.

The wind had increased to a "strong blow," and the tide was setting out of *Hamilton Inlet,* so we anchored at George's Island, which stands at the entrance to Hamilton Inlet, about five miles north of Tub Island.

GEORGE'S ISLAND.

This island, named doubtless when "George III was King," is what fishermen term a "double-bar'ld" one, and is made up of two hills, one of which trends northward; the other trending east-by-south. The land rises in this vicinity to a great height, possibly eight hundred feet, and the coasts of the island are steep and precipitous. We anchored in the South-east Cove. Away to the southeast of our harbor is situated "The Reef of Norman's Woe."

This section of the coast was much frequented in early years by American fishermen, and an American tourist suggests that it is just possible that some sailor whose home was on the Massachusetts coast named it after the reef which America's favorite poet has immortalized in "The Wreck of the Hesperus." But a more prosaic origin is claimed by Newfoundland fishermen. The ledges

AN ESQUIMAUX MISSION. *Copyright, A. P. Low.*

here were the favorite fishing grounds of Captain Nathan Norman of *Brigus,* a celebrated sealer, who was one of the first southerners to locate north of *Hamilton Inlet,* having settled at *Indian Harbor* about 1835. He conducted the largest fishing business on the coast, employing 250 fishermen, and shore crews besides.

Captain Norman was one of the most successful planters who ever did business on the coast, and he was universally esteemed. He was, so I have been informed, an intimate friend, though a trade rival, of the present Lord Strathcona—then plain Donald Smith—factor of the Hudson Bay Company, at Rigolette.

The captain is said to have been the first to use a trap on the coast of Labrador. It is also claimed that he first used cod seines; but from evidence in my possession, this is not the case, as seines

were first used by Massachusetts fishermen who frequented northern Labrador nearly a hundred years ago.

HAMILTON INLET.

Hamilton Inlet (*Ivucktoke* of the Esquimaux) was discovered by Davis, after whom Davis Inlet and Davis Strait are named, in 1586. To Davis we owe the most exact knowledge of the Labrador coast, until modern times.

Davis, in the *Moonshine,* left Greenland, August 1st, 1586. She crossed the strait from Lat. 66° 33′ in nearly a due westerly direction. The 14th August she was near *Cape Walsingham* in latitude 66° 19′ on the American side. It was then too late for anything more than a summary survey of the coast. The rest of the month, and the first days of September, were spent in exploration. Besides the already known openings, namely, *Cumberland Strait, Frobisher's Strait,* and *Hudson Strait,* two more openings were found, *Davis Inlet* in 56 and *Ivucktoke Inlet* in 54° 30′. Davis crossed the Atlantic in a wretched little craft, and he performed the voyage in the face of the equinoctial gales, in three weeks. He reached England again in the beginning of October, 1586.

At daybreak of the morning following our arrival at *George's Island* we started up *Hamilton Inlet,* the largest and the most important fiord on the Atlantic coast of Labrador.

Newfoundland fishermen call this inlet *Groswater Bay;* this evidently indicates earlier visitations, by Frenchmen. From reliable sources I have discovered that even previous to an establishment of a Hudson Bay post in this section, French fishermen and traders regularly visited Ivucktoke inlet. The names are sufficient evidence to warrant this conclusion in the absence of other proofs; for we find *"Cartier Basin," "Double Mer"* (the appellation of a peculiar bay on the north side) and other names which indicate French settlements. Presumably, the inlet was at one time frequented by trappers and fishermen in the employ of the "Quebec Trading Company." It is rather significant that within recent years French traders are again frequenting the ancient haunts of their fellow-countrymen; and the Revillion Brothers of Paris have now a large establishment (a formidable rival to the Hudson Bay Company) at *North-west River.*

Hamilton Inlet extends westward from *George's Island* about thirty-five miles to the "Narrows"; and within the "Narrows," it extends westward ninety miles, opening to a width of eighteen miles in *Lake Melville;* and narrowing again at *Sandy Point* it opens into an inlet named "Goose Cove." Three large rivers empty into the fiord, the *Kenamou,* the *Naskopi,* and the *Grand* or *Hamilton.* The inlet is navigable for steamers of large tonnage.

At *Rigolette,* where we anchored, is situated the largest Hudson Bay post on the Atlantic seaboard. The "Post" consists of half dozen or more buildings, all connected by a board walk with a white painted railing. Besides the company's plant there are few smaller houses and some shacks in the near neighborhood. A particular interest attaches to Rigolette, as it was here the present Lord Strathcona laid the foundations of the immense fortune which he now so wisely and judiciously spends in philanthropic enterprises.

The staff at Rigolette consist of a factor, some clerks, and packers who receive the products of the natives and "liveyeres," and issue "supplies."

Loitering around the premises were several half-breeds, and others with a larger quantum of Esquimaux characteristics; they were a poor, impoverished-looking lot of humanity, types presumably of the race developed by such enterprises as the "Company of Trading Adventurers."

The dogs, of which there were several, seemed better fed, and a happier looking class than the human specimens which bear the hall-mark of servitude.

Dogs? Oh, yes; they are a necessity in these parts; they simply need to be *fed,* and *kicked* when occasion requires. Dogs are an important feature in the economics of Labrador; they are the only means of locomotion in winter; and every family must possess a team, if possible. The Esquimaux dog (*canis familiaris,* Say) which plays an important part along the coast, has savage instincts and wolfish mien. Robbie Burns seems to have had some acquaintance with this canine specimen, as he says in—"Twa Dogs":

> "His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
> Showed he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
> But whalpit some place far abroad
> Where fishers gang to fish for cod."

The Esquimaux dog is usually of a mottled black and white color; but sometimes of a tawny yellowish hue (duckedy-mud color, it is termed by Newfoundland fishermen), as large as a mastiff, with a fine bushy tail, and a sharp-pointed muzzle. He is decidedly vicious; and when hungry, will feast off anything in sight. A writer whose sentimentality is much in evidence, says: "The Esquimaux dog is surly and obstinate, because the treatment of him is of such a kind as not to develop the nobler *parts of his moral nature.*" Presumably this writer's knowledge of the Esquimaux breed was acquired from very limited acquaintance with these brutes. His experience was certainly not such as ours has been. Esquimaux dogs are dangerous animals to be handled by any other than their masters; and even then the greatest care must be exercised.

As long ago as 1818, Chappell ("Cruise of the Rosamund") wrote: "They have been frequently known to devour the unprotected children of their masters"; and recently, at Cartwright, an incident proves that this ferocious animal has not become more mild in disposition than his progenitors.

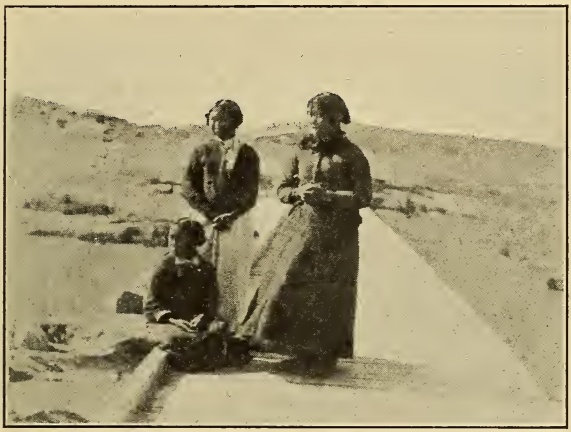
A son of Mr. Swaffield, manager for the Hudson Bay Company at Cartwright, about six years old, was last year being torn to pieces by one of these brutes, when he was rescued from their fangs, by Mrs. Swaffield. The little fellow was dreadfully lacerated; but under the care of Dr. Grenfell, he made an excellent recovery.

At Hebron, not long since, a young girl was almost devoured by dogs in the absence of her parents; and a woman was so seriously mangled by them that she died of her wounds.

The taste for human flesh once acquired is never totally destroyed in these brutes. *"Cave canem"* is good Latin, and excellent advice when in the neighborhood of the Labrador dogs.

At Rigolette we were constantly under the guidance of one of the staff; and we took no chances with the canines. I had an experience some years ago, at Chateau, with Labrador dogs, which resulted in a large tailor's bill and sundry pieces of sticking plaster, so I gave the Rigolette team a "wide berth." An old settler once told me that if these dogs "look ugly," a sure means of scaring them off is to assume some abnormal attitude, such as *standing on your head,* or *walking on all-fours.* I have never tried the experiment; but I understand it is very effective.

Everything around Rigolette is "as neat as wax." The office or "counting house," as it was known in ancient days, is of the conservative English type; and the store is large and well equipped; and the "fur-room" is a place where one is disposed to become envious, as the array of foxes, otters and martens is large. The home of the factor is a commodious and well appointed one, furnished with better taste than many of our city mansions. The personnel of the establishment is urbanity itself; and the only evident dark spot in the landscape is the extreme servility of the "liveyeres" and others who constitute the population of the locality.



ESQUIMAUX TYPES. *Copyright, Outing Pub. Co.*

Our visit was all too brief; but there was work for the representative of H. M. Customs at a port near the mouth of the inlet; so next morning "ere Phoebus 'gins arise," we were drifting down the stream with the ebb tide. It was very romantic, this matutinal departure. There was just light enough to see the dim outline of the wooded banks of the north shore; and then suddenly.

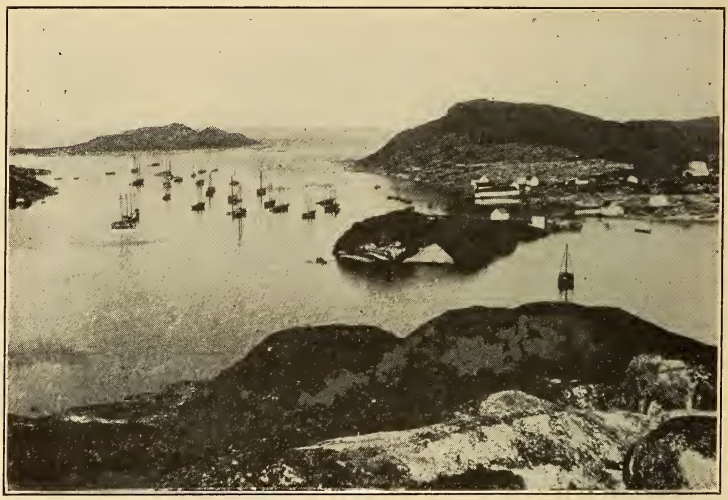
> "Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops,"

and then "large and luminous up from the sea" rose the sun. It was a spectacle never-to-be-forgotten.

At noon we dropped anchor at *Ice Tickle,* one of a cluster of

islands forming the northern entrance to *Hamilton Inlet.* The island on which the settlement is located is very striking; it rises to a height of nearly three hundred feet on the southern side; and on its northern extremity are two peaked hills with precipitous fronts fully three hundred and fifty feet to their summits.

Ice Tickle is so called because ice remains here longer in spring-time than at any other point in this section. We reached *Indian Harbor* before sundown, and anchored within hailing distance of the



INDIAN HARBOR.

headquarters of the M. D. S. F. *Indian Harbor* is an interesting locality. The island in which it is situated is one of the large Archipelago, known as the "White Bear" group; and the names of some of the islands in this group are very singular. Amongst others we find such names as *Rodney Munday Island, The Cubs, Baccalao Island;* and one that bears a rather sanguinary appellation "Cut-throat"—all suggestive of the hunt or fishery. At the head of Indian Harbor, and especially well marked on the southwest, is a shingly beach fully two hundred feet high, located between two hills; its surface is absolutely free from vegetation, and it looks as if the water had only receded from it the night before; it is divided into two steep terraces, the lower one being fully fifty feet above the

harbor! The summits of the hills surrounding it are formed of a pale foliated syenite, with scattered specks of hornblende, while lower down on the sides of the rock is a very dark gneiss, slightly porphyritic.

Indian Harbor "Room" was established by Captain Norman, of whom mention has already been made, in the days when "Cod-oil was £54 a ton and Port Wine was a shilling a bottle. *Quantum ab illis mutantur tempora!*"

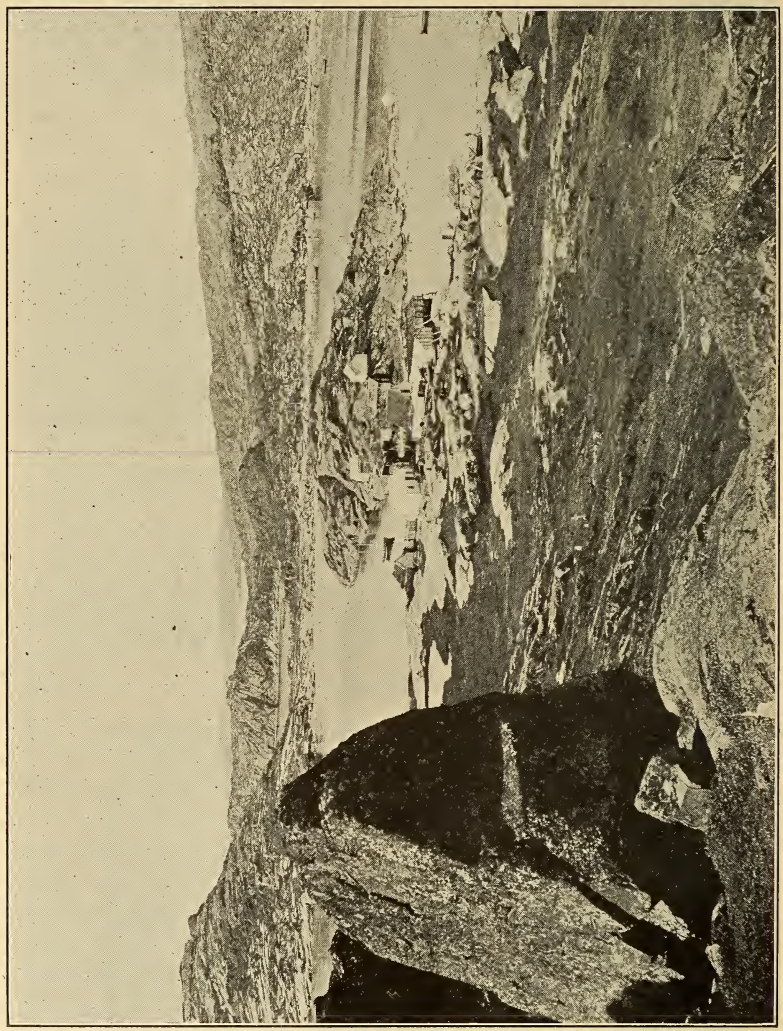
Here is located a hospital which is conducted by the Royal Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, whose superintendent is Dr. Grenfell.

It is a neat, substantial building similar to that at *Battle Harbor.* Whilst here I had the sad duty to perform of assisting at the death-bed of two of my parishioners; and later, of aiding the genial Dr. Wilway to prepare the remains for transportation to Newfoundland. Both of these patients had received the most kindly treatment at the hands of the hospital staff; and it is only on such occasions as this that one can appreciate the usefulness of these institutions.

This hospital receives a small annual subsidy from the Newfoundland Government; but its usefulness would be materially increased if the subsidy were larger. Its chief support is provided by Dr. Grenfell's enterprise.

Here we parted company with the captain of the "Rose" and the revenue officer; and we were en route early next morning to *Smoky,* the medical officer of the hospital having placed at our disposal the "Princess May"—the little steam launch of the Mission.

THE PRINCESS MAY.



INDIAN HARBOR. *Photo, Holloway.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

INDIAN HARBOR TO HOPEDALE.

"'Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow-creatures,
And all are to be sold, if you consider
Their passions, and are dextrous."

"The Task," COWPER.

SMOKY TICKLE.

Smoky Tickle is a locality which has gained rather unenviable notoriety within recent times; and it was here that one of the stirring incidents related in Norman Duncan's volume, "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," occurred. The court records of Newfoundland contain the history of this famous episode; and it were not charitable now to resurrect the case. It is rather a coincidence, that within near distance of *Smoky* there is a bay which is said to have been the *rendezvous* of Captain Kidd, the notorious buccaneer; and the hulk of a vessel which might be seen in the beach there some years ago is said to have been one of the ships of that notorious pirate. It is also said that some of the pirate's gold was found in the bay some years ago; and an old planter, who died recently, told me that he had seen, or *possessed* some of the doubloons which had been *picked up* in *Pottles Bay*. It is a fact that the old gentleman in question had acquired considerable wealth in a mysterious way; whence it came has ever been a matter of conjecture.

In the rear of the harbor is an elevation rejoicing in the name of "Mount Shakespeare"; but there is no tradition that the Bard of Avon ever made a voyage to these regions.

Near *Smoky* are two settlements—*Cut-throat* and *Splitting-knife*—suggestive, not of bloodthirsty settlers, but of the fishing industry. The former suggests a double-bladed weapon, not unlike a stiletto; and the latter a curved knife used so dexterously by the "splitter" (the best paid man amongst a fishing crew).

CUT-THROAT.

Cut-throat is by no means an evil looking place; it is even an attractive locality. It is situated on an island which has a flat summit, and is one of the most interesting geologic formations on the coast.

It was in former years a favorite resort for Curlew; and here I often secured splendid bags of this delicious bird *in diebus illis.* I am not sure that any will be found there at this date, as the breed seems to have reached the last stage of extinction on Labrador.

WHITE BEAR ISLANDS.

We had another place on our missionary itinerary—*White Bear Islands*—by no means an attractive spot; but needs must that we visit it; and a crew from *Cut-throat* landed me there late one afternoon in August. The islands are said to have been favorite haunts of the White Bear in former years; and an island near by, *The Cubs,* owes its name to the discovery there of the breeding place of Master Bruin. Here there reigned in former years a "king," whose history were an interesting monograph. No monarch ever wielded such autocratic power; but withal his "looks were full of peaceful majesty." This man "who knew no letters, and never wrote a line," was one of the most extraordinary characters with whom I ever came in contact. He never kept accounts for his servants; but he never made a mistake in his dealings with them. He conducted a business such as would gladden the heart of an ordinary city merchant; and never used scales or measures. It were indelicate to discuss his *personality;* he was one of the "ole fellers" and didn't believe in bath-tubs or unnecessary ablutions.

Some extraordinary stories are told of the old "King of the Bears"; and most of them are founded on fact. He possessed a marvellous memory; and if he had had such educational opportunities as the younger generation, he would perhaps have become a local Gladstone. His "dealings" with "the merchant" amounted to several thousand pounds annually; and the annual account was sometimes *yards* long (this is not exaggeration; there was no "loose leaf" ledger system in those days). At "winding-up time," "the king" was always invited into the *sanctum* of the "firm" and the itemized account was submitted for his approval. His memory was such that any item which he did not order personally was always questioned; and the manager of the firm had such regard for the "king's" integrity and mnemonic powers that the disputed article was invariably written off the account.

He never kept books, of course; but he "alwus carr'd the 'counts in his head." He never weighed a pound of goods, never measured a yard of stuff; but his quantities were invariably correct. It is said that his *standards* of weight and measurement were a "beach-rock" and a "flour-barrel stave." His charities were as large as his memory was extraordinary; and he never refused an appeal for aid. He earned thousands of pounds during his career; but he spent it lavishly on others.

He had rather singular ideas of seamanship; and, it is said, that on one occasion the man at the wheel asked him the "course" after running out clear of Baccalieu Island *en route* to Labrador; the response was: "Kep er same as she went las' yer." This was a rather unique way of directing a ship; but the seamen understood him, and acted accordingly.

The entourage of the "room" at the "Bears" was never remarkable for its prodigality in the use of soap and water; nor was the culinary department run on such lines as a modern hotel.

A terrible marine tragedy occurred at *White Bear Islands* in 1884, one of the saddest recorded in the history of the coast of Labrador. Two vessels, the *Release* and the *Hope,* were driven from their moorings in the gale of 9th October, and 39 persons were drowned. An eye-witness of this disaster has furnished me with a description of this dreadful tragedy; but it is too gruesome to insert here.

Our sojourn at the *Bears* was of short duration; and next day we were at *Brig Harbor,* having made the trip in a "jack" which was *en route* to *Emily Harbor* for salt.

BRIG HARBOR.

Brig Harbor received its name from fishermen who frequented the place about sixty years ago. It seems that an old brig belonging to Captain Strapp of Harbor Main was moored there every summer, "close to the rocks," and before a "room" was built the old vessel served the purpose of residence, store and stage, whilst the "bawns" near by served the purpose of "flakes." Hence the name "Brig Harbor." The harbor is located in a small "bight" between two islands, one of which is a truncated cone, 350 feet high.

At the time of our visit "the fish was eating the rocks" (this is a fisherman's term for plentifulness). The creeks and coves were

filled with Caplin; and fishermen were reaping an abundant harvest.

I had never seen Caplin in such quantities; and old fishermen assured me that "the likes had never been seen afore." Caplin are the most abundant fish around the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador; and during the "caplin scull" (school) trap fishing is at its best.

They are taken by the thousand barrels during the latter part of June on the Newfoundland coast; and used as fertilizer by the fishermen-farmers. When fresh, caplin are splendid "eatin'"; and, if smoked slightly, are very toothsome. They are sometimes sold for five cents a *barrel;* but a recent writer says he paid *thirty cents* for three fried caplin on board a Newfoundland coastal steamer, not long since.

A GOOD HAUL.

Smoked caplin are highly prized by saloon keepers in the neighboring republic; and I am informed that around Hanover Street and lower Atlantic Avenue, in Boston, they are very much in evidence on the counters of the beer-bars; they are used "to raise a thirst."

Some years ago, in Newfoundland, an enterprising fish-merchant began what promised to be a splendid venture; he packed caplin in oil, after the manner of sardines; but whether the demand did not warrant the outlay, or whether the industry was managed too *extravagantly* the packing-business was not a commercial success.

In connection with this little bait-fish, a problem for naturalists presents itself; its solution means a great deal to the fishing industry of Labrador.

Seventy years ago *no caplin were found on Northern Labrador;* but to-day they are found plentifully. Fish is less plentiful on the upper part of the shore than in former times. Is this due to the migration of caplin to the north; and if so, what is the cause of this migration? Has there been a change in the morainal deposits of the southern part of the coast; and to what cause must this be attributed? The solution of these questions would be a valuable acquisition to piscatorial literature.

But we have nearly forgotten *Brig Harbor.* Owing to the immense catch of fish there was a *salt famine.* Fortunately for the fishermen, a vessel laden with this necessary article had just arrived from *Cadiz;* and there was an abundance of salt at *Emily.* Boats were going in this direction every day; and I availed of the first opportunity to reach the next port on my itinerary.

En route to *Emily* there is a rather singular syenitic island known as the *White Cockade,* so called from its shape. Two other islands known as *The Coffee Island* and *The Teapot* are situated between the *White Cockade* and the shore; they are rather interesting both in shape and formation. Some fishermen in former times must have been lunching in the locality, and named them after the "mug-up."

EMILY HARBOR.

Emily Harbor is a large fishing centre, and owes its appellation to a planter named Warren who named it in memory of his wife, whose remains are interred in *Reynolds' Cove,* near by.

Emily, too, was "busy"; and, in order to reach the crews located here it was necessary to remain over Sunday; and such an inspiring day it was! The place was gay with bunting; and when the hour came for Mass, over three hundred fishermen were in waiting. Such a reverential body of people! How eagerly they listen to the sermon! And then, the hearty shake hands, from these noble sons of toil! This is one of the features which lend such a charm to missionary visits to Labrador. At the evening service the same congregation was present, with the addition of many who were not

members of our communion. It was a pretty picture to see the large flotilla of fishing-smacks move down the harbor when my congregation left for their homes; for many of them had come miles to assist at the Sunday services.

Monday found us at *Holton;* and the same cordial welcome awaited us.

HOLTON. This settlement is peopled with settlers from Conception Bay; and from this section the largest exportations of fish from the coast of Labrador annually are made by the firm of Dawe Brothers of *Bay Roberts.* Their annual average exportation is very large (amounting, in 1907, to seventy-six thousand quintals, valued at a *quarter of a million dollars*). *Holton* possesses a unique institution—an *undenominational* Church, built by the late Hon. Charles Dawe, of Bay Roberts, Newfoundland. This Church, strange to say, is rarely, if ever, used. Undenominational Christianity does not thrive among the fishermen of the Old Colony, "who go down to the sea in ships."

HORSE HARBOR. *Horse Harbor,* another large fishing centre, is situated near *Holton;* and it is settled chiefly by "dealers" of the concern which operates so largely in *Holton.* It is known to fishermen as "a rough shop" (not the firm, but the Harbor); and it has an evil reputation for wrecks and storms.

A fishing schooner bound north in quest of the festive cod happened into *Holton* very opportunely, and the skipper very graciously offered to "land" me at *Sloop Cove* (my next stopping place). It was thirty miles distant. The weather looked unpropitious, even gloomy; but the genial skipper had had "bad luck," and he was anxious to reach *Cape Harrison,* where fish had been reported plentiful. The wind was southwest, and we ran out clear of the shoals; for this is a dangerous coast, and honeycombed with breakers. Only last season forty vessels were wrecked in the vicinity; but many of them were floated again by Dr. Grenfell's assistance.

We passed *Holton Big Island* close aboard; this is a remarkable truncated cone, 317 feet high; and on one of its slopes are two raised beaches—one of them seventy-five feet above high-water

mark. Some years ago the entire skeleton of a whale was found on this old sea-beach by Captain Drake, the present captain of the steamer "Glencoe," of the Reid-Newfoundland service. The skeleton was practically intact; and the jaw-bone of the "leviathan of the deep" was taken by one of the crew of the captain's schooner, and served as a "chopping block" for the rest of the summer.

We saw the *Quaker's Hat* and *The Tinker* away to the southeast; and as evening approached it became "stark calm"; and to add to the gloom, "the fog rose up in many a spectral shape." The following day found us still enveloped in fog "as black as your hat." The barometer was "lookin' sick," so the captain informed us; and a heavy swell was heaving in from the northeast; and then—

> "North, South, East and West, there are reefs and breakers,
> You would never dream of in smooth weather."

Two days in the fog! feasting off "pork and duff"! But let us be patient. There is something approaching us, for we hear the swish of the waves; and suddenly out of the gloom appears the *Windsor Lake,* bound south. We hailed her and the captain informed us we were "about a mile south of *False Cape.*" A little "puff" comes from the southeast; and within an hour the man on the jib-boom end hollers with a voice like a fog-horn, "Hard down, sir, breakers ahead!" We were almost on the rocks, but the captain was as cool as a cucumber; and we "haul" to the eastward. Immediately the fog lifted and we were about five hundred yards north of *False Cape*—a saddle-shaped hill, fully one thousand feet high. We were soon at anchor in *Sloop Cove.*

SLOOP COVE.

Sloop Cove is a large inlet situated at the foot of a *glacis,* which is apparently a mile wide. It is a rather picturesque spot, as, close by the green slope, one may see in the ravines snow which never melts. On the south side of the harbor is a large beach of shingle, facing north, about 150 feet high. I spent a day at this harbor some years before; and I then witnessed one of the most glorious sunsets which mortal eye has ever beheld. In an old diary I find this little entry: "A little flurry of snow swept over the hills this afternoon; but it

lasted only a few moments. I was reading Longfellow, and by a singular coincidence I came upon these lines, so peculiarly applicable to the situation:

"And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea, the Sun
Sails like a golden galleon,
Towards yonder cloud-land in the west
Towards yonder islands of the blest
Whose steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits white with drifts."

But to-day we had no snow, but rain in torrents—a regular "Irishman's hurricane." It was a "fishermen's holiday" (a day when fishing is impossible); so our congregation was a comparatively large one; everybody turned out at an early hour for "the stations"; and, again at evening, we had a large gathering for Rosary. At night there was a magnificent display of the Aurora; and

"A wonderful glory of color,
A splendor of shifting light—
Orange and purple and scarlet—
Flamed in the sky to-night."

The Aurora is a glad sight to the fishermen, as it betokens a fine to-morrow; and such it was; and we were away to Cape Harrison by daybreak.

WEBEC.

Cape Harrison, or *Webec* (*Uvialuk* of the Esquimaux), is a bluff headland, rising to the height of 1,065 feet, fringed with steep, reddish cliffs; it is composed of gneiss; and on its northern side is seamed with vertical trap dykes. From off this cape the *"Allegegaii Mountains"* whose highest peak is "Mount Misery," can be seen at a distance of seventy-five miles in clear weather. A rather unique description of the Cape was given by the skipper of our schooner: "When they wus done a-makin' o' the world, they gethered the scraps together, and threw 'em here and made Cape 'Arrison."

It is certainly a forbidding place; and a strange feature is, that no matter how calm it is in the neighborhood, it is always blowing a fierce gale in the "tickle" which separates *Webec Island* from the mainland. I have never had a satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon. The view from the top of *Cape Webec* is one of the most charming sights I have ever witnessed. I once crossed over it *en route* from *Sloop Cove* to a little creek opposite the *Rags*.

A LABRADOR CREW.

Away to the north lay the Archipelago of *Tikaloaik,* and westward an undulating plateau whose surface, dotted with numberless tarns, seemed to fade away and dissolve in the azure of the sky. The country in its general aspect here differs from any other section of the Labrador coast which I have visited.

Away to the east lay the broad Atlantic, and as I stood gazing upon the mighty, music-haunted sea, I recalled these lines from "Childe Harold":

"Thou glorious mirror, where th' Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests, in all time,
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,

Dark-heaving, boundless, endless and sublime,
Th' image of Eternity—the throne
Of th' Invisible; even out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone."

To all who delight in the weird charms of isolation, I would say,—cross the heights of *Webec,* and revel in them.

But now we are not on *terra firma;* we are making *Webec Harbor* under a close-reefed foresail, not by any means a poetic performance.

WEBEC HARBOR.

The harbor lies between *Webec Island* on the north, and the mainland of *Cape Harrison,* on the south; it is sheltered by *Morrison Island* from the eastward. It is a comparatively large harbor, but unsafe in stormy weather. Here we anchored, whilst our captain visited some of the schooners for "news 'bout the fish." Meanwhile, there was an opportunity for a little exploration. We discovered that *Webec Island* is 250 feet high, with a few hills on its northern part.

The formation of the island is chiefly gneiss, though several veins of quartz are visible here and there, and boulders are scattered in profusion all over its surface. There are also several evidences of trap formations standing in columns not unlike the buttresses at Battle Harbor. There are two channels leading into *Cape Harrison Harbor,* one of them being known as *Clinker Tickle;* it is so called, I believe, after H. M. S. *Clinker,* which *discovered* a rock in the centre after the manner of the old pilot,—*she hit it.*

Cape Harrison has a very special interest for me, as my grandfather was the first Newfoundlander who went so far north in quest of fish in early days. He made his first trip to Cape Harrison, in the schooner *Traveller,* in 1842; later, he went farther, and located at *Ailik;* and finally went down to Cape Harrigan and beyond. American fishermen were at Cape Harrison some years previous to 1842. In these days fishing was prosecuted with "jiggers"; and *puncheons* of these were carried to the coast every year. Fish was plentiful; and the usual trip was one hundred quintals per man.

A rather interesting story in connection with "jigging" is told of a venerable clergyman in Newfoundland. He had recently arrived from the Green Isle, and was appointed to a large parish in Bonavista Bay. Soon after his arrival in the parish, he began the customary parochial visitation. To his amazement, the good Father found on enquiry for the "master" of the house, that he was "out jigging." He didn't make any further investigations as to the nature of "jigging," but felt aggrieved to learn that such awful depravity should exist amongst "Christian people."

The worthy pastor decided to preach a strong sermon on the unseemly practices of the men of the parish, who, instead of being engaged in a legitimate occupation (fishing), were "galavantin'" around the place and "jigging."

On the Saturday evening previous to the forthcoming *dies irae,* a prominent parishioner visited his Reverence, and in the course of conversation, the latter alluded to the unseemly habits of his parishioners, who spent the fine summer day "jigging" when they ought to be catching fish. The visitor explained to the good Father that "jigging" meant *catching squids for bait;* the sermon on Sunday was on a different theme from "jigging," which in the Emerald Isle means *dancing.*

There is practically no "jigging" on Labrador in these days; seines and traps have relegated the jigger to the realm of ancient things. Our captain returned after visiting several schooners which lay at Cape Harbor; and he informed us: "Fish purty scarce, lots o' it at the 'Rags.'" This was welcome news to me as well as to the crew, as *Ragged Island* was my next stopping-place.

We are now in the Esquimaux domain; and we find Esquimaux names for nearly every cape and shoal and island.

"THE RAGS."

Ragged Islands, the "Rags" (Kingnitsoak), are a cluster of islands, lying about eight miles from *Cape Harrison,* in a northwesterly direction. There are four principal islands with numerous islets; and they are unique in their appearance and formation.

The large islands are composed of gneiss, and two of them are fully six hundred feet high; the small islets are basaltic; and the structural features of the entire Archipelago are peculiar. Huge

boulders, some of them forty feet in diameter, are strewn along the shore near the fishing settlement; and the foreshore is literally filled with *detritus* worn from the rocks by atmospheric and other causes. The huge masses which one sees strewn along the shore can be picked to pieces by hand. Were it not for the unmistakable evidences of gneissic and granitic formation one would naturally be disposed to pronounce them conglomerates. This is the only place along the coast, as far as I know, where such peculiarities exist. "The landwash" is knee-deep for hundreds of yards with this *detritus;* and the fishermen tell me that it is annually thickening to the extent of several inches. Our schooner "moored" here; and so

ESQUIMAUX CHILDREN, HOPEDALE.

did I. Here I found very comfortable quarters with a former domestic of our family. The house was only a shack; but such cleanliness! One rarely sees anything like it in these latitudes. There was at one time a large fishing plant at the "Rags"; but to-day there is merely a cluster of dilapidated huts. Here I met a full-blooded Esquimau—Joe Lusi. Joseph had adopted the ways of his white brother and added a surname. He had just returned *"from Chicago."* (He was one of the band taken to the Chicago Exhibition.) He had acquired quite a vocabulary of Anglo-Saxon in the west; but some of the fishermen informed me that Joseph's strongest and most emphatic phraseology was "cuss words."

He had learned this, alas! from men who deem themselves his

superior in every particular. Joseph had a "tilt" not far from my quarters; and during the time I spent on the island I visited his "Igloo." It was not a very substantial affair (it was built of sods and poles), but the interior was cleaner than the interior of some of the shacks of the settlers in the neighborhood. He had a family of three; and they, too, had seen the "Windy City." They were seemingly very intelligent; and the oldest, "a maiden of seventeen summers," was an expert in drawing. She had a number of splendid sketches; and I purchased them, as specimens of Indian handiwork. I asked Joe why he had returned to Labrador; and I was surprised at his answer: "Chicagy shocky lunsom blace" (Chicago was a very lonesome place!). This was the only full-blooded Esquimaux family then living south of Long Tickle. The trip to our next stopping place meant a long journey. We did not await any chance occasion to get there; so we started in a skiff at daylight, and our friend the "Husky" was one of the crew. Our stock of provisions was scant; and by the time Joseph's appetite had been, I fear, only partially satisfied, there was little left for us; and "two cakes of hard tack" were my quantum. We landed at *Tikaoralik* (The Wheel) a sharp peaked island, at noon, as we needed water "to fill the piper"; and we were agreeably surprised to find some fishermen here who gave us a good feed of pork and hard tack. Certain writers on Labrador (who know the coast from hearsay) locate the Icelandic landfall in this neighborhood; but produce no evidence to support their assertions.

We reached *Roger's Harbor* late in the afternoon.

ROGER'S HARBOR.

Roger's Harbor is located on one of the Kikkertavak Islands. The island is "composed of syenite, its feldspar flesh-colored, and the shore is in its scenic features, like that of the rocks at Nahant or Mt. Desert, with a few small beaches, the slopes leading down to them of intense green." Here Joseph found some Esquimaux friends, and they certainly gave him an enthusiastic reception. I noticed that he was very generous with the stock of tobacco which some of our crew had furnished, and the friends cast wistful eyes upon me, as if they, too, would like a donation. The skipper of the establishment at *Roger's* kindly let me have a couple of

pounds, and there was an intense look of satisfaction on the visages of the "Huskies" (who are particularly fond of the "weed"). The crew returned to "The Rags" next morning, and I was left to my own devices; but on the following day, just as I had concluded my mission, a boat from Long Tickle arrived, and, as it was to return at once, I certainly felt relieved, for Roger's Harbor is by no means a desirable place in any sense.

ICEBERGS.

The boat was a decked sloop, the *collector* of the "Room" at Long Tickle; and I had as fellow-passenger an intelligent English captain, whose schooner was at Mercer's awaiting a fish-cargo. The passage to *Long Tickle* was made through shoals and icebergs.

Some of these bergs were like alabaster columns, set upon a base of azure; others resembled a castellated keep of mediæval times, in all save color; and there were tents and cathedral towers, domes and minarets, birds and beasts, sculptured out of "Greenland's Icy Mountains." These bergs are lovely to gaze upon—from some distant point; close acquaintance is not desirable, for they not unfrequently resent one's approach by "calving"! The annals of Labrador contain some sad records of iceberg disasters. Hardly a season passes in which some craft does not pay toll to the great white peril. Not many years ago the schooner *Rose* of Spaniard's Bay was lost by contact with a berg; and only one man of the entire crew was saved; he was found in an exhausted state some days after the accident occurred. More recently a coasting vessel from the north picked up the sole survivor of a fishing vessel whose crew had been swamped by a huge white monster of the north.

A rather singular experience is recorded by Captain Ash, the veteran master-mariner, who commanded the *Greely Expedition* in the steamer *Thetis,* some years ago. Captain Ash is one of the most experienced master-mariners in Newfoundland, and he has had some unique experiences with ice and icebergs. I have heard him relate some of these experiences; and such hairbreadth escapes they were! He had one that is, I believe, without parallel in local marine history. It occurred whilst the captain commanded the steamer *Portia* of the *Red Cross Line,* plying between New York and St. John's.

The *Portia* went north occasionally to Pilley's Island, in Notre Dame Bay, to load iron pyrites for New York. On one of those trips the ship carried a number of enthusiastic American tourists. They had seen several "baby" icebergs; but they "really wanted to get close by a big one." A big one was found in Notre Dame Bay, floating majestically southward. Its pinnacles and domes and caves glinted with strange, fantastic colors; and as it was borne along in its unswerving course by the northern current, heedless of wind and wave, its appearance was superb. The *Portia* had approached it; when suddenly a sound like the boom of a hundred cannons rent the air; the huge mass was riven asunder, as if by the explosion of a mine, and it separated into three immense blocks. That nearest the *Portia* staggered for a moment, then careened and suddenly swung the ship "high and dry" six feet above the level of the water; the steamer had been caught on a spur of the berg. Terror was written upon the blanched faces of passengers and crew; but Ash unflinchingly stood at his post on the bridge, awaiting, as he imagined, destruction and death. In the midst of a grim silence, a New Yorker piped forth a question, "Say, Cap, I guess we're in a tight place, ain't we? How are you going to launch this craft?" The captain answered very gravely, "I guess you'd better say your prayers; the next port of call seems pretty near." For half a minute or more the ship remained motionless; and then a huge wave caused by the overturning of the other fragments suddenly swept her, stern foremost, with a dreadful plunge, into the sea. The captain thought the end had come; he feared his ship would never rise; but the *Portia* rose slowly out of the whirlpool; and then all was well. The stout little vessel had been only slightly damaged; and there were rejoicings and thanksgivings for the escape from a watery grave.

Where do these bergs come from? They are "made in Greenland"—made by nature's hands, and are simply the broken ends of monster glaciers formed in the deep fiords which lead into the Arctic Sea; they are borne along by the strong northern currents in springtime, and sometimes pass far to the southward, and into the Gulf Stream, where they melt and swell the volume of this "ocean river."

At times they ground along the coast of Northern Newfoundland, and Southern Labrador; and it is not unusual during early

summer, to see dozens of stranded bergs in the neighborhood of Belle Isle and on the shoals off Chateau Bay.

There were several bergs in sight as we made our way to *Long Tickle*. But we gave those Arctic visitants a wide berth, and made good progress against a head-wind. At noon we "hove up" and secured some fresh fish; and we dined *à la fisherman* off "fish and vang." This is a delicacy known only to Labrador fishermen; and, if Delmonico's *chef* wishes to learn the art of cooking codfish I recommend him to make a trip to the coast and get the recipe.

LONG TICKLE.

Somewhat belated by dodging the ice, we arrived at Mercer's "room" in the evening; and our approach to the Stage-head was announced by the "band"—not any ordinary, commonplace, Hungarian affair, but a genuine performance by *Esquimaux dogs*.

Wonderful animals these dogs! Once you hear this band you never forget it. I had heard it so often that it did not seem so impressive to me as it did to the dapper little English captain. He shivered from head to foot; and quaked as if he were facing a regiment of artillery; he hadn't heard it before. A recent visitor to the coast describes the "Band" at Battle Harbor; but this is really a very tame performance compared with what one hears where the genuine Esquimaux dog abides. He says: "I shall never forget it. I never heard wolves howl, but I can easily believe that their howl and that of the "Huskies" is alike. . . . The first night at Battle Harbor I lay awake for some time listening with great enjoyment to the "Band." A few dogs outside my window began to howl low and softly. The volume of sound swelled till it became like the rushing of a mighty wind,—wild, fear-inspiring. Again it died away, only to come again with the deep tones of an organ. Immediately the refrain was taken up by a group of dogs at the next house, and again by those further on, until the great chorus stretched throughout the whole village. Then all was silent. Anon it began again at some distant outpost and passed from group to group. The nocturnal concerts of dogs further north are said to be imposing (this it was in our case). Some day an Esquimau—and they are a musical race—will compose an opera, and the howling of the dogs will be the *motif*." (Townsend: *"Along the Labrador Coast."*)

We had little to do at *Long Tickle;* and at daylight we were again en route, bound to *Maccovick Island.*

We passed close by the *Kidialuit* group, and *Ironbound,* which lay close aboard, to starboard; and after struggling with the tide and an incipient northeaster we reached *Ford's Bight* (Nisbet's Harbor), late in the afternoon. As we rounded the point we ran into a swarm of Kittiwakes ("Tickelelses"), and the fishermen who accompanied me seemed to dislike the effrontery of these nomads; "nuthin' good, sir, when the're around," says one of my crew. So it proved. A northeaster came up during the night, and it blew fiercely for hours. By morning it had abated somewhat; but a heavy sea was running. We remained all day at *Ford's Bight* and then had a nocturnal trip to Strawberry, where we found some fishing schooners "from home." Here we were in a land-locked harbor, and comfortable.

Nisbet's Harbor, whence we had come, has an uncanny reputation, as it was here that the first Moravian Missionaries who visited this part of Labrador were murdered by the Esquimaux; and fishermen don't "like to meddle with places like that."

STRAWBERRY.

"Whether the little box of a harbor we swung into was called *Strawberry* because it was but little larger than that berry, history does not record; but it was the queerest of queer harbors." So writes an American Scientist who visited Labrador many years ago; and Strawberry is still regarded as one of the curiosities of the coast. My grandfather, if not the pioneer of fishing in this little nook, was the first to make it headquarters for "the down-the-shore trip."

"Strawberry," says the writer just quoted, "is a small, deep hole like a purgatory; and an amphitheatre of rock rises around it in huge steps, affording a striking illustration of the power of frost and waves on this exposed coast. The rock is hard, tough, fleshy-colored syenite, with deep vertical and horizontal fissures resulting from the decomposition of the trap dykes, thus causing huge blocks of syenite to be detached and fall down." Around *Strawberry Head* to the north lies *Maccovick Bay*—a large inlet, well wooded, and extremely picturesque. "Both sides of this bay are thickly wooded,

with mountain summits rising bare and gray through the covering of dark-green coniferous trees, the birches or poplars not being abundant enough to enliven the sombre hues of an evergreen Labrador forest. The contours of the ridges were regular, the country is rather low, the scenery on the whole monotonous; and such, I conceive, are the features of the interior of the Labrador plateau, though diversified with lakes and deep river valleys. Both sides of the bay were terraced; on the north side were three long and regular terraces; those on the south side were less regular and much shorter; one formed a point of land perhaps one hundred feet high and descending into the water by three terraces. Farther up, the slope of the hill was paved with large sea-worn boulders, for the most part covered over and hidden by vegetation. The scenery of the bay is magnificent; and from the following paragraph one may realize how it appears to the artist.

"In the early afternoon a dense haze filled the sky. The sun, seen through this, became a globe of glowing ruby, and its glade on the sea looked as if the water had been strewn, almost enough to conceal it, with a crystalline ruby dust, or with fine *speculae* of vermilion bordering on crimson. The peculiarity of this ruby dust was that it seemed to possess *body,* and, while it glowed, did not in the smallest degree dazzle,—as if the brilliancy of each ruby particle came from the heart of it rather than from the surface. The effect was in truth indescribable, and I try to suggest it with more sense of hopelessness than I have felt hitherto in preparing these papers. It was beautiful *beyond* expression, any expression at least which is at my command."

From the mouth of this bay we get a magnificent view of the *"Allegegaii"* range away to the south, while in the near distance, the cone-shaped *Monkey Hill* looked spectral as it lay enshrouded in the morning mist. But *revenons à nos moutons;* we are off to *Maccovick Island.* This is one of the *Uigoklialuit* group, and lies about five miles from *Strawberry Head.* A strong tide was setting to the south; and we received quite a drubbing, in a whale-boat, trying to make the harbor. We were nearly swamped by the wash from a schooner which "hove" up near us to inquire about fish at Strawberry. The skipper apologized, and offered "to take us in tow";

MACCOVICK.

we declined with thanks, as we didn't need a salt water bath just then.

We reached the harbor safely; but a giant iceberg was planted at its approach, hardly allowing room to enter; it had evidently drifted in, and *grounded* during the night. Here we were *chez-nous;* and the veteran Captain Dunn made us very comfortable. The temperature was chilly; and the captain had a rattling fire a-going in the kitchen, which soon forced us to seek the cooler air outside. And it was really worth while, for we then witnessed another Labrador phenomenon—*moonrise, before the sun went down.* To the west all was aglow with the rays of the setting sun, whilst in the east

> "Up from the dark the moon begins to creep;
> And now a pallid haggard face lifts she
> Above the water-line."

Such glorious nights are these on the coast! But we have had a rude day's work; and soon we "gathered round us the curtain of repose." "Four o'clock, sir!" This was our *reveille;* and when the hour came for the "stations" there was a congregation which included everybody on the island. After the "stations" and a substantial repast of fried cod and *brewis* a volunteer crew took me across to *Ailik,* about six miles distant. *Ailik* lies in a bay of the same name; and it is a most interesting locality. The formation here is of different structure from any other I have seen on Northern Labrador; at places there is an outcropping of red sandstone, similar to what one sees in the Straits of Belle Isle. The rocks are fissured by several immense canyons; and the steeps are fringed with boulders.

AILIK.

On the southeast side of the harbor there is a lagoon which is dry at low water; and near Keefe's "Room" there is a splendid specimen of "raised beach" about thirty feet high, trending to the northwest. It looked as if the tide still washed it.

Ailik had long been a familiar name to me as we once owned a large fishing brig, "The Rusina," whose name is almost synonymous with Ailik.

Ailik is a remarkable seal-fishing post; and the Esquimaux in this region prosecute it vigorously. From "The Coast Pilot of Labrador," I have gleaned the following details: "Ice forms here about

the middle of November, and the northern ice arrives about the 10th December; at the end of this month a straight edge, known as the "fast ice" is formed from island or rocks several miles off shore, outside which ice flows continuously from December to June or July, and residents along the shore drive with *Komatiks* and dogs to the eastern edge to hunt for seals in the pools of the floe as it passes along. Towards the middle of January sheet ice appears, flowing southward in the same manner, occasionally rafting from 5 to 20 feet above the sea; small bergs are sometimes seen about this time. The prevailing wind in winter is N. W. From *Ailik* to our next port—*Turnavik*—was a short but most delightful trip. *Turnavik* is an immense Archipelago, located in *Kaipokok Bay*—one of the largest bays on the coast. In close proximity to *Ailik Head,* which forms the eastern entrance to the bay, there are two immense canyons dividing the plateau, in a southerly direction, and several raised beaches are located at the lower extremities of these canyons. Writing of this bay, Professor Hind says: "There are numerous shoals or fishing banks off *Ailik Head* and *Kaipokok Bay,* composed of morainal matter brought down the fiord and pushed into the sea. That the fiords and bays were, however, excavated by glaciers themselves, we are much inclined to doubt, since these bays and fiords were natural valleys, which perhaps date back to Laurentian times, and which have been for many geological ages excavated by streams, though during the glacial period remodelled by ice and glacial streams. But the glaciers of Labrador have left even more valuable records, in the form of *moraines,* of their early existence here, than deep fiords or innumerable islands. These are the shoals and banks which lie some fifteen miles outside of the islands, and on which icebergs strand in long lines and group."

East Turnavik and *West Turnavik* are both large fishing stations. At the latter place we fell in with the "Princess May" flying the missionary burgee at the fore-peak. Visible from the "Room" at *Turnavik* is an immense hill, said to be one thousand feet high, to the south of which is an inlet 30 miles deep, in which is located a Hudson Bay post. We remained here some time and then started for *Winsor Harbor* (Tikkerasuk), about ten miles to the N. W.; and our course lay through reefs and breakers so numerous that we discovered some of them by contact. There is a little group on

our way, bearing the name of *Ukalluktok* (Hare Islands), one of which is of a singular formation—an island about 300 feet high, curiously striped horizontally in black and white, known as "Striped Island." We reached Winsor about nine p. m.; and it was still broad daylight. As I looked out upon the bay there occurred to me a thought borrowed from Longfellow:

"Mine are the longest days, the loveliest nights."

Southey must have been inspired by some such scene when he wrote:

"How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths;
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

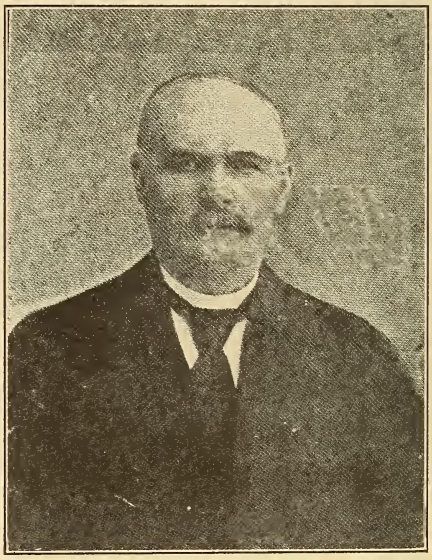
"Here, night and day hold each other's hands upon the hill-tops, no sooner does the sun set West by North, than like a giant refreshed, it rises again North by East" (Lambert de Beaulieu, "Recollections of Labrador").

Winsor was to be my abiding-place for a while; how long? It mattered little; it was my last "station" for the season; the colony at *Multa,* thirty miles north, had "wound up the voyage" (it had been a *lean* year); and the fishermen at "Fanny's Harbor" had gone off to the "Farmyards." Then off to Nain, for this was the last trip of the steamer for the season.

Winsor is a comfortable landfall. The "Room" is a large and cleanly one; and there was time for a little exploration. Amongst other things, on the island, seemingly of commercial value, we discovered a large bed of *Steatite,* and small quantities of *Talc;* and on a neighboring island, located a serpentine formation which is certainly worth developing; but ours is not a commercial enterprise.

The heat here was intense, tho' the season was far advanced; and the mosquitoes were particularly troublesome. It is said that there

is only one specimen of the genus *culex* found on the coast of Labrador; so much the better, as this animal is particularly vexatious. "It is a remarkably sluggish animal compared to most of its congeners elsewhere, slower in its movements than the largest brown *culicidae* of the Tropics; but it is provided with an unusually long proboscis, the use of which it understands so admirably that an ordinary kid glove is no sure defence against it. It gives little or no warning of its presence, but proceeds at once to attack its host in the most vigorous and direct manner. It is found in immense shoals; and at times is particularly troublesome." At night during the early summer months I had frequently to use a mosquito net to avoid disastrous consequences to my physiognomy.



CAPTAIN DRAKE.

But a more annoying pest on Labrador is the little black fly, which the Indians designate "feel 'em, no see' em"; and these flies are found in myriads a short distance from the "landwash" of several settlements. On one occasion, I saw them so numerous that they resembled a miniature cloud. Low, marshy ground is their favorite haunt. At *Winsor* we found the only "greens" on the

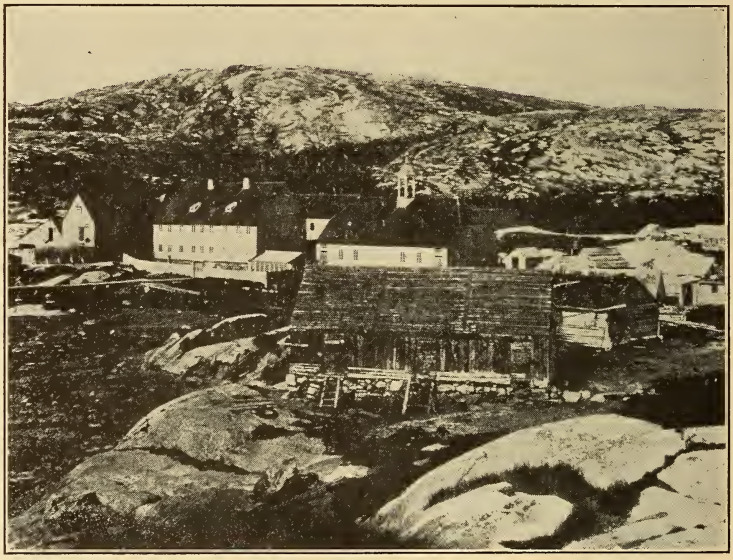
coast; in the rear of our quarters there were several patches of "turnip-tops" and a splendid bed of lettuce. We are certainly in luck; and *salad à la Tikkerasuk* formed a large part of the sundry daily meals. This and "sounds" and "cod-tongues" are a peculiar prandial combination; but nevertheless, delicious, when you have been four months away from home.

The *Windsor Lake* arrived rather unexpectedly one morning, and we were soon *afloat, en route to* Hopedale—the interesting Moravian Mission, across the bay. Another bundle of mail; and with it an appointment to a new sphere of labor. So this was to be my last trip to the coast perhaps for many years. On board of the steamer there were several passengers—chiefly American—amongst them the ubiquitous newspaper correspondent, and another specimen of the genus homo—a "writer." This gentleman was garbed in a suit of immaculate flannel; the costume seemed to tickle the risibility of the Esquimaux at Winsor, when the steamer arrived. Old Silas, the Esquimau caretaker of the "Room," examined the newcomer very closely; he had evidently never seen a white-flannelled—well, Kipling says something in connection with "muddled oafs"—this is the requisite term.

Silas was a keen observer. "Him man, monkey, no tail; never see 'em afore." The waggish mail-officer secretly confided the intelligence to the "Husky" that the caudal appendage was coiled up out of sight." Perhaps it was. This gentleman was "collecting material" for Labrador "Tales." But it did not take long for some of us to discover that this personage was employed in some more humble capacity than that of a contributor to ———. Unless I am mistaken, this employee of the ——— was perhaps engaged in licking postage stamps, or possibly he "'sorted the editor's mail." The newspaper correspondent was of the feminine gender, a "globe-trotter," she informed some of the party. But the "globe" trotting was apparently limited to a trip across the Atlantic, when her beloved parents were emigrating from Paisley. She wrote some very wonderful things about Labrador on her return to the United States. Amongst the party were some very excellent, genial people who really enjoyed the trip, and their fellow-passengers apparently held them in high esteem. Whilst "sizing up" the company I found that we had passed several interesting islands—*Nanuaktok* (White Bear

Islands), and the remarkable *Uyarazuksulik* (Two Stones); the latter gets its name from two remarkable blocks of stone which are found on its southern side. *Hopedale* (Hoffenthal) lies northwest from the western *Kingitok Island,* in a small bay protected from the eastward by the islands of *Anniowaktook* (Big Snow Hill), 468 feet high, and *Anniowaktorusok* (Little Snow Hill), which is apparently about half the height of the former.

Some fishing schooners were anchored close inshore, evidently bound south; and in the offing was a large ship—"The Harmony," the "mission-vessel." This ship makes annual trips to the Labrador coast, bringing supplies from London in springtime for the various missions, and in the autumn, taking back to the markets the missionaries' harvests of fish and furs.



MORAVIAN MISSION AT HOPEDALE.

Before our ship had anchored, several boats and one or two kayaks were seen moving out from the shore, and soon several dusky visitors climbed up the gangway. Then "Auchenai," "Kannoekit," "Annanak" and sundry other words were hurled at the visitors by the officers and crew of the *Windsor Lake.* The

"Huskies" smiled and gibbered, as they took stock of our equipment. A miniature riot occurred amongst the younger fry when a benevolent lady started to distribute some candy "which she had brought specially from St. John's for these poor, dear people!" In the *mêlée* the good-natured dame was jostled very unceremoniously; and as she was extricated from her sad plight, I think I heard, as I passed over the gangway, an adjectival expression coupled with the word "brutes" that sounded particularly feminine; but of course that dear old soul in curls never used such language as that! Is it not remarkable, tho', how soon tinsel kindness wears off?

The scramble almost suffocated one of the juvenile "Huskies"; and as we returned after visiting the mission quarters, the medical officer was busily occupied in adjusting sundry pieces of sticking plaster to the face of a dusky damsel who had been in contact with the ship's winch.

HOPEDALE.

The bay in which *Hopedale* is located is composed of Laurentian gneiss, which, in the immediate vicinity of the mission-house, is curiously contorted; it is fine-grained, distinctly banded, with veins of quartz and granite (Packard). There are several trap dykes, in places like winding stairs descending to the water's edge. The hillsides are covered with lichens, with an occasional patch of glaucous-colored growth. At intervals are little ravines in which last season's snow still remains. Near the mission house is a raised beach, almost covered by rank vegetation, which slopes down to a little "bight" east of the Esquimaux village. This beach abounds in well-preserved shells. This seems to clearly demonstrate the theory of a well-known author who says that "this part of Labrador is now slowly rising."

Close to the water's edge are the Mission Buildings, consisting of a large residence, in which all the missionaries have their quarters, a church surmounted by a small campanile, and two or three out-buildings, one of which is apparently the store, as, at the time of our visit, some Esquimaux women were struggling with a puncheon of molasses, trying to roll it against a steep incline. Fronting the residence are several trim garden plots in which there was a magnificent display of pansies, stocks, nasturtiums, and other well-known flow-

ers. There were also some patches of vegetables, in a fairly advanced condition. Near by the mission premises are the huts of the Esquimaux, which are built of timber and sods.

They are not particularly clean; and some of the exploring party were not desirous to see the interiors; but the more venturesome managed to get inside; and one of the gentler sex—our newspaper correspondent—was overcome by heat (or the malodorous at-

GROUPS OF NAIN ESQUIMAUX.

mosphere); and we beat a hasty retreat. Dogs were lying around at every corner; and one needs to tread gently so as not to make an undesired acquaintance with the canines' teeth. The Chapel is a neat structure, and capable of containing perhaps 350 people. An organ is placed at one end of the building, and an Esquimau was commissioned to give us a recital; he played well, and barring the odor of seal-grease, everything was decidedly attractive. Our friend in "white flannels" "would like just to try that organ"; he tried; but whether the air with which he struggled was "The Old Hundred" or "Annie Rooney's Baby," my ears, fairly musical though they are said to be, were unable to discover.

We were followed around the settlement by a group of curious natives; but they were kept at decent distance by the very observant gaze of the missionary who accompanied us.

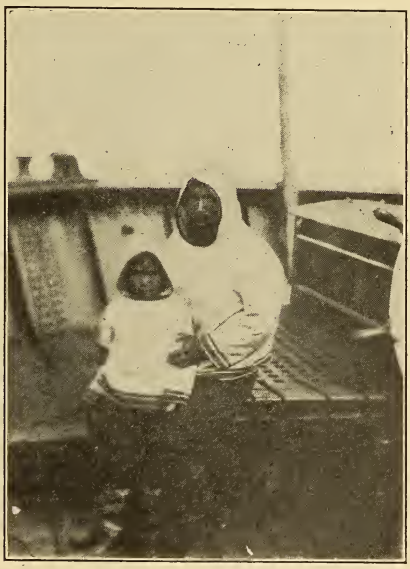
The Mission at *Hopedale* was founded in 1782; and the Esqui-

maux population now is somewhat less than at the time of its establishment.

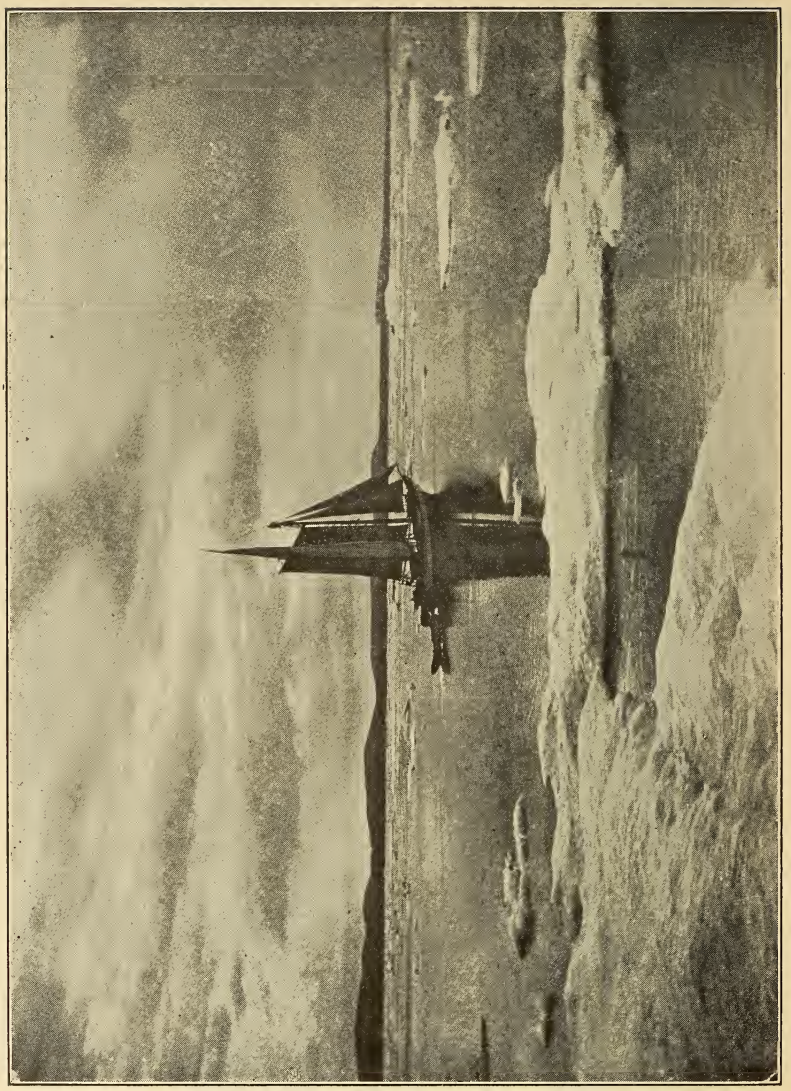
It is a mission and trading post; and the mission annually exports about one thousand quintals of fish, for which the sum of $3.50 (in kind) is paid to the Esquimaux. Besides fish, a large quantity of blubber is purchased at $2.40 per cwt. The balance of the mission trade is made up of furs of various animals—martens, foxes, weasels, mink and other fur-bearing animals.

The prices paid for these commodities are the usual trader's prices. The missionaries were extremely courteous and very hospitable. They are comfortably housed and seemed perfectly happy. Some of our party did considerable trade with the Esquimaux folk in the purchase of skin mittens and boots; but, as the Esquimaux are keen sellers, our friends did not get any bargains, as the same articles might have been purchased further south for less money.

Some of us were glad to return to the ship from this hamlet of smells and dirt; we had seen it several times; and we had little to learn. Before our boat had been hoisted into davits we were heading for the "Farthest North."



ESQUIMAUX AT HOPEDALE.



BOUND NORTHWARD.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FARTHEST NORTH.

"I saw the long line of the vacant shore
The sea-weed and the shells upon the sand
And the brown rocks bare on every hand,
As if the ebbing tide would flow no more."
"The Tides," LONGFELLOW.

After leaving *Hopedale* we passed by a cliffy, basaltic island, called *Achvitoaksoak;* kept the shore aboard for four or five miles, and then we steamed by another island, a mass of basalt, named *Napakastasaktalik,* near which is a unique rock rising out of the water, like a seal's head. A large "bight" lies away to the westward; and on its sides, in the ravines, were several patches of snow. The shore line here has a forbidding aspect; and as we came by in a dreadful "tumble," it seemed an inhospitable place; for huge breakers sent the spray flying skywards for several feet. Eleven miles to the north of *Napakastasaktalik* there is another grim, menacing island whose summit, five hundred feet from sea-level, looked uncanny as it emerged from the haze which enveloped its base. Near by is *Multa* within whose borders I had spent, some years previous, "one of the queerest old nights."

WINDY TICKLE.

We were nearing, apparently, the deep mouthed "caves of Aeolus," for it was blowing a hurricane. On enquiring of the captain where we were, he replied: "This is 'Windy Tickle,' the place where they make the gales"; and 'tis truly not misnamed, as "the wind in the shrouds has a wintry tune, and the foam is flying free." The land here is very high; and it is known as the place of dangerous and sudden squalls. Lying outside of *Windy Tickle* is *Nunakaluk* (big piece of land), and the islands forming it are said to be seven hundred feet high. At the southern extremity of this "big piece of land" is *Fanny's Harbor.*

FANNY'S HARBOR.

Fanny's Harbor is a large bight, and an excellent fishing post; it is the farthest north settlement of Newfoundland fishermen. The plucky planter located here is Captain Thomas Spracklin of Brigus, the well-known master-mariner. The genial captain has the stuff of the old Vikings in him; and he deserves every success in his dangerous avocation. *"Fanny's Harbor,"* says a recent writer, "owes its name to a romantic incident which occurred there many years ago—a fight for a girl of that name." I am sorry to correct "this old romantic legend." The fight occurred; but the harbor received its name from Captain Murphy of King's Cove—one of the best informed fishermen of his day in the Old Colony. He was master of a schooner named "Fanny," belonging to Mr. John Devine, father of the well-known newspaper editors, M. A. Devine of the "Trade Review" and P. K. Devine of the "Evening Telegram."

Captain Murphy visited the north coast in the early 60's and he named the harbor (then known by some unpronounceable Esquimaux nomenclature) "Fanny's Harbor," after his schooner. It was some time later that the fistic duel took place; and the *dramatis personæ* were Mark Walker (the peripatetic philosopher of Bonavista Bay) and a man from Carbonear; the damsel fair whose charms precipitated the duel was a lady from my own home-town. Mark. Walker has immortalized this bloodless affray in his celebrated song: "Fanny's Harbor Bawn," which is still found amongst the "Come-all yees," which are sung with such zest and pathos during the Christmas gatherings in Northern Newfoundland outports.

Fanny's Harbor looks as if it had been gouged out of the mountain side by a huge glacier; and the sky-line of the hills is beset with boulders. The whole effect of these hills is sombre, due to the lichen growth which covers them. Here and there one sees little patches of yellowish-green moss and other signs of arctic vegetation. Snow remains here all the year round; and in some of the gulches at the bottom of the bight it is several feet thick. The sides of the water-laved hills which surround the harbor are syenite, of a pinkish-gray color; and they are formidable in their grim, barren aspect.

At the northeast corner of *Nunaksaluk* is a sharp, black headland —*Cape Harrigan* (Tagaulik), and around the point to the south is

Cape Harrigan Harbor. This has, like Ailik and Cape Harrison, been a familiar name to me since boyhood days; and some of my juvenile letters were addressed to Cape Harrigan, as my father usually called there for his mail, if not fishing there, in former years. I have been told, but I am afraid the information is not correct, that our vessel, "Rusina," was the first fishing vessel to "moor" at Harrigan; the honor belongs most likely to a Twillingate skipper named Downer, to whom also is due the title of discoverer of the fishing grounds of *Nachvak* and *Chidley.* This is claimed by others, but unjustly. *Cuique suum.*

"Cape Harrigan owes its name to an Irishman of this name," says a scribe who has written about "Newfoundland cod-haulers!" This wiseacre is misinformed—Harrigan is simply a corruption of the word *hurricane* (Northern Newfoundland fishermen pronounce it *harricane;* they acquired the habit from their Devonian forebears). It was so named on account of its stormy characteristics; for here, even when stark calm elsewhere, "the win' she blow lak' harricane, bimeby she blow some more."

At the head of the harbor there is a fine sandy beach, one of the few to be seen along the coast of Northern Labrador. *Cape Harrigan* is usually crowded with schooners; but the fleet on this occasion is out at the *Farmyards,* a cluster of islands lying away to the southeast of the cape.

FARMYARDS.

Why this archipelago is called *Farmyards* I have not been able to ascertain; possibly because it has for many years been a rendezvous for all sorts of fishermen, from the decked "bully" to the 100-ton schooner.

The islands are called *Nanuktok* (the Bears) by the Esquimaux; and presumably the white bear was hunted in this neighborhood in former days. These islands are dubbed "rough-shop" by fishermen; and from reports they deserve this appellation, as terrific storms have visited the islands, even within recent years. If one wishes to realize the difficulties under which the festive cod is secured, a visit to the *Farmyards* will give the least observant an object lesson. Here you find at anchor dozens of schooners of all shapes and kinds, each with one or two splitting tables amidships; and if there is a "spurt"

you may see young women "heading" and occasionally "splitting" fish, 'mid surroundings that are not such as womanhood demands. Happily females are found in fewer numbers than formerly on board fishing schooners; and hasten the day, when no woman will be found working like a pack horse on the deck of a filthy fishing craft. There is no nobler womanhood than you find in the Old Colony; and those who heap aspersions upon Newfoundland *help* (as it is termed abroad) know little of the women whom they unblushingly defame. It is not long since I had occasion personally to demand a retraction of calumny against the womanhood of my native land; and when occasion demands it I shall do so again, perhaps more emphatically.

A FIORD.

The trip from *Cape Harrigan* to *Nain* is one of the most interesting on the northern coast of Labrador; two routes are available, but the outer track is the safer, as it lies outside the shoals. The coast here is practically uncharted, except in the southern section; and the mariner must be largely governed by the "rule of thumb."

DAVIS INLET.

The first "port of call" after leaving *Cape Harrigan* is *Davis Inlet,* which lies between the mainland and *Freestone Island* (otherwise called *Newfoundland Island;* it is known to the Esquimaux as Ukasiksalik). It is about fifteen miles distant from *Cape Harrigan,*

and en route *Solomon's Island* is passed, where numbers of schooners from Notre Dame and Conception Bays may be seen every season. *Kuttalik* ("Kettle" or "Massacre" Island) is in the vicinity; and here you find men "from Green Bay," who are generally "high-liners" of the fishing fleet.

There is a Hudson Bay post at the inlet; but the Newfoundland fishermen rarely visit it, as "it is too far in the bay for fish." The Post consists of several white houses, similar to those seen at *Cartwright,* off which is a wharf, where schooners may load. Furs, seal-oil, and salted trout are the chief exports. It is visited annually by the Hudson Bay Company's steamer (now the *Pelican,* purchased since my last visit to the coast from the Admiralty), which brings the year's supplies and takes away the exports.

The inlet was discovered and named by the explorer, John Davis, in 1586.

On the western end of *Freestone Island* there is a prominent landmark, which bears the name of "Post Hill"; it is 855 feet high. "It is not safe for sailing vessels to approach the inlet except at slack water, and with a commanding breeze." (Coast Pilot.)

Lyng to the northeast of *Davis Inlet* is Spracklin Island, whose eponymous first visitor from Newfoundland was Captain Spracklin; it has of course an Esquimaux name as well—*Kikkertaksoak* ("Big Island off to sea"). It lies in the outer track to Nain, and is a splendid fishing port. It is a remarkable landmark, having two singularly shaped peaks, each about five hundred feet high.

ZOAR.

Northward, about sixteen miles from *Davis Inlet* by the inside run, is situated *Zoar,* a former Moravian mission; it was abandoned a few years ago, for Maccovick, a settlement farther south. The Mission of *Zoar* was established in 1830. En route to *Zoar* there are two islands *Tuktuinak* ("the island between the two channels"), and *Tunungayaksoak* ("the wedge," so called from its shape). To the west, some five or six miles inland, may be seen the *Merryfield Mountain,* a square hill, about 1,700 feet high. After leaving *Zoar,* by the inside route we entered the large Archipelago, which leads to *Nain*—

"A drear and desolate shore!
Where no tree unfolds its leaves

And never the spring-wind weaves
Green grass for the hunter's tread:
A land forsaken and dead
Where the ghastly ice-bergs go
And come with the ebb and flow."

There are two large islands in the Archipelago—*Kikkertavak,* whose summit gleams like molten lead in the sunshine, and *Paul's* or *Pownal Island* (Tunnulasoak), which is divided by two large inlets running from the eastern and northwestern ends. *Ford's Harbor* is located at the eastern end of this island, and opens to the eastward. On its northern side is a flat promontory, forming a series of terraces; and the harbor is visible from the westward, over the marsh which joins this promontory to the mainland. The shore is filled with boulders of large size; and here is found abundantly the lustrous Labradorite.

LABRADORITE.

Labradorite is a member of the *feldspar* group, which occurs next in abundance to quartz; its constituents are lime, soda and alumina. In color it is gray, blue or greenish; it is very lustrous, translucent and opalescent, with cleavage surfaces often two inches in diameter (Packard). It derives its name from Labrador; and is akin to *leucite,* which is found in lavas, such as the lava of Vesuvius, and bears some relation to the Oriental *verd antique,* found in Western Greece.

Labradorite has also been found in the stalactic caves of the Sandwich Islands.

It is found in large masses at *Paul's Island;* and some years ago a shipment was made to the United States; with what commercial result I have not learned.

NAIN.

From this island the trip to *Nain* lies through a sinuous passage, bounded by high cliffs of sombre hue, and steep precipices of hoary mien. The entrance to the fiord in which *Nain* lies is so contorted that you hardly realize that you are sailing on an arm of the sea; it rather resembles a huge mountain

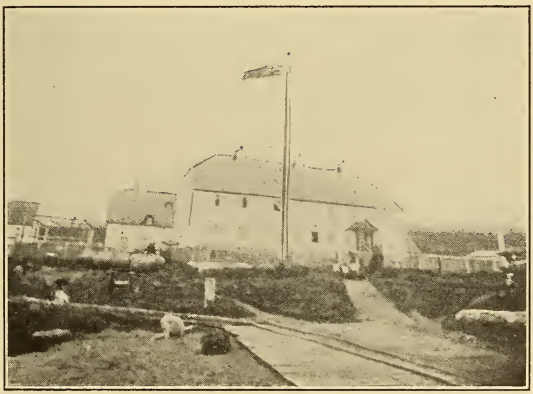
lake, from which retreat seems impossible. Astern are immense cliffs which shut out the view of the sea; whilst right ahead are tumbled mountains bathed in sunshine, where

"The glorious sun,
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye
The barren, hilly steeps to glittering gold."

The arrival of the mail-steamer at *Nain* is an important event, duly solemnized by the boom of cannon, which reverberates amongst the mountains like a "Cyclopean message of the mighty Thor."

The steamer makes only two trips a year to these northern regions; and this was the last for the season.

The "Huskies," garbed in holiday attire, were posted at every coign of vantage, gesticulating wildly a welcome to the "big ship." An ensign floated to the breeze from the top of the Mission; and



MORAVIAN MISSION AT NAIN.

everybody appeared frenzied with enthusiasm. Before the command came to "let go," we were surrounded by boats and *kayaks* laden wth natives, bedecked in gorgeous array, all shouting, as only Esquimaux can shout, "Auchenai" (Welcome). They clambered on deck; and soon took possession of the ship. They were decidedly orderly, but necessarily curious; and they immediately found their way to the "galley," and helped themselves to every-

thing in sight. All our passengers, the ship's officers who were on duty, and some of our crew, went ashore to visit the northern metropolis. We were most hospitably entertained by the missionaries, from one of whom I learned further details of the work of the mission, the habits and history of the Esquimaux, and valuable information about the natural history of the coast. I had previously made a voyage with the Rev. Mr. Jannisch, to whom I stand indebted for such information as I could not procure from personal observation. The mission buildings at *Nain* are almost a replica of the establishment at Hopedale; the plant at Nain is, however, more extensive, and had, in addition to the buildings found at Hopedale, a well-appointed workshop, where the Esquimaux are taught the useful arts, under the direction of a skilful foreman.

The *Nain* establishment is the oldest on the coast; it was founded in 1771. As in the other Esquimaux settlements, the population of *Nain* is decreasing.

From my missionary friend I learned that this decrease is due largely to tuberculosis; this disease, it is claimed, was introduced by "the whites"—another strong argument for the anti-tuberculosis league. The diseases such as measles, which are not regarded as having an unfavorable prognosis amongst white folk, are usually attended with fatal consequences amongst the Esquimaux. The fatal results are due, so an excellent authority declares, to the filthy habits of these Esquimaux, and the indiscriminate consumption of food whose putridity would cause a well-bred representative of the canine tribe to turn up his nose with disgust. An Esquimau will eat a seal carcass when its malodorous stench suggests the fertilizer heap.

Whilst at *Nain* we heard a great deal of music, chin and instrumental, from the Esquimaux; and they are certainly a very musical people. "Music," says a writer, who recently visited the coast, "is one of the chief accomplishments of the Esquimaux; and at all the Moravian stations there are brass bands; and violins are a feature of the church service. A good story is told of their welcoming some Naskopis with a musical serenade; the latter were so terrified, that it was some time before they could be induced to approach. . . . For over an hour these natives sang to us—familar music, "Rock of Ages," "Shall We Gather at the River?" interspersed with what

I take to be secular songs, from the laughter which follows. . . . Their voices are most harmonious, and the singing is indeed of a superior order, especially the part songs. "Nakomik," we cry, and "Ananak" (it's fine), and return the compliment in the only way we can with a gramaphone. It is a terrible come down to "The Old Apple Tree," and "Everybody Works But Father"; but the Esquimaux seem to enjoy it, and greet the songs and their explanation by the interpreter with peals of laughter. A song in which a man beats his wife seems especially to amuse them. The missionary told us that wife-beating was still common amongst them. (Townsend: *"Along the Labrador Coast."*)

When we returned to the ship the Esquimaux were still regaling themselves with whatever the stewards felt disposed to give them; and we found a dozen of them dancing to the melodious strains of Steward Tilley's fiddle. It was far into the night before they left the ship; and then silence reigned supreme. It was too dark to venture through "the run," so whilst the officers "turned in," I stood on the bridge "at midnight"; but no clocks were striking the hour! It was such a moment as Longfellow would have revelled in; and perhaps it was of such a night as this that he wrote:—

"From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.
O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy fingers on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.
Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice prayed for, the most fair
The best-beloved Night!"

By the pale light of the stars the dim outlines of the majestic hills were visible; and ever and anon single rays of the Aurora shot across the heavens, with a meteoric glow. At intervals the low melancholy growl of a "husky" dog disturbed the solemn stillness; but it was only momentary; and then all was hushed in silence.

"Eight bells!" It was time to retire. At the first glimmer of dawn, I was awakened by the clink of the ship's windlass; and before I had reached the deck, we were heading out the fiord, bound to the "Queen's Lakes." We are now on a section of the coast which is little known, except to fishermen, and the "coast pilot" warns us: "The coast northward of Nain has only been roughly examined; and the charts are unreliable."

Dr. Grenfell has done some exploration work on the northern section of the coast; but we have not seen his maps; the information here produced has been received from fishermen who went north before the genial doctor ever saw the coast of Labrador; and I believe it is authentic.

One of the most intelligent fishermen I ever met was the late Captain Patrick St. John, of Conception Harbor, Newfoundland; he had some "rough sketches" of his fishing trips "down to Chidley," and many years ago I learned a great deal of the history of Northern Labrador from him.

Skipper Michael Wade, Thomas Ryan, of King's Cove, the Chaulkers, Clarkes, Spracklins and Bartletts of Brigus, the Downers of Fogo, have been frequenting the north coast for many years; they have never published their discoveries; but their names are associated with such places as "Chronicle Island," "Inner Cutthroat," "Ryan's Strand," and other localities, where they fished for years.

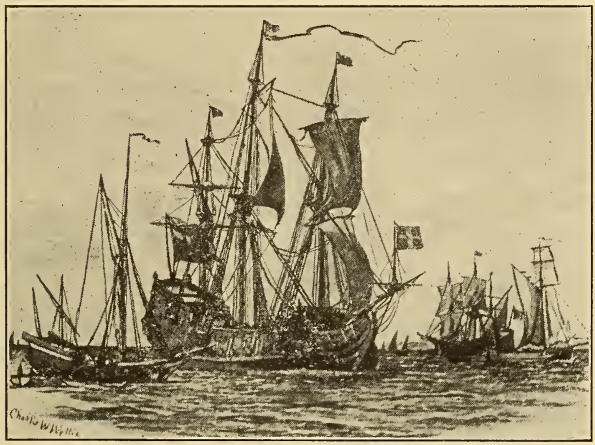
QUEEN'S LAKES. The immense Archipelago, which lies directly to the north of *Nain,* is known as the "Queen's Lakes." The number of islands constituting the archipelago is unknown; and many of them are unnamed. I have been told that the name—"Queen's Lakes," was given to the locality many years ago, by a northern skipper, "in honor of Queen Victoria"; but I have also been told that, like "Fanny's Harbor," the name originated with a skipper whose vessel, the "River Queen," was the first to anchor there, and prosecute the fishery on an island outside *Aulatsivik* (Newark Island).

Aulatsivik, the largest island of the group, lies south of *Port Manvers,* and is a remarkable island; it has a singularly serrated mountain peak known as "Mount Thoresby," said to be nearly three thousand feet high.

JOHN KNIGHT.

It was apparently in this neighborhood that the famous navigator, Master John Knight, made a landfall, in 1606. He sailed from Gravesend, April 18th, in the *Hopewell;* and "after a most tedious voyage, the vessel arrived off some broken land, in latitude 56° 25′ N.; much ice drifting to the southward.

The wind was fresh and the commander made fast to a piece of ice; but falling calm, he endeavored to row in between the masses. This was an unfortunate attempt. The weather became thick and foggy, and a furious storm arose on June 14th; they were driven



SHIPS OF THE TIME OF CHARLES II. *From Prowse's History.*

about in the ice. Lost sight of land till the 19th, when it is described as being seen again, rising like eight islands in latitude 56° 48′ N., the variation being 25′ W. The vessel was then taken into a cove (was this cove what is now known as *Port Manvers?*), and made fast by hawsers laid out on shore. On June 26th, Captain Knight, his mate, and three hands set out to explore a large island. They disappeared, having probably been killed by natives.

On the night of the 29th they were attacked by savages, who set on them furiously with bows and arrows; and at one time succeeded in obtaining possession of the shallop. However, the eight mariners, with a fierce dog, showed a resolute front, and the assailants, upward of fifty in number, were driven off. The savages are

represented to have been "very little people, tawnie colored, with thin or no beards, and flat-nosed." They are also described as being "man-eaters"; but for this imputation there appears to be no warrant, except in the imagination of the parties on whom the attack was made.

"On the 4th of July, the vessel was leaking badly; and shaping their course to Newfoundland, with a strong current in their favor, they made Fogo, on the 23rd July. At that place they were most hospitably entertained. Having refitted, they left on the 22nd of August, full of grateful feelings towards their generous friends; and arrived at Dartmouth on the 24th December." (Hudson's Voyages ap. Packard.)

It is rather a coincidence that the first Newfoundlander to visit the "landfall" of Master Knight should be a "man from Fogo." Did the old west-countryman leave his charts with the ancestors of some of the Fogo "Vikings of to-day"?

PORT MANVERS.

West of the northern end of *Aulezavik*, on the mainland, is a safe and commodious harbor—*Port Manvers*, whose entrance is nearly a mile wide between *Medusa Bluff* on the south, and *Thalia Point* on the north. These two names suggest the naturalist; and both the Botanist and Zoologist will find much to interest them around *Port Manvers*. Fishermen say that all the "squid-squalls" (this is the democratic name for the family of *Medusidae*) which drift to the south are *born* around *Port Manvers*. Presumably some Botanical explorer found there species of Thalia (*Ranunculacae*). There are four species reported by Weiz, in this neighborhood.

Port Manvers is rarely visited by fishermen, for reasons similar to those which exclude them from *Davis Inlet*. Overlooking the inlet in which *Port Manvers* is located, is the *Kiglapeit* ("Saw-tooth") Range, whose highest part is a broad, round summit, not less than 200 feet high. The fishermen call this mountain-range *Kittelopipes*.

SADDLE ISLAND.

About twenty-six miles to the north of *Port Manvers* is Saddle Island ("The Saddle"); and the "Stirrups," the former of which has an elevation of five hundred feet. The peculiar shapes of the islands suggest their names.

OKKAK.

Westward from these islands, located in a large Bay, is *Okkak,* the largest Esquimaux village in Labrador, and an important station of the Moravian Missionaries. Besides the usual mission buildings, there is a small, well-organized hospital, subsidized by the Newfoundland Government, under the direction of Dr. Hutton, an enthusiastic and capable English physician.

At Okkak the temperature is more even than at Nain or Hopedale; and the flora of this section is said to be most luxuriant, owing to the fact that the settlement is warmer and more protected than the southern missions. "In the hollows of the mountain on the south side of the bay there is quite a growth of spruce and fir. A large river flows into the head of the bay—"North River"—and the natives fish it in spring and summer for trout. The mission exports about three hundred barrels of this valuable fish annually. Seals are taken at Okkak in the spring and fall; and last season's catch amounted to a thousand." (Report of Governor McGregor.)

The general outlook of this mission is one of thrift, prosperity and economic advancement.

Okkak is ice-bound often as late as the end of June; but, notwithstanding its arctic appearance, warm weather comes with great rapidity later; and here you find neatly-kept gardens with a plentiful supply of hardy vegetables.

The northern side of the fiord in which *Okkak* lies is overshadowed by a long mountain-range, which bears the name of *Kaumajet* (Shining Mountain); and it is of very remarkable shape. Its eastern summit is known as "The Bishop's Mitre." At the northeast entrance to the fiord is a peculiarly shaped island, known as *Cod Island* (Ogualik). "Table Hill," at its southern extremity, is a prominent landmark. Several narrow bays indent the eastern side of *Ogualik,* and they are said to afford good shelter for fishing vessels.

Mugford Tickle lies between this island and the main; it is four miles in length; and something over half a mile wide. The cliffs on either side are almost perpendicular, and are composed of syenite of greyish appearance. . . . *Cape Mugford* is the northeast point of the mainland. Fishermen seem to be under the impression that *Cape Mugford* is the eastern extremity of an island lying to

the north of *Ogualik;* this is doubtless attributable to the imperfect knowledge of the locality.

MUGFORD.

Mugford Tickle is a favorite resort for Newfoundland fishermen within recent years; and the Bonavista Bay second-trip schooners are found here in the early days of August.

Recently this locality has received considerable attention, owing to the discovery of supposed vestiges of the ill-fated Andre expedition. The discovery was made by Captain Chalker, of Brigus, Newfoundland, who was fishing in the neighborhood of Mugford during the past season (1908). The captain, during a cruise to the inland section of the bay which lies at the northern extremity of *Mugford Tickle,* found a grave, at the head of which was a cross, with an inscription: "Andre Anstey, Aug. 1897." Enthusiasts immediately decided that "this was Andre's grave, and possibly further researches would bring to light the remains of his companions, and perhaps, some traces of his balloon"; but fishermen generally scout the idea of this "find" being "Andre's grave"; it is very likely, either the last resting place of some Norwegian sailor, or a fisherman from Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland.

RYAN'S STRAND.

North of Cape Mugford is a fishing resort known as "Ryan's Strand"; its eponymous discoverer was Captain Thomas Ryan, the veteran skipper of King's Cove, Bonavista Bay, who made trips to the farthest north more than forty years ago. It seems rather singular that the discoveries of these old fishermen seem to be forgotten by modern explorers. They were brave men, these old Bonavista and Conception Bay fishermen; and surely some frail memorial is due for their services to the fishing interests of the Old Colony. But old Virgil, the "seer of Mantua," was a prophet; and he foretold the lot of the humble "who build nests for other birds."

Eight miles north of *Mugford* on the route to *Hebron* is a singularly shaped mountain, near the seaboard, known as "Finger Hill," so called from its resemblance to the human index.

HEBRON. Hebron lies at the northwest entrance of an inlet immediately north of a fiord which has an almost unpronounceable name—*Kangertuluksoak,* at whose mouth, some distance seawards, is the "Watchman," a very remarkable landmark, which is almost black on its summit, while nearer the water-level it is white.

Hebron Bay is about a mile wide and two and a half miles deep, and the settlement—a Moravian Mission—lies on the northwestern side of the bay.

This mission station was founded in 1834, and has a population of 183 persons. The population, so far as regards vital statistics, is believed to be at present stationary.

Hebron is not a very desirable locality for a settlement, as neither tree nor bush, nor anything to burn, is to be seen in the neighborhood.

At this station there are three missionaries with their wives who devote themselves to the religious and educational interests of the natives.

The natives here live in rude houses composed of timber, stone, and earth, which is heaped upon the walls and even on the roofs. The inside was not clean according to European ideas, and offered a very striking contrast to the housekeeping of the wives of the missionaries.

Out of the 183 natives here only some half score of those of readable age are unable to read. Some of them understand a little English. Some 35 children, from 6 to 12 years of age, attend school. (McGregor: Report, p. 21.)

Hebron, like all the other northern settlements, is remarkable for mosquitoes, which in this section seem more rapacious than in the settlements further south.

From this point may be seen the curiously shaped hills, known as "The Domes," about 2,000 feet high, distant about five miles inland from *Cape Uivuk,* which forms the southern entrance point to *Saeglek* (Low Island) Bay.

SAEGLEK BAY. This bay, which is called by Newfoundland fishermen *Siglik,* has two entrances, one on either side of *Kikkertaksoak* (Big) Island, the northern being the broader. *Kikkertaksoak* is a prominent land-

fall, being nearly eight hundred feet high and, like all the land in this vicinity, is composed of dark grey syenite.

Saeglik is a splendid fishing centre; and immense catches are sometimes secured here.

Three large streams flow into the bay, but only two of them are of any commercial importance—the *Pangetok,* which flows from the south, and the *Ugjuktok,* which enters the fiord from the west. These rivers are reported to be good fishing streams.

The coast in this section is characterized by numerous trap dykes, which extend vertically through the lighter colored rock; it is decidedly uninviting, as no vegetation is visible, excepting lichen growths in the fissures of the rock.

At the northeast entrance to *Saeglik Bay* there is a cape, which is particularly marked by broad bands of dark rock, and presents an extraordinary appearance; it is known as *Itigaiyavik* (Cold-feet Cape). North of this headland shales are met with for the first time on the northern coast; and the bay immediately north of *Saeglik* is known as *Slate Bay* (Nullatertok) from the formation which exists in the vicinity.

RAMAH.

The Moravian station of *Ramah* is located at the bottom of this inlet. This mission was founded in 1871. Ramah is a desolate place; and the Esquimaux population is small. They live here in very unsubstantial *igloosaks,* which, in winter, are heated with stone lamps and seal oil. "The Esquimaux at this station are all supposed to be Christians, but naturally they still retain many of the traditional beliefs and superstitions of their people. They will not live in a house where a death has occurred, believing that the spirit of the departed will haunt the place. Not long ago the wife of one of the Esquimaux was taken dangerously ill, and became delirious. Her husband and neighbors, deciding that she was possessed of an evil spirit, tied her down, and left her until finally she died, uncared for and alone from cold and lack of food."

Dr. Grenfell once visited this station and exhibited to the astonished natives some stereopticon views—photographs that he had taken the previous year. It so happened that one of the pictures was that of an old woman who had died since the photograph was

made, and when it appeared upon the screen terror struck the hearts of the simple folk. They believed it was her spirit returned to earth, and for a long time afterward imagined that they saw it floating about at night, visiting the woman's old haunts.

The missionary's life is a busy one. From morning until night he is kept constantly at work, and in the night his rest is broken by calls to minister to the sick. He is the father of his flock, and his people never hesitate to call for his help and advice. To him all their troubles and disagreements are referred for a wise adjustment. I am free to say that previous to meeting them upon their field of labor I looked upon them with indifference, if not with disfavor, for I had been led to believe that they were accomplishing nothing.

MORAVIAN MISSION AT RAMAH.

But now I have seen them, and I know of what incalculable value the services are that they are rendering to the poor, benighted people of the coast." (Wallace: *"The Long Labrador Trail."*)

ROWSELL'S HARBOR.

Near the entrance to *Slate Bay* is *Rowsell's Harbor,* which, a few years ago, attracted considerable attention as a possible mining settlement.

It contains a large deposit of iron pyrites. It was worked for a season by Captain John Bartlett, but owing to difficulties experienced, it was abandoned. From Captain Bartlett, I have received an interesting report of the locality, part of which has been already given in a previous chapter.

ROWSELL'S HARBOR MINE.

NACHVAK. *Nachvak Bay* lies two miles to the north of *Rowsell's Harbor;* it has an average width of one mile as far as the Hudson Bay Company's post, situated about fifteen miles from the mouth, but the bay extends about ten miles farther up. The land on either side is very high, the cliffs, in many places, rising almost perpendicularly to a height of one thousand feet. There is a large deposit of graphite in this bay; but, owing to its fineness, it is not of great commercial value.

Near the northern entrance to the bay there is a mountain-range called "Mount Razor Back," whose highest peak is 3,000 feet high; and in its neighborhood, to the east, is a singular formation known as "The White Handkerchief." This island covers about two acres, and extending from the sea to some five hundred feet above it, is a very conspicuous square of light-colored rock situated at the northeastern corner of the deep circular bight northward of "Razor-back point."

Writing of the northern section of the coast Packard says: "The highest elevations in Labrador rise from the irregular coast-range between latitude 57 degrees and 60 degrees; and judging from the views published by Dr. Lieber in the U. S. Coast Survey report for 1860, and by Professor Bell in the Report of the Canadian Geological Survey for 1884, the scenery of this part of the coast is wonderfully grand and wild, rivalling that of the coast of Norway, and of the coast of Greenland, the mountain being about as high as in these regions. According to Professor Bell: "After passing the Strait of Belle Isle, the Labrador coast continues high and rugged, and although there are interruptions to the general rule, the elevation of the land near the coast may be said to increase gradually in going northward, until within seventy statute miles of Cape Chidley,

NACHVAK FIORD. *Copyright, A. P. Low.*

where it has attained a height of about 6,000 feet. Beyond this it again diminishes to this cape, where it is 1,500 feet. From what I have seen quoted of Labrador, and from what I have been able to learn from the Hudson Bay officers and the natives, and also judging from the indications afforded by the courses of rivers and streams, the highest land of the peninsula lies near the coast-line, all along constituting in fact, a regular range of mountains parallel to the Atlantic seaboard. In a general way, this range becomes progressively narrower from Hamilton Inlet to Cape Chidley.

The highest mountains in Labrador were previously said by Kohlmeister and Knoch to rise from a chain of high mountains terminating in the lofty peaks near Aulezavik Island and Cape Chidley.

One of the smallest of these mountains, "Mount Bache," was measured by the Eclipse Expedition of the U. S. Coast Survey, and found to be 2,150 feet above sea-level. This mountain is a gneiss

elevation, rounded by glacial action, while lofty wild volcanic-looking mountains form a water shed in the interior, whose craggy peaks have evidently never been ground down by land-ice into domes and rounded tops.

While the highest elevations have never been measured, the height of at least three of the lesser mountains along this part of the coast appears to have been roughly ascertained. Professor Bell states that the mountains on either side of the Nachvak Inlet, about 140 miles

IN THE MOUNTAINOUS REGION. *Copyright, Outing Pub. Co.*

south of Cape Chidley, rise to a height of 1,500 to 3,400 feet, but a few miles inland, especially on the south side, they appear to attain an altitude of 5,000 to 6,000 feet, which would correspond with the height of the "Four Peaks," near the coast-line midway between Nachvak and Chidley. The mountains around Nachvak, he adds, are steep, rough-sided, peaked, and serrated, and have no appearance of having been glaciated, excepting close to the sea-level. These mountains are composed of Laurentian gneiss. Everywhere in this vicinity they give evidence of long-continued atmospheric decay. The annual precipitation at the present time is not great, otherwise small glaciers would probably form among these mountains. Patches of snow, however, remain throughout the summer in shaded parts of the slopes.

About ten miles to the north of the "White Handkerchief" is a bay which has a very democratic name—*Louse Bay* (Komaktorvik); and it is a resort for fishermen from Twillingate and Fogo. It is said that Captain Downer of Fogo was the first Newfoundlander to fish there. From off this point, so fishermen have told me, the scene shorewards, especially during a moonlight night, is weird and wonderful. The "Four Peaks" are seen in distinct outline and in the early morning, when the first rays of the sun shine upon them they glisten like silver. The "Peaks" rise to a height of 6,000 feet and are distinctly serrated.

AN ESQUIMAU GROUP IN UNGAVA.

A small fiord (Pomialaguk) lies to the northwest of the headland which forms the northern entrance to *Komaktervik;* and immediately beyond it is an island which has given a name to a formation on the coast—*Aulezavik*. It forms the northern boundary of the inlet which leads to *Eclipse Harbor*.

ECLIPSE HARBOR.

This harbor was named by the American Expedition which visited the locality in July, 1880, for the purpose of observing the total eclipse of the sun. On the extreme northern end of the island is a gneiss mountain, to which the expedition gave the name of "Mt. Bache."

Three large fiords, running in a southwesterly direction penetrate the coast-line north of *Aulezavik,* the largest of which is known as *Opengarvik,* beyond which is the peninsula of *Joksut,* whose northern shore is washed by the "Wonderful Ikkerasak." This strait separates the Chidley Archipelago from the mainland of Labrador. At the south end of this strait lies *Port Burwell,* the limit of Newfoundland jurisdiction (presumably) on Labrador.

ESQUIMAUX IN THE FAR NORTH. *A. P. Low.*

Cape Chidley, formerly known as *Cape Perdrix* (another evidence of French exploration) is the extreme north of the Labrador peninsula; it is supposed by many to be located on the mainland; but it really is the eastern end of *Kikkertosoak Island,* in latitude 60° 33′, longitude 64° 14′ W. The cape was named after "the Worshipful John Chidley, in the county of Devon Esquire, chief promoter and general of an expedition to Chili, in 1539."

The "Wonderful Ikkerasak" is known also as McLellan Strait; and recently it has been named "Grenfell Tickle," owing to the explorations conducted there by the superintendent of the M. D. S. F.

Dr. Grenfell informs us that he "has now charted the 'Wonderful Ikkerasak,' and sounded it from end to end." This passage can not be availed of with safety by sailing vessels, as the "rate of the

tidal streams in it is estimated to be about seven knots, and the eddies and whirlpools are bad except at slack water." (Coast Pilot.)

PORT BURWELL.

Port Burwell, which is also known as Killinek, is an excellent harbor, sheltered from all but the southwest winds, and distant capes break the force of even these. It was discovered by Captain Gordon, who erected observation stations there in 1885. In 1898 Messrs. Job Brothers of St. John's, Newfoundland, erected an extensive fishing plant at Port Burwell; but owing presumably to

PORT BURWELL.

the fact that it has been claimed as Canadian territory, the Messrs. Job have disposed of their fishing premises to the Moravian Mission, which has recently established a station there. About fifty Esquimaux families are found at Killinek. Previous to the incoming of the Moravian missionary the Esquimaux were under the spiritual care of Reverend Samuel Stewart, an Anglican minister, under the jurisdiction of the Newfoundland Synod. They are still pagans.

"The habits of the Esquimaux in this region are even more uncleanly than amongst their southern brethren; and they seem to have an abhorrence of water except for drinking purposes; in consequence, the principal diseases from which they suffer arise from their filthy habits and the close vitiated atmosphere in their tightly closed houses, laden with the odors of decomposing animal food and filth. Over one-half of the Esquimaux die of pulmonary troubles due to these causes and exposure.

Many suffer and die from scurvy, caused by the devitalized blood and their excessively fatty food, while remaining sedentary during the winter.

"The Esquimaux of the farthest north differ in their habits of living from those further south, along the Atlantic seaboard."

As a rule monogamy is practised, although many of the better hunters have two or more wives. The women are married early, generally about fourteen or fifteen years of age; and these early marriages result in few and weakly children. The marriage ceremony is very simple; the consent of the parents is obtained by presents or favor; and if the girl is favorable to the union she goes with her husband. When the girl refuses, she is soon coerced by her relatives.

The marriage tie is easily broken; and it is seldom that a man lives with a woman for a number of years. . . . Jealousy from incompatibility of temper (how like their white brothers and sisters!) or other causes dissolves the marriage without ceremony. ("Cruise of the Neptune.")

What of the future of this interesting people? The answer is not a difficult one; they are gradually diminishing in number, and ere long must inevitably become extinct.

Nansen in "Esquimaux Life," says: "The missionaries, by breaking up their natural life, which the exigencies of the chase on land and sea require, make them dependent on imported luxuries and necessities, and less able to fight the severe fight in the arctic regions. In this way they are degenerating in stamina, and slowly succumbing to the inevitable—disappearing as a race."

CHAPTER XXX.

CONCLUSION.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
  There is a society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

"Childe Harold."

The wealth of Labrador lies in its inexhaustible fisheries; agriculture, at least on the Atlantic seaboard, is impossible; lumbering and mining are precarious ventures; but there is still a valuable asset in other attractions with which nature has so lavishly endowed the fishers' land.

It has unrivalled scenery for the tourist, exhilarating air and balmy breezes for the invalid, subjects unique for the artist's brush and pencil, virgin forests for the hunter, and limpid streams to tempt the disciple of the "gentle Izaak." The trip to the "land of myriad charms" offers every attraction which entices the traveller to the "Land of the Midnight Sun," and it has the additional feature of being within reach of even a slender purse.

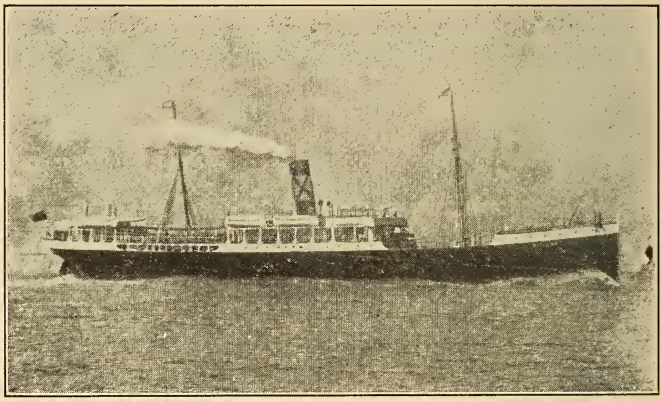
Time was (only a decade ago) when a trip to Labrador meant a well-filled wallet, supreme discomfort, and ofttimes mishap; to-day, the voyage to the coast is the cheapest trip on earth, comfortable and fascinating, and one does not necessarily need an "accident policy."

Labrador is now within easy reach of the tourist from the United States; and every facility is offered to make the trip at the minimum of cost.

Steamers of the *Red Cross Line* leave New York every Saturday at 11 A. M. and land you within five days at St. John's, Newfoundland, where passengers for the coast may connect with the Labrador steamer. The trip from New York by the *Red Cross Line* is delightful. You have a charming daylight sail through *Long Island, Vineyard* and *Nantucket Sounds,* and then the broad expanse of the Atlantic for nearly a day, when you are again within sight of land. For twelve hours you skirt the historic coast of *Nova Scotia,* pass

under the shadow of picturesque *Sambro* and then on to beautiful *Halifax*—the quaint and gay capital of Nova Scotia, with its massive forts and superb surroundings. Here you remain twenty-four hours and you can enjoy the splendid drives and delightful scenery of the Acadian land.

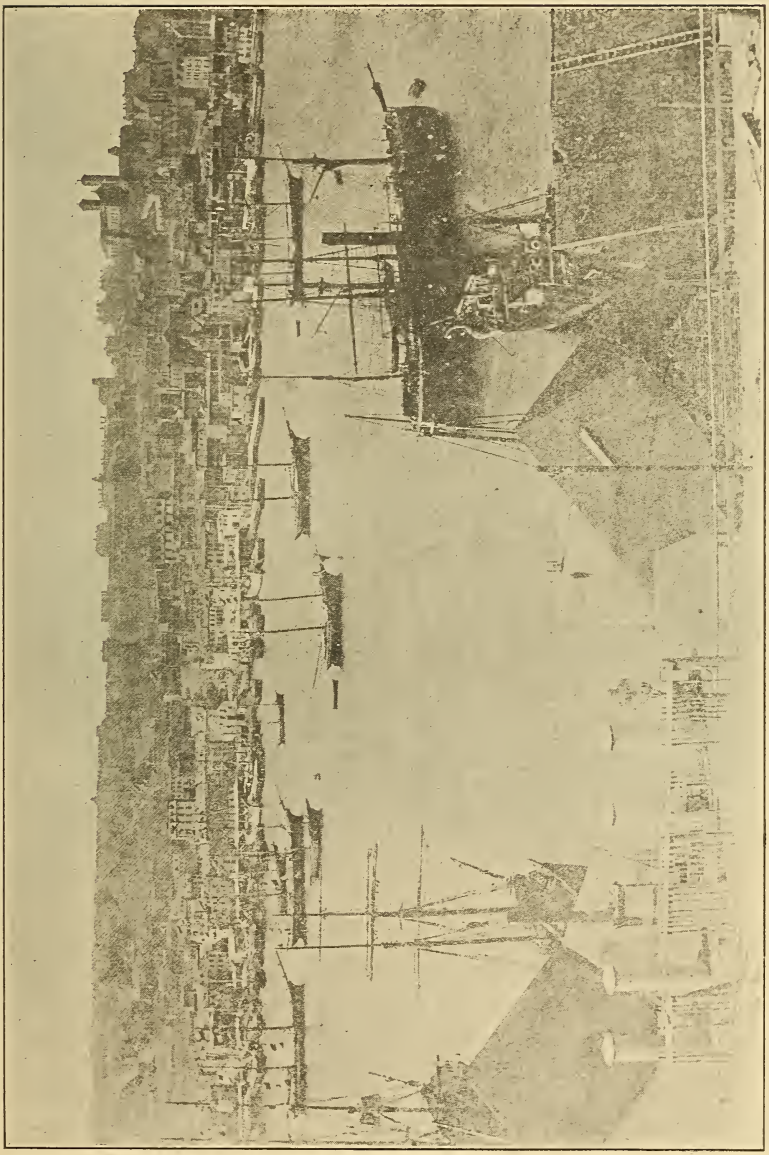
The trip to the Newfoundland coast from Halifax is made in less than two days; and you are within sight of land for nearly twenty-four hours. In the early morning of the second day you are within hailing distance of Cape Race, where you get a full view of one of the most important *Marconi* stations in existence. For five hours



S. S. ROSALIND, OF RED CROSS LINE.

you sail over historic seas, and as you move down the shore under the shadow of bluff, beetling crags you may see historic Ferryland, where the founder of Maryland established his first colony in America. Further north you see *Cape Spear,* and beyond is the entrance to St. John's Harbor—the oldest town in British North America. You enter the harbor through the "narrows" into a magnificent basin crowded with shipping—this is St. John's.

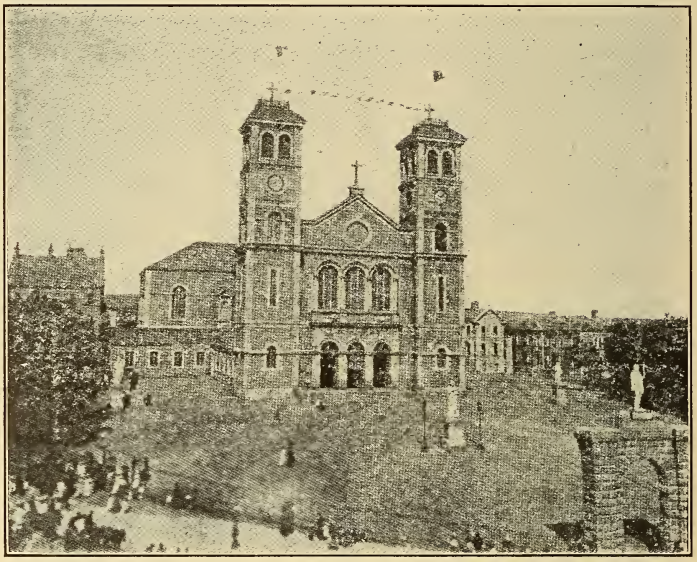
The *Red Cross Line* offers the most interesting trip at the most moderate cost; and passengers have the singular privilege of *living* on board whilst the steamer is in port, thus saving *hotel expenses.* Two splendidly equipped steamers are engaged in this service—the S. S. *Rosalind* and the S. S. *Florizel* (the latest achievement of marine architecture).



ST. JOHN'S.

Particulars of this trip may be obtained from Bowring & Co., 17 State Street, New York.

Those who fear *mal-de-mer,* and other possible inconveniences of the all-sea voyage may proceed to North Sydney by rail, thence by the S. S. *Bruce* (only a six hours' sea-trip) to *Port-aux Basques,* where the train is in waiting, which bears you to Bay of Islands. Here begins the delightful sea-trip to the fishers' land.



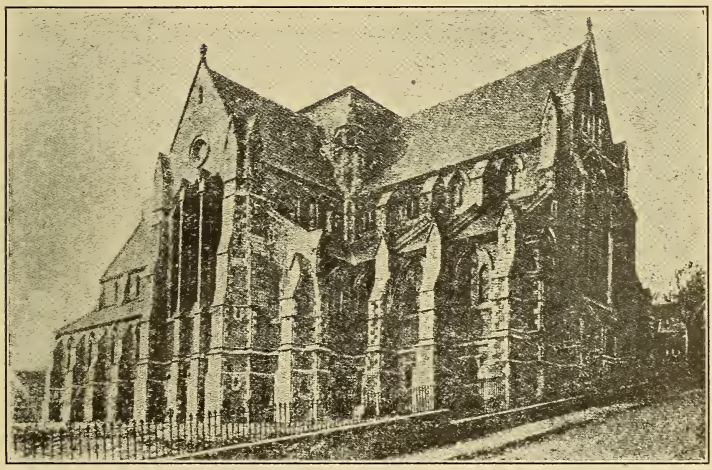
R. C. CATHEDRAL, ST. JOHN'S.

The all-sea route offers a "panorama of shifting loveliness" which is unrivalled. The immense fiords of the Ancient Colony have no parallel, even in Norway. Trinity, Bonavista, and Notre Dame Bays exhibit a variety of attractions, grander and more entrancing than the trip to the North Cape; these bays are studded with islets, and fringed by coves and harbors hidden beneath hoary cliffs and beetling crags, more interesting than Trondheim or Hammersfest.

At every stopping place you meet fisher folk, quaint in manner, primitive in habit, with characteristics, insular if you will, but withal manly and gracious.

After leaving St. John's, the old town which claims the distinc-

tion of being the oldest possession of "Britain beyond the seas," you sail under the shadow of cliffs and headlands, whose every ravine is bristling with historic interest; and as you round Cape Saint Francis, Conception Bay offers a splendid vista. En route to Harbor Grace (the first stopping place) one gets a close view of Belle Island, where the Dominion and Nova Scotia Steel Companies procure the iron ore which has been instrumental in making the Sydneys important manufacturing centres; you pass within hailing distance of Carbonear Island, where centuries ago, DeMontigny and D'Iberville, fighting the cause of France, were held in check by the bravery of Davis and Pynne. Harbor Grace was founded "in Good King Charles' golden days" (it was named Carolinopole by Robert

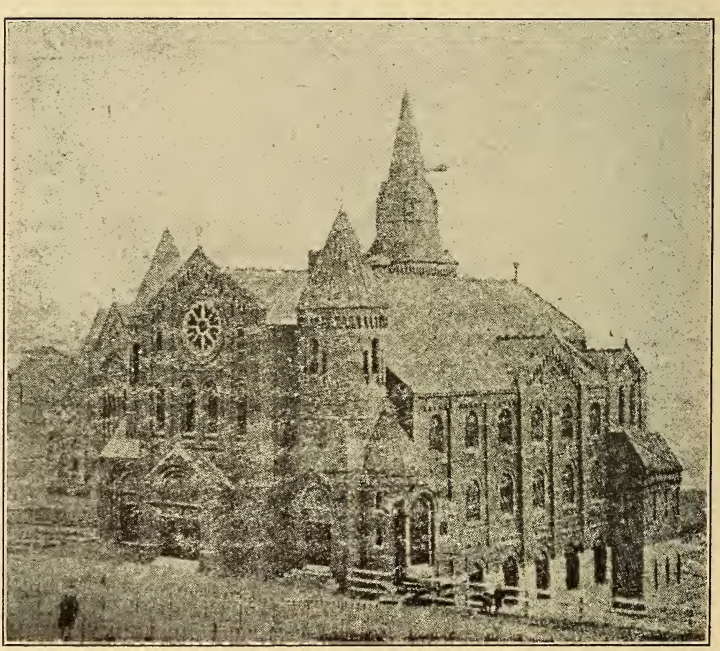


ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL, ST. JOHN'S.

Hayman, in honor of His Majesty). It was destroyed by De Montigny's Canadian troops in 1705; but was soon rebuilt by the hardy Devonian settlers, the Davises, the Garlands, and the Pynnes, and became in time one of the most progressive towns in the Old Colony. Some years ago it possessed one of the most beautiful Cathedrals in British America; it was burnt in September, 1891. Since the early eighties this once progressive town has been declining; the old planters have passed away, and the younger generations have neither the stamina nor the valor of their forebears.

From Harbor Grace to Catàlina, the trip is most interesting; settlements of fishers are stretched along the coast-line; and at the northeast point of the bay a unique fishing village comes into view—Bay de Verde; beyond which lies Baccalieu "Tickle." Seaward, three miles distant, is the island of Baccalieu (the *Baccalao* of the old navigators), on whose northern summit is

"A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
But hails the mariner with words of love."



GOWER STREET METHODIST CHURCH.

Twenty miles to the north lies Catalina—the "St. Catherine's Haven" of the Breton mariner, who found safety within its northeast arm nigh four hundred years ago. It is still the seamen's refuge; and I have sometimes seen two hundred sail of fishermen anchor there during the tempestuous gales which too frequently deal

death and destruction during the late autumn months in the Old Colony. From Catalina to Cape Bonavista, you follow Cartier's track; and as you pass down the shore the Spillars ("Les Epiliers") and Bird Island Cove ("Isle aux Oiseaux") remind you that this territory once knew the Gaul. Cape Bonavista is the land of controversy—and presumably the spot where Cabot, in 1497, planted the "Standard of Britain's Empire" in the western world. Within this bay there is a reminder of Cortereal's expedition—Cottell's Island (now bearing the name of another ancient explorer —St. Brendan).

HARBOR GRACE.

On the north side of Bonavista Bay lie the Penguin Islands, reminiscent of the Great Auk, and the Wadhams, famous in local history as the scene of a memorable disaster. Beyond lies Fogo Island, where there is still visible the crater of an extinct volcano. Fogo Harbor was a famous fishing centre when the southern colonies of the United States were in their babyhood.

Twillingate, the metropolis of the north, is the next port visited, and here one finds many reminders of ancient days in the style and equipment of the business-houses, which were founded more than a

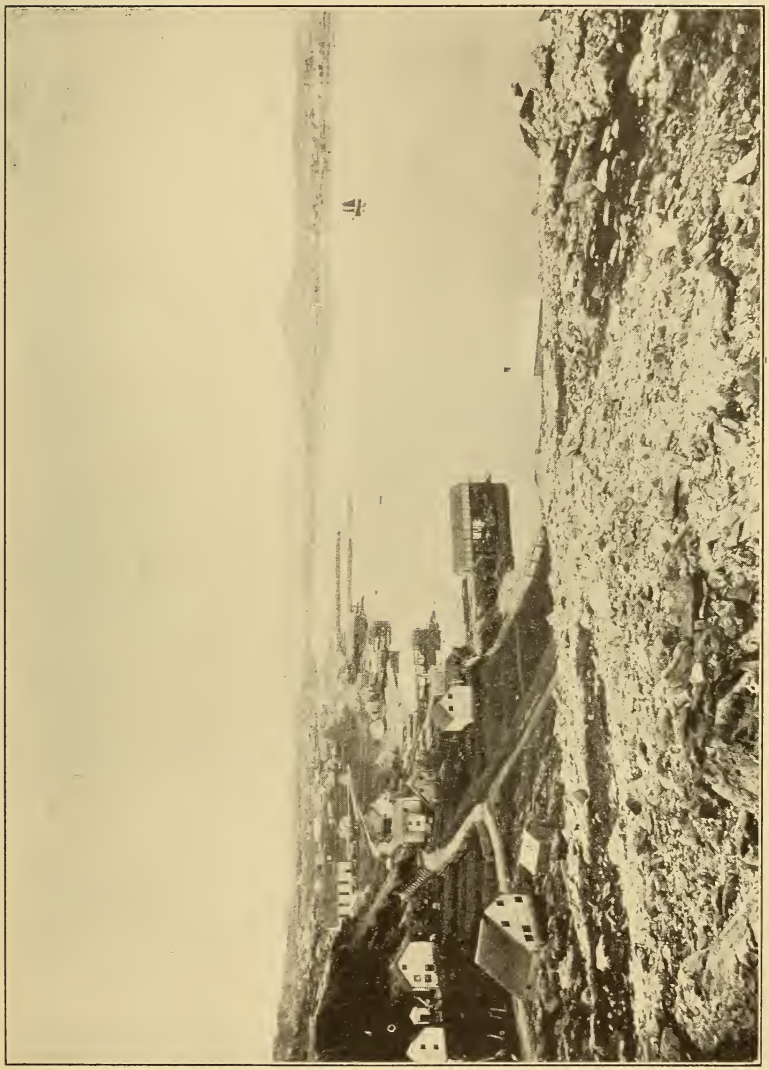
century ago by Devonian merchants. The fisheries of Twillingate in bygone days were "richer than the mines of Golconda," and the old autocrats who kept the fishermen in a state of perpetual thraldom, retired to England when they had coined the fishermen's toil into gold to live "far from the vulgar fisherman," and ruminate their commercial sins. Twillingate, even in comparatively modern times, felt the leash of fishing-admiral justice; and Prowse (*History of Newfoundland*) says "that a Mr. Pierce informed him that in his early years he had seen a man *triangled there,*" seemingly for a trivial offence.

IN TRINITY BAY.

Notre Dame Bay is presumably (dogmatic assertions of certain historians to the contrary notwithstanding) the "Markland" of the old Norse navigators; for here are still found the "wondrous trees" which suggested the appellation of "Green Bay"—the name by which it is still known to Newfoundland fishermen.

This bay rivals, outrivals perhaps, the "Thousand Islands" of the St. Lawrence in scenery, as its islets are more numerous and decidedly more picturesque than the little green knolls between Ogdensburg and Kingston.

"Tilt Cove," on the north side of Notre Dame Bay, is the "last call" on the Newfoundland shore; and it is a very interesting settle-



TWILLINGATE.

ment. Here is found one of the richest copper mines in the world; it has been in operation for three generations; and the supply of the shining metal is seemingly inexhaustible. It is a thriving and prosperous little hamlet.

Two hours' sail from "Tilt Cove" and you are within sight of Cape John, the land of tragedy and treaties. South of the cape lies "Gull Island"—the scene of the gruesome disaster recorded in a previous chapter. Cape John has figured in treaties of world-wide import; and it is only within recent years that France has relin-

CAPE HONOVUTA.

quished her "rights" on the shore, of which the cape is the southern boundary. Northward from the cape you sail constantly in sight of the "French Shore," where still are seen the "rooms" of the fishermen of Dieppe, Paimpol, and St. Malo, who in former years reaped rich harvests from the sea which laves its creeks and harbors.

Practically every settlement along this shore has a French appellation and at various points you still hear the "mellifluous language of the Gaul."

Beyond the mainland, separated by a "strait of turbulent tides," is Belle Isle—the *Isola di Demoni* of early navigators, whose grim,

forbidding aspect is menacing, even in distant prospect. The sombre-hued coast-line of the fishers' land now comes into view; the outline of the "Devil's Dining Table" becomes clear, and ere it melts into the horizon, you are in sight of Battle Harbor—and this is Labrador.

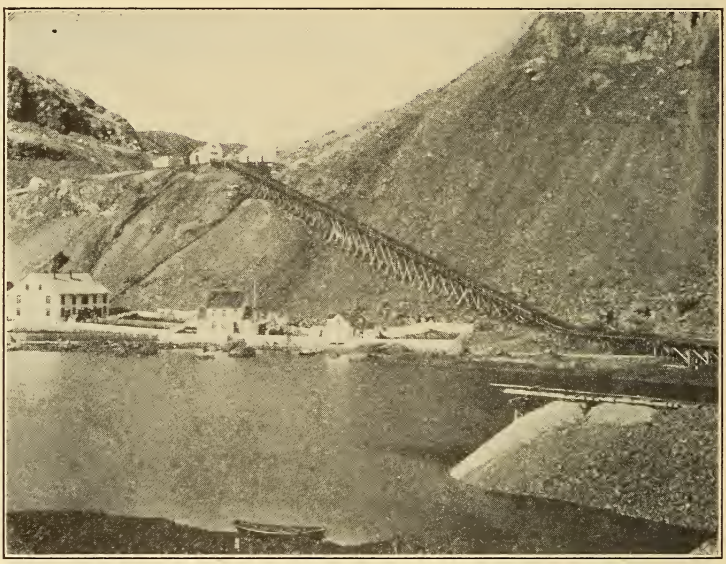
The west coast route is perhaps even more attractive than the all-sea trip. The scenery in this section is not unlike the much vaunted scenery of Georgian Bay and Lake Huron; but Parry Sound, French River, Killarney, Algoma and Manitoulin are "tame" in comparison with the rugged grandeur of Bonne Bay, Ingornachoix, Point Ferolle and Bay of Islands. I have toured every waterway in Canada, spent many happy months on the north shore of Lake Huron; but, without prejudice, nothing that I have seen in the Dominion, from Bras d'or to Lake Superior, is comparable with "the peerless beauty of the sea-girt Colony."

IN NOTRE DAME BAY.

Bay of Islands, as its name indicates, is dotted with islets, which are located within its three immense arms, one of which is the estuary of the Humber River, the second largest waterway in the Ancient Colony.

I will let another writer disclose its beauties: "As I gazed entranced upon the lovely scene before me, I was able for the first time to realize, by the aid of the golden haze veiling, the long slopes and tumbling steeps, the grandeur of the sierras which enclosed the bay.

The silence was intensified by the silvery waterfalls dropping from crag to crag many hundred feet with an ethereal motion, and yet giving forth no echo or sound of their dashing, so distant were they from the ship."



TILT COVE.

Another writer says: "Bay of Islands is a wonderfully beautiful bay, extending in three great arms many miles inland. Its shores are high and mountainous. Mount Blomidon rises sheer from the water to a height of 2,135 feet, its black and scarred precipices towering up in rugged beauty. Brooks foam down its sides and break into waterfalls over the precipices, floating off in the wind in a cloud of spray."

"Lark Harbor is a lovely offshoot from the bay between guardian mountains. The shores abound in caves or ovens, with little pebbly

beaches in between them. One could linger all summer along this beautiful Newfoundland coast." (Townsend: *"Along the Labrador Coast."*)

THE FRENCH SHORE.

Twenty-five miles north of this lovely fiord is Bonne Bay, surpassing, if it be possible, "the stern rugged grandeur of Bonnie Bay of Islands." Again we enlist the services of another, lest the love for the old homeland may render us too sympathetic. "A lovelier scene cannot be imagined. Great hills in the foreground and beyond, mountains peeping over each other's shoulders, and away up in the blue sky the snow still sparkled on the higher storm-lashed peaks, which reared their heads far inland, all robed in a beautiful transparent atmosphere utterly unknown elsewhere.

BAY OF ISLANDS.

To the north, the hills are bare, rugged, precipitous; but on that particular morning the glorious sunshine made them lose half their desolate bleakness. We climbed the nearest hill, but only for a short distance. Cliffs towered above us on every hand, over which poured cascades of melting snow (the time was early May), thundering in the deep chasms below. The hoarse roar of the waterfalls came from far and near. The heat was almost unbearable—and this in a land known only for its fogs."

BAY OF ISLANDS.

North of Bonne Bay the shore is rugged; in the background are the "Long Range Mountains," which extend nearly the entire length of the west coast, with serrated peaks rising to a height of nearly two thousand feet. There are few settlements, but several streams flow seawards which offer attractive lures to the Waltonian.

Hawke's Bay is another picturesque fiord, which has been a favorite haunt for wealthy Americans for some years; and during the summer months palatial yachts are seen riding within this picturesque haven.

One of the finest salmon streams in the "Oldest Colony" is found at the head of the fiord.

Ingernachoix, Point Riche and Garganelle are reminiscent of the Frenchman; and occasionally one sees along the coast "jack-o-tars" (the name by which deserters from the French Navy are known in Newfoundland), who still wear the *sabot* and sport the Breton *casque.*

Point Ferolle is a picturesque headland, and immediately to the north are two large inlets, which were formerly important French fishing posts—St. Margaret's Bay and Baie Sainte Genevieve.

Every locality along this shore is suggestive of the industry which has given to Newfoundland the appellation of "Codlands"; and fishermen of every type are found in the creeks and coves, where it is possible to fix a human habitation. Theirs is an arduous and toilsome existence; but they seem happy and content with the harvest, oft-times slim, which the sea affords them.

BONNE BAY.

"Flower's Cove" is the last stopping place; but the name seems a misfit, as the place is a barren, treeless promontory. Whence came the name, it has been impossible to ascertain. Possibly some venturesome fisherman was its eponymous first settler. Inland, some ten miles from this settlement, there is an interesting "find" for amateur geologists; as far up in the hillside there is the old sea-margin, now fringed with wild vetch, and embedded in the sand are myriads of sea-shells presumably the plentiful bivalves known as "mussels" (*Mytilis edulis*). Less than two hours' sail from Flower's Cove takes you to Blanc Sablon, across the Straits of Belle Isle, and you anchor in the roadstead of the port where Cartier, nearly four centuries ago, raised the standard of the *Fleur-de-lis* for His Most Christian Majesty, the King of France.

Here you find vestiges of the *ancien régime* in the little hamlet of *Barrachois* (a few hundred yards east of *Blanc Sablon*) where the *habitant* still wears the Breton costume and addresses you in the language of the Gaul.

Thence you journey eastward and sail over the historic courses of the old navigators, who, centuries ago, discovered the wealth of the harvest of the sea.

THE OLD REGIME.

APPENDIX I.

Tourists and others who visit Newfoundland and Labrador will be obliged to conform to certain Customs Regulations, and the subjoined Circular is official:

CUSTOMS CIRCULAR NO. 15.

When Tourists, Anglers and Sportsmen arriving in the Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Anglers' Outfits, Trouting Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions:

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Trouting Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes and tent equipage. A receipt (No. 1), according to the form attached, shall be given for the deposit, and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt as well as in the marginal cheques. Receipt (No. 1), if taken at an outport office, shall be mailed at once to the Assistant Collector, St. John's; taken in St. John's, the receipt (No. 2) shall be sent to the Landing Surveyor.

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the Receipt. The Examining Officer shall initial on the Receipt the result of his examination, and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits, or provisions of any kind will be admitted free, and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

(Signed) H. W. LeMessurier,
Assistant Collector.

Customs House, St. John's, Newfoundland.

APPENDIX II.

NEWFOUNDLAND POSTAL TELEGRAPH SERVICE.

Postal Telegraph Offices are operated throughout the Colony at all the principal places. Messages of ten words, not including address or signature, are forwarded for *Twenty Cents,* and two cents for each additional word.

A Government Cable to Canso, Cape Breton, connects with the Commercial Cable Company's System to *All Parts of the World.* There is no more efficient service in existence.

A ten-word message to *Canada,* exclusive of signature and address, costs from $0.85 to $1.00. A ten-word message to the *United States,* exclusive of signature and address, costs from $1.00 to $1.50. To *Great Britain, France,* or *Germany,* 25 cents per word.

Telegrams are transmitted by means of *Wireless Service* during the summer season from *Labrador,* and all the year round, to steamers equipped with the wireless apparatus, which are due to pass within the radius of Cape Race and Cape Ray.

Telegraph message forms may be obtained at all Post Offices in Newfoundland and from the Mail Clerks on Trains and Steamers, and if the sender wishes, the message may be left with the P. M. to be forwarded by first mail to the nearest Telegraph Office, free of postage.

NEWFOUNDLAND CABLE CONNECTION.

A Submarine Cable has been completed between *Port aux Basques,* Newfoundland, and *Canso,* Nova Scotia, there connecting with the Commercial Cable Company's three Cables to the United States, with the Canadian Pacific Railway Telegraph for all points in Canada, and with Five Atlantic Cables to Europe; connections are also made with the West India Cable Co., and others, thereby enabling Cable messages to be exchanged by all *Postal Telegraph Offices in Newfoundland* with all parts of the World.

(Signed) H. J. B. Woods,
Postmaster General.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

APPENDIX III.—AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE M. D. S. P. ON LABRADOR.

1892—The hospital vessel *Albert* sailed from England with Dr. Grenfell in charge as the only Mission doctor. He spent three months on the coast, holding services and treating 900 sick folk.

1893—Battle Harbor Hospital was presented by friends in St. John's, Newfoundland, and opened during the summer under a qualified nurse and doctor. The launch *Princess May* was added to enable the ship to do more work.

1894—Indian Harbor Hospital was opened for the summer, and for the first time Battle Harbor Hospital was kept open in winter. Friends in Canada began to help the Mission.

1895—The sailing hospital was replaced by the steamer *Sir Donald,* the gift of Sir Donald A. Smith, who has lived many years in Labrador. Nineteen hundred sick folk received treatment. Dr. Roddick, of Montreal, presented the sailing boat *Urelia McKinnon* to the Mission.

1896—A small coöperative store was started at Red Bay, in the Straits of Belle Isle, to help the settlers to escape the "truck system" of trade and the consequent loss of independence and thrift. This has since spread to a series of eight with very beneficial results to the very poorest. The *Sir Donald* was carried out from her harbor by the winter ice and found by the seal hunters far at sea still frozen in. She had to be sold.

1897—The steam launch *Julia Sheridan,* given by a Toronto lady, replaced the *Sir Donald.* A large mission hall was attached to Indian Harbor Hospital for the use of the fishermen. Two thousand patients were treated.

1899—Largely through the munificence of the High Commissioner, the steel steam hospital *Strathcona* was built at Dartmouth, England, and fitted with every available modern appliance. At the request of the settlers, a doctor wintered in North Newfoundland.

1900—The *Strathcona* steamed out to Labrador. The settlers on the Newfoundland shore of the Straits of Belle Isle commenced a hospital at St. Anthony, and the Mission decided to adopt that place as a third station.

1901—The Newfoundland Government granted $1,500 to stimulate the erection of St. Anthony Hospital. A small coöperative lumber mill was started to help the settlers of the poorest district to get remunerative work in winter, when they often faced semi-starvation. The schooner *Coöperator* was purchased and rebuilt by the people to assist the coöperative store efforts.

1902—A new wing was added to Battle Harbor Hospital, with a fine convalescent room and a new operating room. Indian Harbor Hospital was also considerably enlarged. Two thousand seven hundred and seventy-four patients received treatment—110 of these being in-patients in the little hospitals. The launch *Julia Sheridan,* with one of the medical officers in charge, was chartered by the government to suppress an outbreak of smallpox.

1903—Some new outbuildings were added to the Indian Harbor Hospital, and a mortuary and store were built at Battle Harbor Hospital. The third and fourth coöperative stores were started at West St. Modiste and at Flowers Cove to encourage cash dealing and thrift. The *Princess May* went out of commission and was sold.

1904—A new house for the doctor was built at Battle Harbor. The steam launch *Julia Sheridan* had to be sold. She was replaced by a 10 H. P. kerosene launch called by the same name. An orphanage was built at St. Anthony to accommodate fifteen children. A building was also added for teaching loom work and general carpentering and lathe work.

1905—A doctor was appointed at the request of the people on the Canadian Labrador, with headquarters at Harrington, near Cape Whittle, on the north side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The first schooners were built at the lumber mill, which is now flourishing and helping to maintain one hundred odd families. Two consulting surgeons from Boston Universities visited us during the summer to help in the work. Through the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, between thirty and forty small portable libraries were distributed along the coast, containing from 50 to 100 books in each.

1906—Through the help of friends in Montreal and Toronto a new hospital and doctor's house were built at Harrington, and a second kerosene launch, called the *Northern Messenger,* was given for the work there. New dog sledges and teams were also given by the Montreal Weekly *Witness.* Some new buildings were erected at St. Anthony, including some small farm outbuildings, and some land was taken up from the Newfoundland Government with a view to trying to introduce cattle.

1906-07—In connection with the coöperative store at Flowers Cove, an industry of making sealskin boots has sprung up, and 1,500 pairs of boots were exported this summer. Around these small industries it is possible to aggregate women and children in the winter for the purpose of better education. A new wharf, stores for clothing and coal, and a large mission room are being added to Battle Harbor. Seven volunteers have joined the staff:—the lady in charge of the orphanage, an electrical engineer in charge of the general mechanical work, a teacher for night school and library work. The fourth hospital was kept open all last summer by a volunteer doctor from Harvard University and volunteer nurses from England. A teacher of arts and crafts will be in charge of the industrial work at St. Anthony this year. The steam launch *Daryl* was given by the Dutch Reform Union of New York City.

1907-08—The experiment of placing a trained nurse in fishing settlements farthest from the little hospital has taken definite form in the building of a house at Forteau on the southern coast of Labrador, in which a nurse is permanently situated. The people of the place gave the labor freely, and the money for the material was the gift of a veteran of the Civil War, who, after being wounded at Gettysburg, journeyed on a fishing schooner to Labrador in quest of health, and in gratitude for great kindness shown him wished to make some return to the people of the coast. A second station is to be opened at Flowers Cove, at which place the people have guaranteed $200 a year, being a poll tax of $1 per annum on every family over that long district.

No less than four more small coöperative stores have sprung into existence, showing the belief of the people in the advantages they confer in helping to give independence and a sufficient living.

An electric light plant has been installed at St. Anthony largely through the kindness of the Trustees of Pratt Institute of Brooklyn. Not only has the light been introduced into all of the Mission buildings, but large lights have been placed at the wharf. Pratt Institute also sent up one of their graduates to install the plant. Already it has proved of inestimable value.

Through the generosity of the same institution, two Labrador students have commenced the study of engineering, that they may on their return afford their invaluable aid to communal life on the coast.

His Excellency, the Governor of Newfoundland, Sir William MacGregor, a highly skilled geodetic surveyor, has spent part of the summer with Dr. Grenfell on the *Strathcona,* improving the new chart of all the northern Labrador coast. This, it is hoped, will be issued shortly, because it is so badly needed by the many fishing craft that visit those waters.

A friend from Washington, Mrs. B. H. Buckingham, presented the Mission with a new launch, the *Pomiuk,* which was safely brought down from Lynn to Labrador by a crew of volunteer students from Yale.

The Orphanage is now over-full with twenty children, some of whom are already learning trades. It will shortly be doubled in size owing to the generosity of a volunteer worker of Williams College, who was much impressed on his visit by the need of more room.

The Industrial Work has made considerable progress, and some $200 worth of the products have been sold and the money returned to the work to further develop it. There are several looms at work regularly, and the new furnace for baking pottery is in working order. The expert from Providence who has started us at work has prolonged her visit and already speaks of joining the force again next summer.

The reindeer, still under the charge of the same volunteer

worker who has had charge of them from the beginning, have done magnificently. 50 were sold to help defray the expense of bringing them over, leaving 250 of the original herd. These, after only nine months, have become 403 splendid animals, deducting all losses. The fawns are already as large as their mothers, and the condition of the animals is simply not to be compared with the miserable state of the herd when they landed in January after their long voyage. The Lapps, who brought them over, are still with us, and the Newfoundland government has contributed two apprentices from Labrador to learn the business.

The milk the animals give has proved to be very rich, and the cheeses will be very useful for winter. The problem as to their future is practically solved, but it will be some time before the milk and butter distribution will be possible at distances, and before it will be wise to kill the animals for their valuable meat and hides. Next year the experiment will be made of trapping the wild caribou and uniting them with the herd.

Volunteer teachers did excellent work this year at some of the small schools, and a volunteer from the experimental farm at St. Anne's did splendid work, showing us that we can grow many vegetables we have sore need of. Next year we shall warmly welcome a number of volunteers to help us develop more land tracts, and to show the people the possibilities of the soil.

The new nurses sent us by Baltimore, a Washington friend, and others, have been doing invaluable work. We have, however, been very short of help along that line and could easily have found work for many more. Volunteer students from Johns Hopkins, Princeton, Williams, Yale, and Bowdoin, have had labors imposed on them they little anticipated when they set out for the summer. But all have done excellent, necessary work, that without them would have been impossible.

The surgical and medical clinics at the hospitals have so largely increased, with the growing confidence of the people in modern science, that some money earned by Dr. Grenfell's hiring out the *Strathcona* for a month to the Newfoundland

government will be spent in enlarging St. Anthony hospital. This hospital has been densely overcrowded all summer and the facilities for up-to-date treatment have been quite inadequate to the wishes of those in charge. A small special addition for the treatment of the many unfortunate tubercular patients that seek aid is absolutely essential. The success attained in curing tubercular patients in the open air and saving suffering from that cause has been phenomenal. (W. T. Grenfell.)

EXPORTS OF CODFISH, SALMON, OIL, ETC., FROM THE COAST OF LABRADOR, 1907.

Date.	Vessel's Name.	Shippers.	Port Cleared For.	Quantity Qtls.	Cleared From.	Value.
Sept. 7	Nathalia	C. & A. Dawe.	Leghorn	4,727	Indian Harbor	$16,544.00
16	Fleetwing	do	Genoa	3,908	Horse Harbor	13,678.00
18	S.S. Gwent	do	Valencia	9,700	Domino	33,950.00
23	Skudenes	do	Valencia	2,900	Indian Tickle	10,150.00
25	Evelyn	do	Genoa	4,211	Domino	14,738.00
26	S.S. Dordogne	do	Genoa	10,000	Emily Harbor	35,000.00
26	Pride of the West	do	do	3,281	Batteau	11,483.00
27	Mary Annie	do	Patras	4,082	Black Tickle	14,287.00
28	Laura	do	Piræus	3,021	Pack's Harbor	10,573.00
30	Blanche Currey	do	Genoa	4,400	Domino	15,400.00
Oct. 5	Elizabeth	do	do	4,000	Indian Tickle	14,000.00
12	Isaalt	do	do	3,500	Domino	12,250.00
28	Hebe	do	do	3,200	Black Island	11,200.00
28	Hans Emil	do	Calamanta	3,000	Black Island	10,500.00
28	Ellen James	do	do	4,100	Scrammy	14,350.00
28	Castra	do	do	4,226	Occasional Harbor	14,791.00
28	Yrsa	do	Malaga	3,202	Sandy Island	11,207.00
				75,458		$264,101.00
Sept. 14	Mystery	W. Duff & Sons.	Valencia	2,800	Merchantman's H'bor.	$9,800.00
28	Cito	do	Patras	3,538	Dead Island	12,383.00
30	Inga	do	do	3,615	Indian Tickle	12,652.00
Oct. 12	Rose of Torridge	do	do	3,300	Merchantman's H'bor.	11,550.00
				13,253		$46,385.00

EXPORTS OF CODFISH, SALMON, OIL, ETC., FROM LABRADOR, 1907. (Continued.)

Date.	Vessel's Name.	Shippers.	Port Cleared For.	Quantity Qtls.	Cleared From.	Value.
Sept. 10	S.S. Airmyn.....	Baine, Johnston & Co.	Valencia	10,447	Battle Harbor.....	$36,564.00
27	S.S. Ely.....	do	Malaga	10,910	do	38,185.00
Oct. 16	S.S. Valhall.....	do	do	10,810	do	37,835.00
				32,167		$112,584.00
Sept. 17	Kammerherre Shutts.	J. P. Jensen.	Genoa	4,041	Indian Tickle.....	$14,143.00
30	Urda	do	do	4,080	Comfort Light.....	14,280.00
30	Gemma	do	do	3,301	Indian Tickle.....	11,554.00
				11,422		$39,977.00
Sept. 14	Beatrice	Jno. Rorke & Sons.	Alicante	4,000	Venison Island.....	$14,000.00
Oct. 1	Elizabeth Pritchard..	do	Gibraltar for orders..	3,500	St. Francis Harbor..	12,250.00
5	Callidora	do	do	4,000	Venison Island.....	14,000.00
				11,500		$40,250.00
Sept. 6	Clara	R. D. McRea & Sons.	Valencia	3,400	Grady	$11,900.00
13	M. A. James.....	do	Patras	3,350	Grady	11,725.00
Oct. 1	Miss Morris.....	do	Genoa	4,000	Grady	14,000.00
				10,750		$37,625.00

EXPORTS OF CODFISH, SALMON, OIL, ETC., FROM LABRADOR, 1907. (Continued.)

Date.	Vessel's Name.	Shippers.	Port Cleared For.	Quantity Qtls.	Cleared From.	Value.
Sept. 5	Virginia	Ryan Bros.	Valencia	3,439	Batteau	$12,036.00
13	Elsa	do	Genoa	3,600	Batteau	12,600.00
Oct. 3	Western Lass	do	Gibraltar for orders	3,200	Hawk's Harbor	11,200.00
				10,239		$35,836.00
Sept. 13	Richard Greaves	Jas. Ryan & Co.	Malaga	3,400	Webber's Harbor	$11,900.00
27	Nauta	do	Gibraltar for orders	3,000	Hawk's Harbor	10,500.00
30	Venus	do	do	2,700	Webber's Harbor	9,450.00
				9,100		$31,850.00
Sept. 28	Wm. Pritchard	Anglo Nfld. Fish Ex-	Gibraltar for orders	4,054	Snug Harbor	$14,189.00
Oct. 31	S.S. Breidablik	port Co.	do	10,600	Shoal Bay Islands	37,100.00
Sept. 16	C. E. Spooner	do	Liverpool	5,000	Shoal Bay Islands	17,500.00
		do		19,654		$68,789.00
Sept. 27	Hero	E. Hiscock.	Exeter	2,600	Mark's Harbor	$9,100.00
28	Cecilia	do	Bristol	2,305	Holton	8,068.00
				4,905		$17,168.00

EXPORTS OF CODFISH, SALMON, OIL, ETC., FROM LABRADOR, 1907. (Concluded.)

Date.	Vessel's Name.	Port Cleared For.	Shippers.	Quantity Qtls.	Cleared From.	Value.
Sept. 13	Grace	Geo. Gosse.	Plymouth	2,700	Dark Tickle	$9,450.00
24	Rose	do	Queenstown	2,200	Dark Tickle	7,700.00
				4,900		$17,150.00
Sept. 28	Industri	P. Templeman.	Gibraltar for orders	2,410	Indian Tickle	
28	Ofelia	do	do	2,259	Grady	$8,435.00 7,907.00
				4,669		16,342.00
Sept. 29	S. S. Expedit	E. W. Kennedy.	Genoa	9,841	Frenchman's Island	
Oct. 12	Gracie	do	Gibraltar for orders	3,268	Frenchman's Island	$34,444.00 11,438.00
				13,109		$45,882.00
Aug. 19	Checkers	Job Bros. & Co.	Valencia	2,500	Blanc Sablon	$8,750.00
Sept. 9	S. S. Usk	do	Malaga	8,000	Blanc Sablon	28,000.00
26	S. S. Jamica	do	do	7,405	Blanc Sablon	25,918.00
				17,905		$62,668.00

EXPORTS OF CODFISH, SALMON, OIL, ETC., FROM LABRADOR, 1907. (Continued.)

Date.	Vessel's Name.	Port Cleared For.	Shippers.	Quantity Qtls.	Cleared From.	Value.
Aug. 31	Little Gem.....	E. Penny & Sons.	Leghorn	3,130	Isle-au-Bois	$10,955.00
Oct. 10	Royal Lister.....	E. Penny & Sons.	Gibraltar for orders..	3,300	Isle-au-Bois	11,550.00
				6,430		$22,505.00
Sept. 30	Antoinette	Norman Munn.	Liverpool	3,815	Long Island.....	$13,353.00
7	My Lady.....	C. A. Jerrett.	Patras	3,300	Indian Harbor.....	$11,550.00
24	S. S. Managua.....	Harvey & Co.	Genoa	9,389	Smokey Tickle.....	$32,861.00
26	R. J. Owens.....	M. & R. O'Brien.	Lisbon	3,503	Punch Bowl.....	$12,263.00
27	Mary & George.....	F. Jerrett.	Gibraltar for orders..	3,000	Smokey Tickle.....	$10,500.00
27	Renown	Wm. Butt.	Halifax	1,825	Shoal Bay Islands...	$6,388.00
30	Ellen F.....	S. B. Fequet.	Bras D'Or, Canada...	100	Pack's Harbor.....	$350.00
Oct. 2	Anna	Bowring Bros.	Gibraltar for orders..	3,700	Turnavick, West.....	$12,950.00
12	Louise Ernest.....	J. F. Sheppard.	Exeter	2,200	Fishing Ships Harbor	$7,700.00

EXPORTS OF CODFISH, SALMON, OIL, ETC., FROM LABRADOR, 1907. (Continued.)

Date.	Vessel's Name.	Port Cleared For.	Shippers.	Quantity Qtls.	Cleared From.	Value.
Sept. 14	Blodwen	J. W. Hiscock.	Alicante	3,300	Comfort Bight	$11,550.00
Oct. 5	Elizabeth Llewellyn	G. Soper & Sons.	Gibraltar for orders	3,900	Cape Charles	$13,650.00
28	Maagen	J. V. O'Dea & Co.	Patras	3,000	American Harbor	$10,500.00
Oct. 12	Lief	T. & J. Dunn.	Lisbon	3,000	Snug Harbor	$10,500.00

SALMON.

Hudson Bay Co.	617 Tierces	London	$14,861.40
Robert Reid	45 "	Canada	544.00
S. B. Fequet	53 "	do	640.00
	715		
E. Penny & Sons	1 Brl.	Canada	12.00
			$16,057.40

TROUT.

S. B. Fequet	120 Brls.	Canada	$960.00
Robert Reid	1 Brl.	do	8.00
			$968.00

COD OIL.

E. Penny & Sons	2 tuns	Canada	$137.50
Robert Reid	3½ do	do	200.00
S. B. Fequet	2 do	do	100.00
	7½ tuns		$437.50

EXPORTS OF CODFISH, SALMON, OIL, ETC., FROM LABRADOR, 1907. (Continued.)

SEAL OIL.			
Hudson Bay Co.	6½ tuns	London	$562.16
HERRINGS.			
E. Penny & Sons	25 brls.	Canada	$100.00
Robert Reid	3 "	Canada	12.00
	28 brls.		$112.00
DRIED CAPLIN.			
Levi Pardy	1 brl.	Canada	$1.00
FEATHERS.			
Hudson Bay Co.	233 lbs.	London	$30.29
WHALE BONE.			
Labrador W. & M. Co.	320 tons.	Canada	$2,560
LUMBER.			
Grand River Lumber Co.	1,536,396 ft.	Canada	$23,046.00
Grand River Lumber Co.	217,055 "	England	3,255.00
	1,753,451 ft.		$26,301.00
FURS.			
S. B. Fequet	$200.00	Canada	
Hudson Bay Co.	22,287.75	London	
Revillion Bros.	11,000.00	France.	
	$33,487.75		

EXPORTS OF CODFISH, SALMON, OIL, ETC., FROM LABRADOR, 1907. (Continued.)

RECAPITULATION FOR COUNTRIES.

Gibraltar for orders	78,832 Qtls.	$275,913.00
Spain	86,213 "	301,746.00
United Kingdom	20,820 "	72,870.00
Italy	71,909 "	251,681.00
Portugal	6,503 "	22,761.00
Cunada	1,925 "	6,738.00
Greece	23,291 "	81,518.00
	289,493	$1,013,227.00

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT.

1906	250,887 Qtls.		$1,030,432.00
1907	289,493 "		1,013,227.00
Increase for 1907	38,606 "	Decrease	17,205.00

RECAPITULATION, 1907.

Dry Codfish	289,493	Qtls.	$1,013,227
Salmon	715	Trcs. and 1 Brl.	16,057
Trout	121	Brls.	968
Cod Oil	7½	Tuns.	437
Seal Oil	6½	"	562
Herring	28	Brls.	112
Dried Caplin	1	Brls.	1
Feathers	233	Lbs.	30
Whale Bone	320	Tons.	2,560
Lumber	1,753,451	Feet.	26,301
Furs			33,487
			$1,093,742

APPENDIX V.—LUXURIES OF LABRADOR.

In spite of latitude and Arctic current, Labrador is the home of much that is delicious in the berry world. Even the outlying islands furnish the curlewberry and bakeapple in profusion; and upon the mainland, in the proper month, September, a veritable feast awaits one. Three varieties of blueberries, blackberries, red currants, with a pungent aromatic flavor unequalled by the cultivated varieties; marshberries, raspberries, tiny white capillaire teaberries, with a flavor like some rare perfume and having just a faint suggestion of wintergreen; squashberries, pearberries, and curlewberries, the latter not so grateful as the others, but a prime favorite with the Esquimaux; and lately, the typical Labrador fruit which, excepting a few scattering plants in Canada and Newfoundland, is found, I believe, nowhere outside of the peninsula—the gorgeous bakeapple. These cover the entire coast from the St. Lawrence to Ungava. Their beautiful geranium-like leaves struggle with the reindeer moss upon the islands, carpet alike the low valleys and the highest hill-tops, and even peep from everlasting snow. Only one berry grows upon each plant, but this one makes a most delicious mouthful. It is the size and form of a large dewberry, but the color is a bright crimson when half ripe and a golden yellow at maturity. Its taste is sweetly acid, it is exceedingly juicy, and so delicate that it might be thought impossible to preserve it. Yet the natives do preserve it with all its freshness, and original flavor throughout the entire winter, merely by covering it with fresh water and heading it up in casks or barrels.

APPENDIX VI.—MORAVIAN MISSION GRANTS.

AT THE COURT AT ST. JAMES.

The 3rd day of May, 1769.

Whereas there was this day read at the Board a Report from the Right Honorable the Lords of the Committee of Council for Plantation affairs; dated the 20th of last month in the words following, viz.:

"Your Majesty having been pleased by your Order in Council of the 20th of February last to refer unto this Committee a Representation from the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations setting forth that they have had under their consideration a memorial presented by the Earl of Hillsborough, one of Your Majesty's Principal Secretarys of State on behalf of the Society of Unitas Fratrum, stating that the said Society are desirous of prosecuting their intention of establishing a Mission on the Western Coast of Labrador for the purpose of civilizing and instructing the savages called Esquimaux, inhabiting that Coast; in which undertaking the memorialists represent that they have already taken some steps in consequence of encouragement received from the Board in 1765; but that there is a necessity of having permission to occupy such a quantity of land on that Continent as may induce the Esquimaux to settle around the Missionaries; that for this purpose they have pitched upon Esquimaux Bay, and praying for a grant on that spot of one hundred thousand acres of land, or about twelve miles square, with liberty in common of other British subjects of fishing and trading on that Coast. Submitting at the same time the expediency of the Government erecting a block-house near the said intended settlement to protect the Esquimaux and their Missionaries from violences and encroachments of any disorderly people who might happen to come into the Bay.

Whereupon the said Lords Commissioners represent that in the year 1765 the Society above mentioned, with the approbation of the Government, deputed four of their brethren to explore the Coast of Labrador, with a view to propagate the Gospel among the savage inhabitants. Those persons, though unavoidably prevented from completing their design in the full extent, did, however, by the assistance and under the direction of Mr. Palliser, your Majesty's Governor in Newfoundland, make some progress in the laudable work of their Mission, by establishing an intercourse and concluding a treaty with those savages. Whereupon in the year following, upon the favorable report made to your Majesty's said Governor, touching the conduct and behavior of their Missionaries, and in consequence of a petition of the said Society, the Board of Trade did in an humble representation to your Majesty, dated March 27th, 1766,

submit whether it might not be advisable to allow this Society to occupy such a district of land, not exceeding one hundred thousand acres, upon the Coast of Labrador as they should think best situated for the purposes of their Mission, from the opinion of their predecessors in office they see no reason to dissent, and as they do in like manner with them think it advisable to encourage and promote a settlement of this sort, as well from the pious and laudable object of its institution, as from the public and commercial advantage to be derived from it; they beg leave to humbly recommend to your Majesty that the Society, or any persons deputed by the Society for that purpose, may be allowed by an Order of your Majesty in Council to occupy and possess, during your Majesty's pleasure, one hundred thousand acres of land in Esquimaux Bay, on the Coast of Labrador, as they shall find most suitable to their purpose; and that your Majesty's Governor of Newfoundland may be directed by the said Order to give them all reasonable assistance and support in forming such establishment, and by a proclamation to be published in your Majesty's name signifying that this establishment is formed under your Majesty's express authority and direction, to warn all persons from molesting and distributing the said settlers; and in case it shall appear to him to be necessary for their welfare and security that one or more of the principal Missionaries should be vested with the authority of Justice of the Peace, that he should in that case issue the proper commission for that purpose, conformable to the powers delegated to him by your Majesty's commission under the Great Seal. With respect to the matter of erecting a blockhouse near the said intended settlement, for the defence of the Esquimaux and the Missionaries, and for the general protection of British trade and fishery, they do not think themselves justified in advising your Majesty to comply with a request that may probably be attended with considerable public expense, and for which there does not appear to be any immediate necessity; but as they think it highly proper that reasonable and necessary measures should be taken for the security of those who shall establish themselves on this savage and uncivilized coast, they would humbly recommend your Majesty to direct that the persons who shall engage in this settlement shall be furnished, out of your Majesty's stores, with fifty muskets and a

proportional quantity of ammunition, which they consider may be sufficient for their personal security and defence.

The Lords of Committee, in obedience to your Majesty's said Order, this day took into their consideration the said representation, and do humbly report to your Majesty that they agree in opinion with what is above proposed by the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations.

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